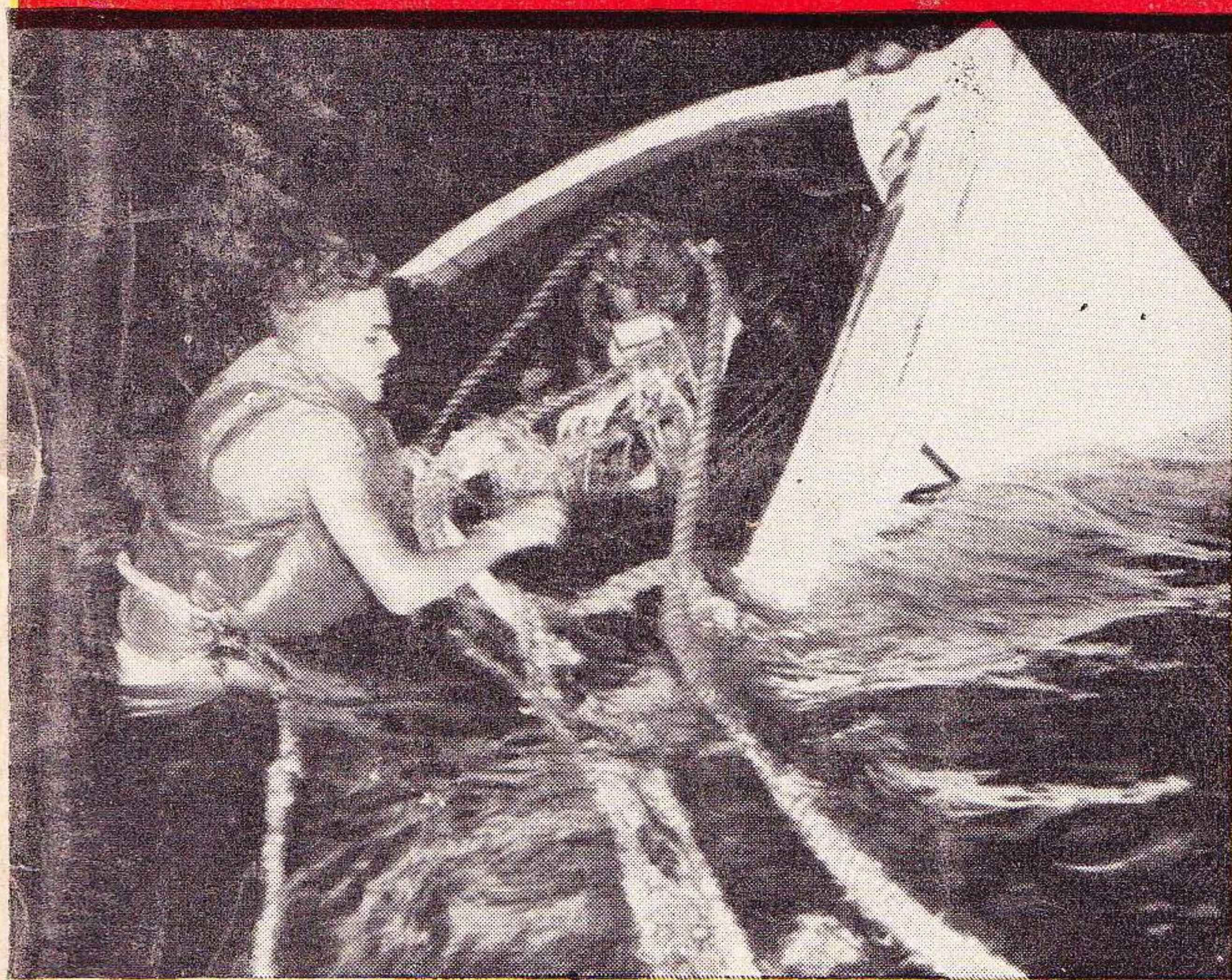


MR.

Mister ... To You

MARCH 25¢

How to **SAVE** on
your **INCOME TAX**



DEATH AT \$5 A HEAD



WIND DANCER



MARCH 25¢ * TRUE ADVENTURE * MR. ... MISTER * THRILLING FICTION * TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

MEDICAL RESEARCH DISCOVERS TREATMENT FOR PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and
other externally caused Skin Blemishes

**DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES
BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY
RUIN YOUR CONFIDENCE
OR SPOIL YOUR TALENTS!**

DO YOU feel your skin is holding back your chances for popularity . . . for success? Are you *afraid* people whom you'd like to know will *reject* you? Thousands of people who felt the same as you—now have clear attractive complexions. They've regained their poise and confidence. You can benefit from their experience!

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH REVEALS NEGLECT CAUSE OF MANY SKIN TROUBLES

Skin Specialists and Medical statistics tell us that broken out skin usually occurs from adolescence and can continue on through adulthood. Adolescents often carry these scars throughout their life. Many never get over the "feeling of embarrassment" and are always conscious of their appearance and complexion. Persistent cases of "bad skin" sometimes continue on through adulthood. In this stage of life, the responsibilities of earning a living and meeting people are essential if you are to climb the ladder of success in your job. It is doubly important to give your skin problems *immediate care*. Physicians state that to neglect your skin may prolong your skin troubles and make it more difficult to clear up. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than **NOW!**

Laboratory analysis using special microscopes gives us the scientific facts regarding those unsightly pimples. High-powered lenses show your skin consists of several outer layers. Projecting through this epidermis, are hairs, the ducts of the sweat glands and the tiny tubes of the sebaceous glands which supply the skin with oil to keep it soft and pliable. Skin specialists will tell you that many skin eruptions can often be traced to an over-secretion, of oil from the sebaceous glands. As a result of

CAUSES OF PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS SEEN THROUGH POWERFUL MICROSCOPE

this over-secretion, more oil than is normally required by the skin is deposited on the outside of the skin. Unless special care is taken, this excessive oil forms an oily coating which is a catch-all for all foreign matter in the air. When dust, dirt, lint, etc. become embedded into the tiny skin openings and block them up, they can cause the pores to become enlarged and therefore even more susceptible to additional dirt and dust. These enlarged, blocked up pores may form blackheads as soon as they become infected and bring you the worry, despair, embarrassment and humiliation of pimples, blackheads and other externally caused blemishes.

The difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin is shown in the microscopic reproductions below:



A.
Normal Skin



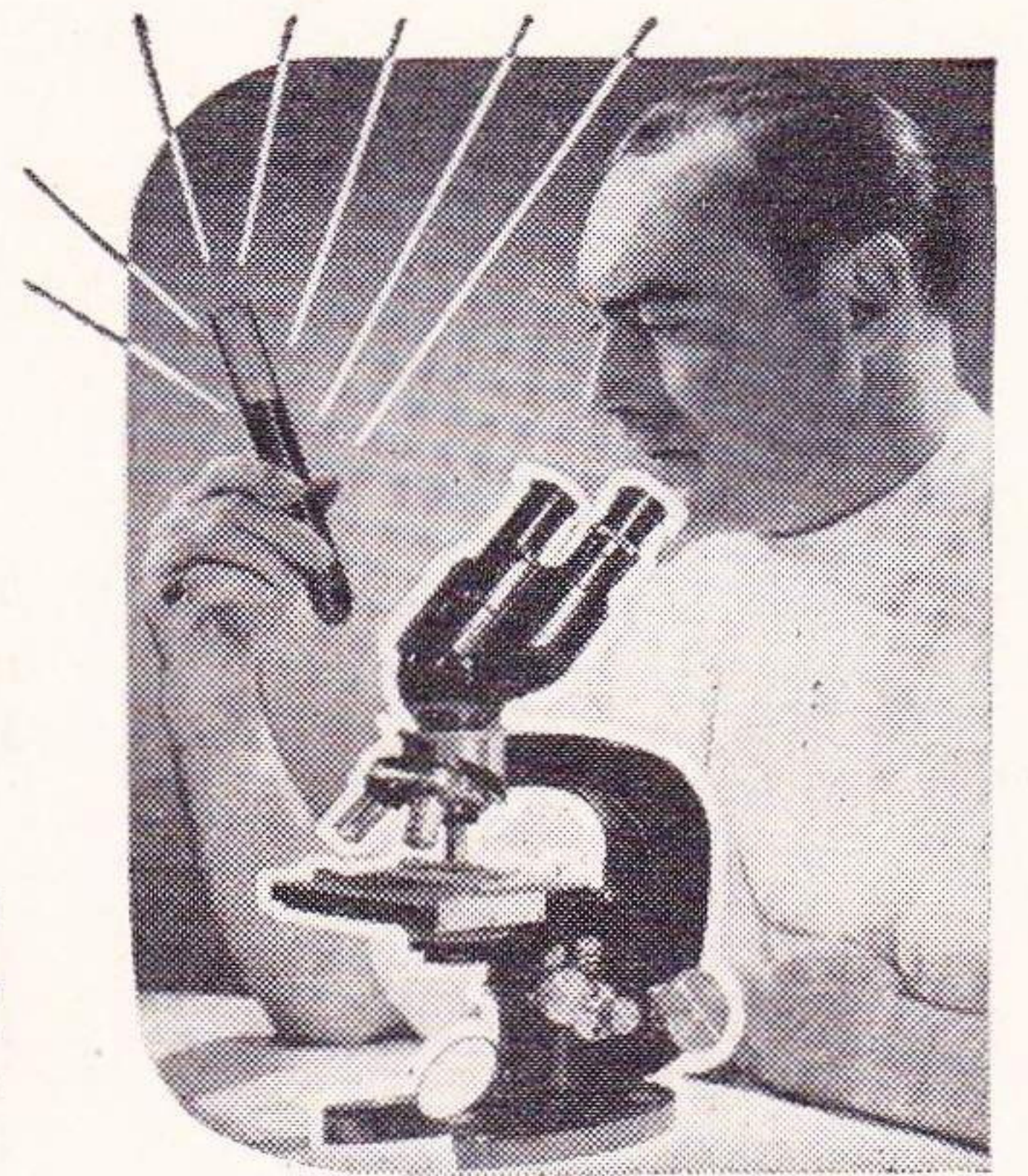
B.
Sick, Pimply Skin

Diagram A shows a normal size, healthy, smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures a sick, pimply skin. Notice that the blocked sebaceous gland in B is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS TREATMENT

Physicians report two important ways to control this condition: First, they prescribe clearing the pores of clogging matter; and second, inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin.

To help overcome these two conditions, Scope Products' research make available two scientifically-tested formulas that contain clinically proven ingredients. The first formula contains special cleansing properties not found in ordinary cold creams or skin cleansers. Thoroughly, but gently, it removed all surface scales, dried sebaceous matter, dust, dirt and debris—leaving your skin wonderfully soft, smooth and receptive to proper treatment. The second formula acts to reduce the excessive oiliness produced by the overactive sebaceous glands. Its active ingredients also help prevent the spread of infection by killing bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples, blackheads and blemishes.



COVERS UP UNSIGHTLY BLEMISHES WHILE MEDICATION DOES ITS WORK

To remove the immediate embarrassment of skin blemishes, Scope Medicated Skin Formula helps conceal while it medicates! Unlike many other skin preparations, Scope Formula has a *pleasant fragrance*! Imagine! The moment you apply the Scope Treatment to your skin you can instantly face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance. At the same time, you are sure that the medication is acting to remove externally caused blemishes and helping to prevent new ones. This "cover-up" action gives you peace of mind. No longer need you suffer from the feeling of self-consciousness or inferiority. Make this your first step in the direction of a clear complexion and skin that's lovable to kiss and touch!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We make this guaranteed offer because so many users of Scope Medicated Skin Formula have written us telling how it helped to clear up their complexion. We want you to try the Scope Double Treatment at *our risk*. Just a few minutes of your time each day can yield more gratifying results than you ever dreamed possible! If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin **IN JUST 10 DAYS**, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not just the price you paid — but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** You have everything to gain . . . and we take all the risk! We want all teen-agers, men and women of all ages to get a fresh, new glowing outlook on life. We want you to be the inviting social personality you might be and to help you reach highest success possible in business. Now you can give yourself new hope and bring back that happy joyous feeling of confidence, poise and popularity!

NOW YOU CAN GET THE SCOPE 2-WAY "COVER-UP" ACTION AND MEDICATED SKIN TREATMENT IMMEDIATELY WITHOUT DELAY!

Just send your name and address to SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 10CP, 1 Orchard Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Scope treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send \$2.00 now and we pay postage. No matter which way you order, you have a **DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE**. Don't delay, send for the Scope Medicated Skin treatment with its special "cover-up" action . . . today! Sorry no Canadian or foreign C.O.D.'S.

DON'T SPREAD INFECTION BY SQUEEZING PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS



Clinical reports state that many people squeeze out pimples and blackheads with their fingers. This is unsanitary and may lead to the spread of the infection. This abuse may also inflame your skin and leave red welts and ugly looking blotches and bumps. As a result your face may be covered with pimples and blemishes. Soon you'll be sorry you ever squeezed or picked at your skin by using this unscientific method to get rid of skin eruptions.

HERE'S PROOF...

How This Amazing New
Scientific Formula
Called *Comate* May Help You

Save Your Hair



If you are troubled by thinning hair, dry itchy scalp, dandruff, if you fear approaching baldness — here is GOOD NEWS!

Now available to you is the amazing new *Comate* Medicinal Formula, developed after years of painstaking research. *Comate* effectively controls seborrhea — the scalp disease now believed by many leading doctors to be the most common

cause of hair loss and eventual baldness. These doctors declare that three types of dangerous scalp organisms are the cause of this scalp disease: *staphylococcus albus*, *pitryosporum ovale*, and *corynebacterium acnes*.

First, *Comate* was put to a series of rigid tests on cultures of these hair-destroying bacteria. **HERE ARE THE STARTLING RESULTS!**

PROOF 1

Comate Medicinal Formula killed the three test cultures—*staphylococcus albus*, *pitryosporum ovale*, *corynebacterium acnes*—in 60 seconds! Report #8099,

June 17, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.

(Complete report on file, copy on request)

Our research chemists were still not satisfied. Yes, *Comate* had proved itself in the test tube, but would *Comate* work as well on the human hair and scalp? And so another — a second — series of

experiments was prescribed, to test *Comate* on the hair and scalps of men and women. Here is the remarkable performance of *Comate* when applied directly to the human scalp.

PROOF 2

Comate Medicinal Formula, applied directly to scalps of men and women, killed 88.4% of all scalp bacteria, after 15 minutes application. Report #26635,

December 14, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.

(Complete report on file, copy on request)

After this proof of success both in the laboratory and on the scalps of men and women, *Comate* was put to the third test — the toughest of them all. *Comate* was sold by the thousands on

a DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE in a number of typical American areas. In 3 short months we have learned that our work and faith in *Comate* have been vindicated.

PROOF 3

Letters of gratitude hailing *Comate* have poured into our offices. By word-of-mouth the amazing results with *Comate* have been told far more effectively than we could in this advertisement. And only 1.9% of *Comate* users have asked for and received double their money back. Imagine! 98.1% of our customers were delighted with the sensational results from *Comate* Formula. Report July 27, 1951, by Certified Public Accountant.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Read the PROOF from the laboratory tests — the PROOF from the scalp tests — the PROOF in the letters of gratitude from happy men and women who have found *Comate* the answer to their scalp troubles.

Comate must accomplish for you what it has for thousands of men and women. You must be completely satisfied, or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY will be returned to you. We take all the risk.

Not even *Comate* can grow hair from dead hair follicles — so DON'T DELAY — fill out the no-risk coupon while there is still a chance to have thicker-stronger-healthier looking hair. Mail the coupon TODAY.

Actual Experiences of Skeptical Men and Women

PROVE HAIR CAN BE GROWN

From Live Hair Follicles

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried *Comate*, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. *Comate* stopped it from falling out."
—D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and *Comate* has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"*Comate* is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

These are a few of the unsolicited testimonials received every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried *Comate* you'll rave about it, too!

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 703-C
1432 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of *Comate* Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find \$5.00, Fed. tax incl. (Check, cash, money order.) Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00 plus postal charges.

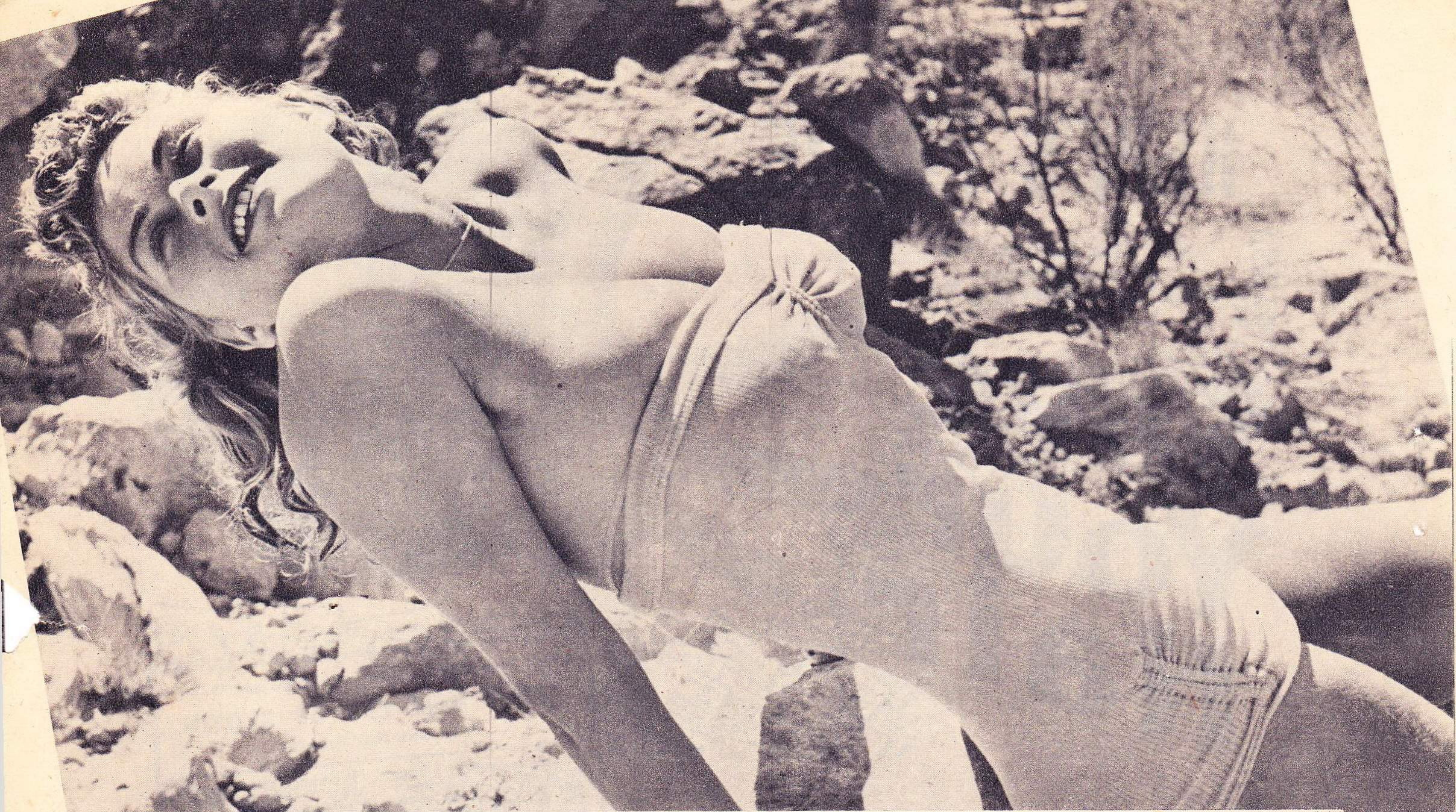
Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

APD, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



VOLUME 2, NO. 5

MR.

Mister ... To You

MARCH, 1952

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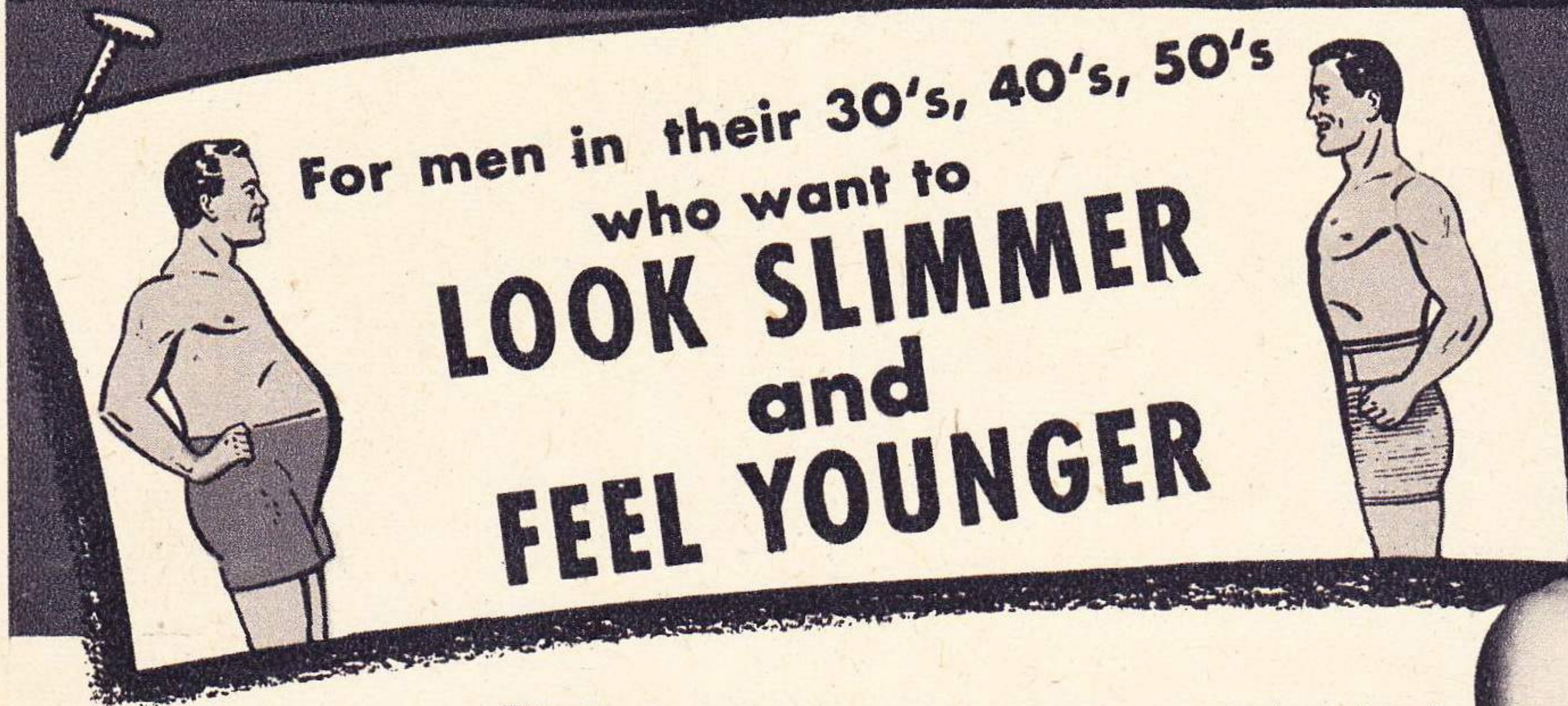
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An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

and then he got a
"CHEVALIER" . . .



YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

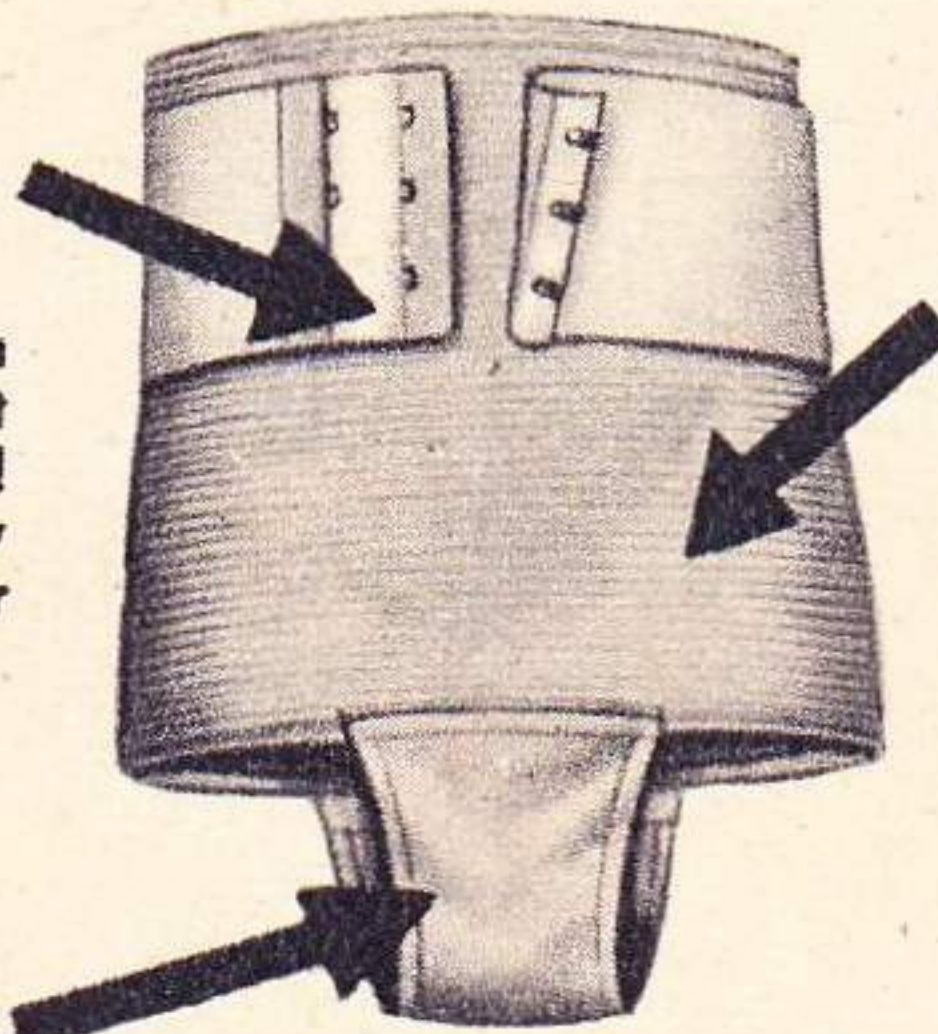
The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge . . . or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in . . . flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

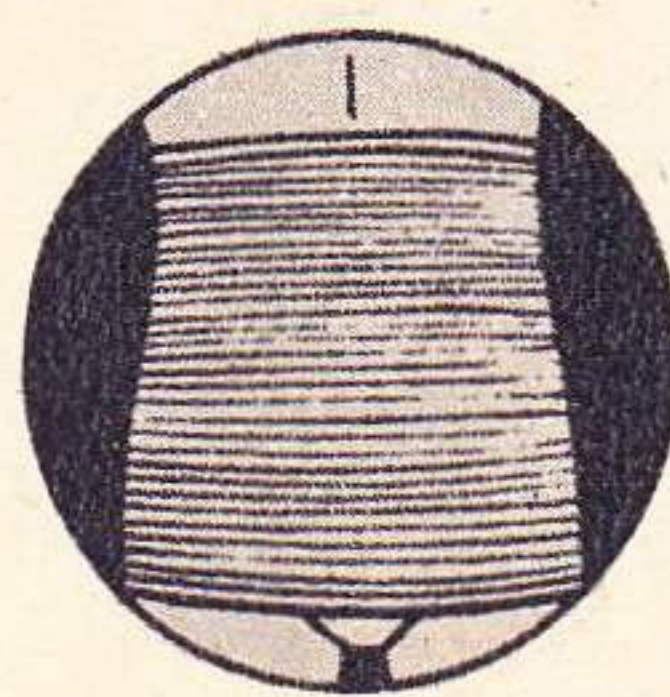
Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

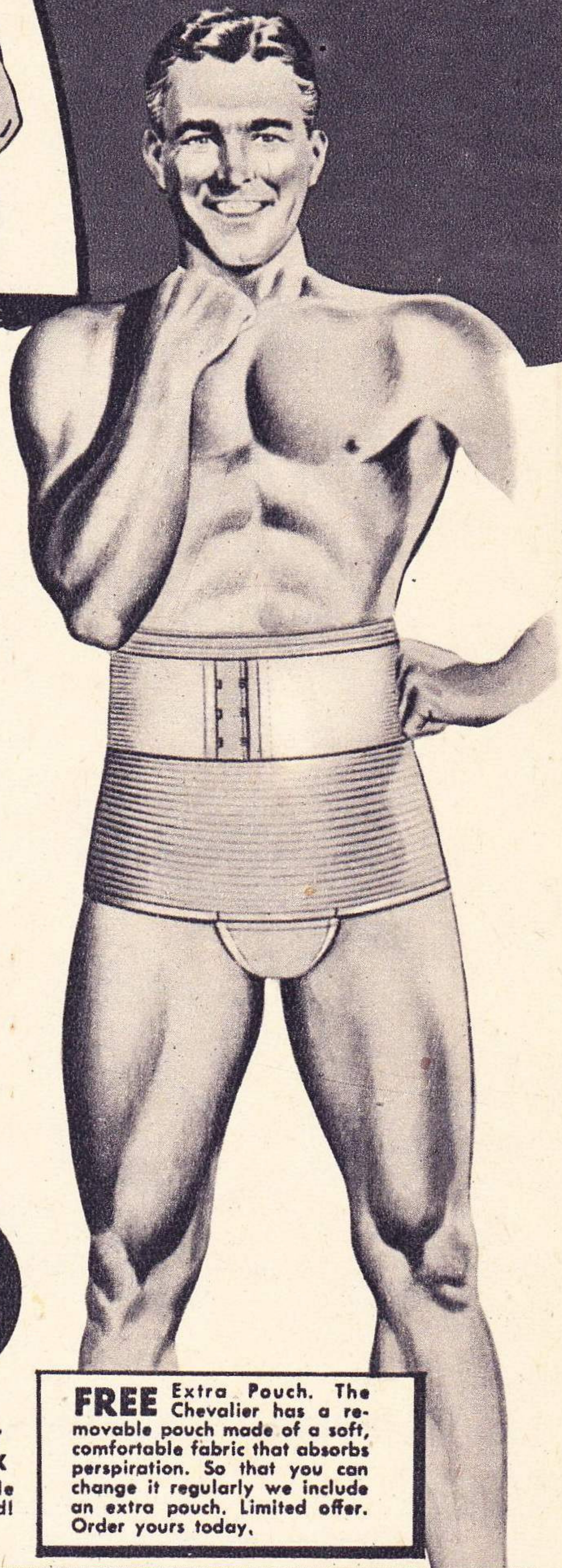
Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon right now!



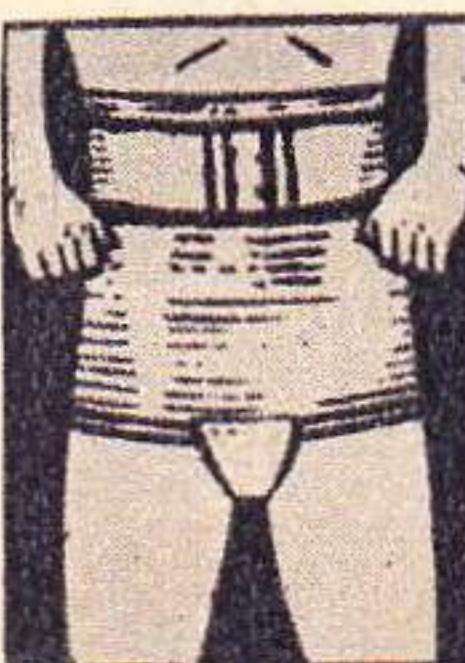
Rear View
FITS SNUG AT
SMALL of BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.



FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined . . . how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 1103-E
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name

Address

City and Zone State

☐ Save 65¢ postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 1103-E 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.



\$40,000 CALL GIRL

**THE HIGH COST OF LOVE FOR KING
LOUIS XV DIDN'T MEAN HE STINTED...**

By CLIFFORD McGUINNESS

MOST famous courtesan of the Eighteenth Century was Jeanne Dubarry—but was she such a bad woman after all?

When I told my taxi driver that she had once received \$40,000 for one night of her love, he whistled unbelievably then snorted:

"Forty grand for one night? Even today, brother, some of these dolls I carry wouldn't say that's bad—they'd say that's *good!*"

One of the highest-priced painters, then and now, was the fragile-lined Fragonard. Jeanne Dubarry commissioned this painter to do murals on the walls of her rooms. The pictures she ordered were so erotic that they cannot be shown publicly. Museums buy them up avidly, only to hide them away in closets. Surprisingly enough, the N. Y. Public Library has a book in French containing reproductions of some of them: but only for reference.

Jeanne Dubarry set a king aflame, used her sex lure to gain power in the corrupt court of King Louis XV.

If the hordes of lovers who went streaming past these murals ever stopped for closer inspection, they found, among the baby-faced girls engaged in amorous dalliance with boys and satyrs, a familiar figure. The long, curly auburn hair, the blue eyes peeping slumberously from heavy lashes generally half-closed, the nose and mouth as tiny and finely cut as one of the Cupids hovering above, the peaches-and-cream complexion of the face and body—all this could belong only to one person: Jeanne Dubarry, who frequently insisted on posing when the scene struck her lascivious fancy.

THIS heart that opened so wide to the world, however, was also remarkable for a certain noble forbearance. As the favorite of King Louis XV, she held the power of life and death—and many of her predecessors had exerted it. Louis himself once said of her that anyone else "would have tried to have half the population of France beheaded for one-tenth of the things that were said about her."

Mme. Dubarry was built of softer stuff. She never had anyone killed. The most she demanded for an insult—and usually got—was an apology. The worst sentence she ever passed out was to exclude the King's panderer, one Lebel, from some revels in the royal gardens. And yet, as she once wrote, there were "more

intrigues for and against me than were afterwards set on foot to decide war with America" (in 1776).

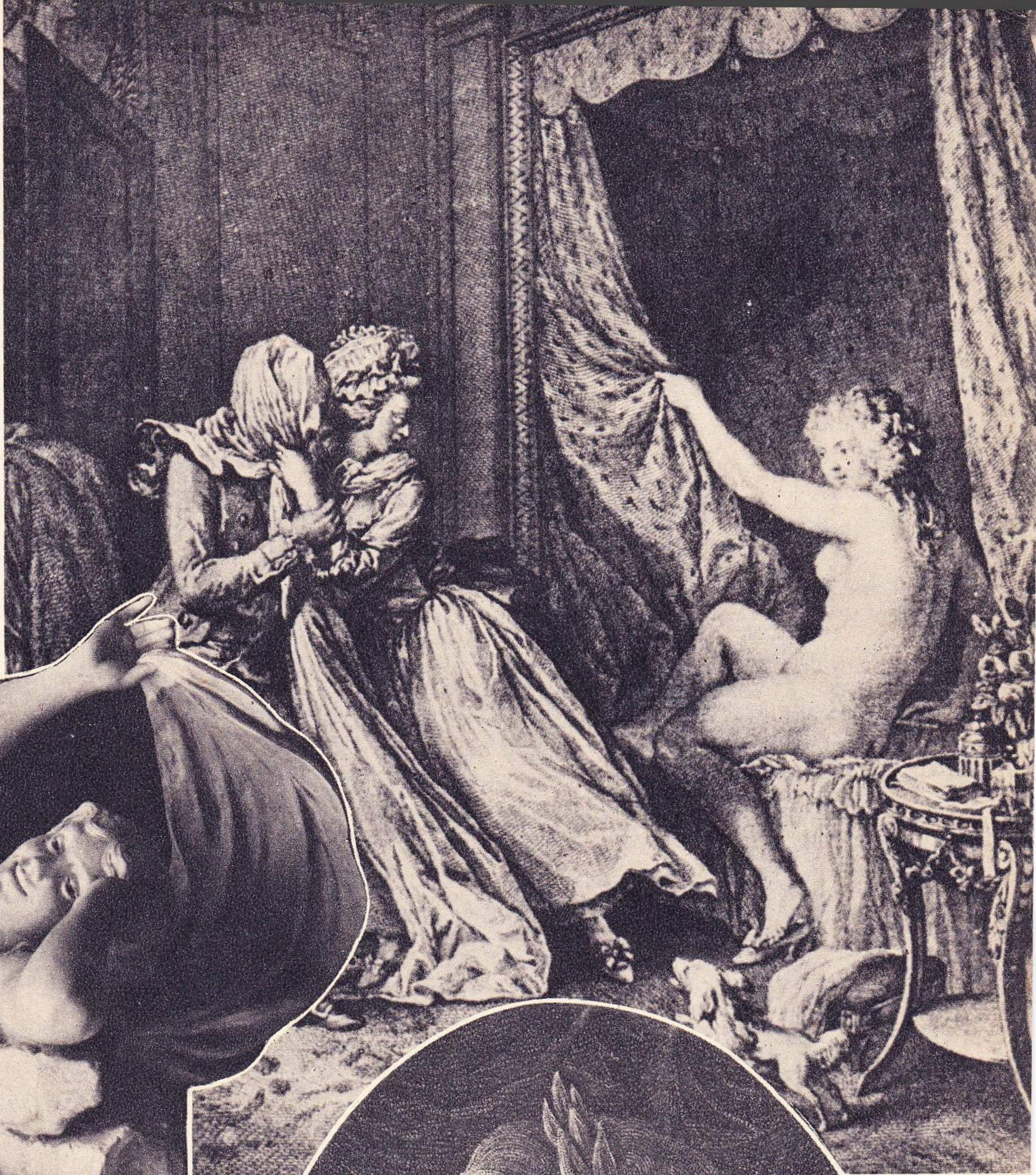
A Paris police lieutenant once said to her: "Madame, I have discovered a rogue who is scattering obscene songs about you. What is to be done with him?"

Her reply was flippant—but merciful:

"Sentence him to sing them for a livelihood!"

She often risked her position at Court by getting Louis to sign pardons for people under sentence of death. There was one luckless old couple, complete strangers to her, who were up to their ears in debt—and, under the laws of the time,

(Continued on page 49)



Statue by Fragonard, court painter for whom Dubarry posed in earthy scenes which she hung in her rooms.

Above, typical "amorous scene" popular in court of Louis XV; below, king who paid \$40,000 for a night.

Lost TREASURES

By GEORGE HARRIS

LAST year Arthur McKee of Homestead, Florida, an experienced diver making movies underseas, came upon the remains of an ancient Spanish galleon in 60 feet of water a few miles northeast of the Florida keys (2).

Thus far he has recovered three bars of virgin silver worth \$2,200 at current market prices, 18 rust-encrusted cannon and one rusty, antique ship's anchor. But the entire ocean floor in the immediate vicinity is now being combed by enterprising divers.

Sunken treasure! Records show that 15 galleons, loaded with \$75 million in virgin gold and silver, were lost near here in a storm (1715).

Recently two small boys digging in the sandy beach at Highlands, New Jersey (1), unearthed 20 old gold coins identified as Portuguese doubloons dating back to the early 18th century. *Buried treasure!*

Crowds, stricken with gold fever, rushed to the beach to dig. But—for the moment—the rest of the known pirate loot hidden in that area remains hidden.

PERIODICALLY a sun-baked, wind-beaten, stubbly-chinned old prospector leads a dusty burro into Phoenix, Arizona. Taking a room in a modest hotel, he bathes several months' accumulation of grime, dust and sweat from his body. Then he visits a barber shop, where he has his grizzled face shaved and his unkempt hair trimmed. Next he proceeds to the offices



1. Highlands, N. J. (B)
2. Florida Keys (S)
3. Superstition Mountains, Arizona (LM)
4. Conanicut Island, N. Y. (B)
5. Gardiner's Island, N. Y. (B)
6. Isle of Shoals (B)
7. Machias River, Me. (B)
8. Wellfleet, Mass. (S)
9. Amelia Island, Ga. (B)
10. Plumb Point, N. C. (B)
11. Steinhatchee River, Fla. (S)
12. Apalachicola, Fla. (S)
13. Fowler's Bluff, Fla. (B)
14. Key West, Fla. (B)
15. Silver Springs, Fla. (B)

16. Bumblebee Island, Fla. (B)
17. Cross City, Fla. (B)
18. Bayou Chicot, La. (B)
19. Ruston, La. (B)
20. Baton Rouge, La. (B)
21. New Orleans, La. (B)
22. Lavaca River, Texas (S)
23. Pecan Island, La. (B)
24. Baratria Bay, La. (B)
25. Padre Island, Texas (B)
26. Honey Creek, Texas (LM)
27. Menard, Texas (LM)
28. Lampassas, Texas (B)
29. Brewster County, Texas (LM)
30. Pinos Altos, N. M. (LM)
31. Searchlight, Nevada (LM)

Key: B, buried treasure; LM, lost mine; S, sunken treasure.

BRUKOLI

OF THE U.S.A.

They're not really lost—just mislaid—and
lucky hunters recover millions every year



"LOST" TREASURES OF THE U.S.A.



"Pieces of eight"—silver coins minted in Spain found on Cape Cod where Bellamy's ship was wrecked.

of a gold merchant, where he exchanges a small bag of solid gold nuggets for more common currency.

Later, in some unobtrusive restaurant, he consumes a huge steak dinner and trimmings. Then he buys a bottle of whisky, locks himself in his hotel room, and proceeds to drink himself into a stupor.

By daybreak next morning, however, man and burro are gone. Various unsavory characters who have tried to trail him as he led his heavily-laden animal out of town late at night, only to lose him in the darkness, swear he is a ghost. But there's nothing ghost-like about the gold nuggets he brings in.

A secret gold mine! Popular rumor alleges that this mysterious prospector has discovered the location of the famous "Lost Dutchman," one of the most fabulous gold mines in history, hidden securely in the fastness of the nearby Superstition Mountains (3) for the past 100 years.

INCIDENTS such as these occur every year. Treasure hunting has become a major industry in the United States, occupying the full-time attention of thousands of professionals and the part-time attention of tens of thousands of amateurs.

Enough succeed to keep the fever alive. Last year alone the recovery of *more than \$18 million* in lost



Blackbeard burying treasure on Amelia Island(9). \$170,000 has been recovered, still more remains.

and sunken treasure was reported in this country! No one knows how much more was unreported by lucky finders who feared taxes, suits from legal heirs, thieves or possible confiscation by various foreign governments.

There's plenty more hidden away. The known lost treasures still buried somewhere in the earth or at the bottom of the ocean *exceed* \$260 billion! That much has been authenticated by official documents.

Most of it is in the Western Hemisphere, and a goodly portion is right here in the United States, or in waters bordering our shores.

Now the general location of most shipwrecks and lost mines is a matter of record, and the general area in which desperados of the Spanish Main buried their ill-gotten loot is also known. But the specific spot? Ah, that's why most lost treasures are still missing.

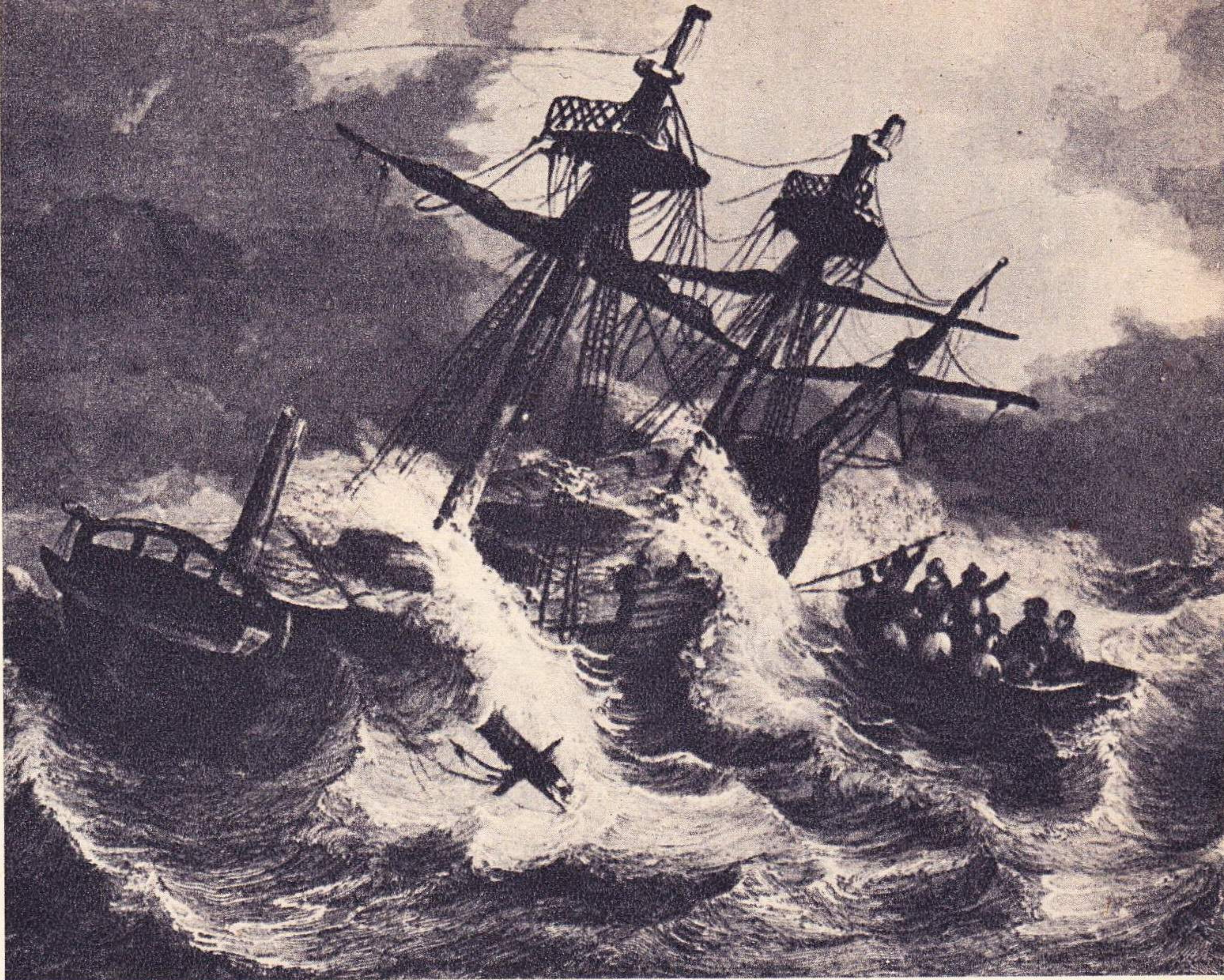
You too can be a treasure hunter. All it takes is a little research and plenty of grit, persistence and perspiration. Plus a sublime and unswerving faith in Lady Luck. This article is designed to give an outline of the major treasures on record, with special attention to those that can be reached dryshod,—since few of us have elaborate diving apparatus in our attics.

ROMANTIC writers have clothed William Kidd in a colorful but largely unmerited reputation as one of the blackest and bloodiest scalawags ever to hoist the Jolly Roger. Commissioned by the King to catch pirates, he became one himself instead. With fire and sword he is alleged to have attacked, plundered and sunk a hundred anonymous vessels and indiscriminately cut thousands of innocent throats.

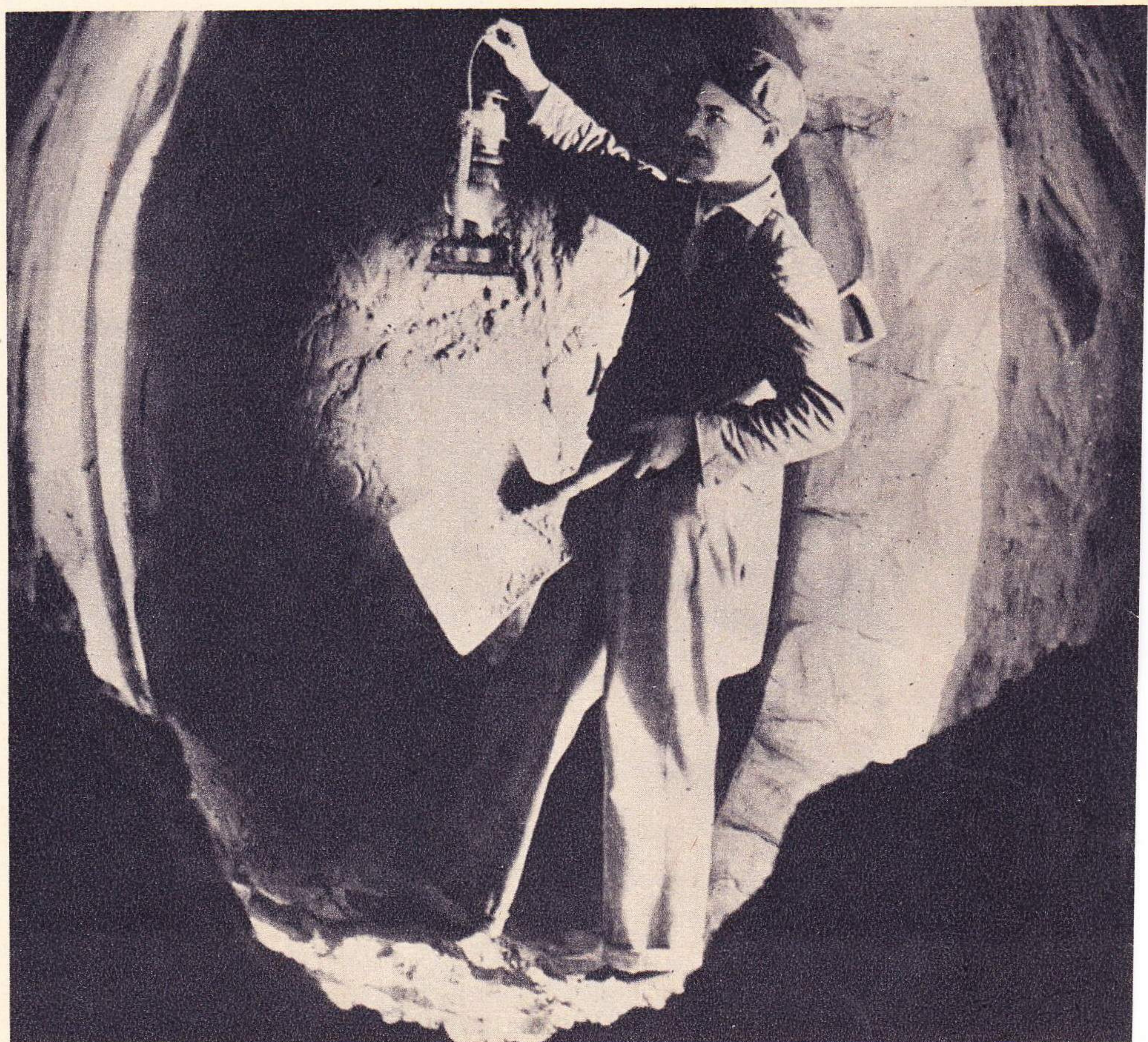
What concerns us here, however, is that Capt. Kidd did leave a buried treasure, the proceeds of the seizure of the *Quedah Merchant*. Its exact amount is a matter of record: 216 chest of gold, silver and precious stones valued at L 64,000 (the equivalent today of one million dollars).

It was only when he reached the West Indies, on his way home in 1698, that the much-maligned mariner learned of his fearful reputation. Scared out of his wits, he sailed right by New York and sought out his friend Capt. Pain, who lived on Conanicut Island (4) in Narangansett Bay, Rhode Island.

The rest is history. Captain Kidd anchored his ship at Gardiner's
(Continued on page 62)



Wreck of Black Belamy's pirate ship off Cape Cod in 1717. Seven of his crew survived, but were apprehended and hung. His treasure is still being sought.



Authentic lost mines—lost through landslides, earthquakes—dot the Southwest. Dogged prospectors keep looking, but if successful, guard their secret.

SEX DRUGS

CAN CAUSE

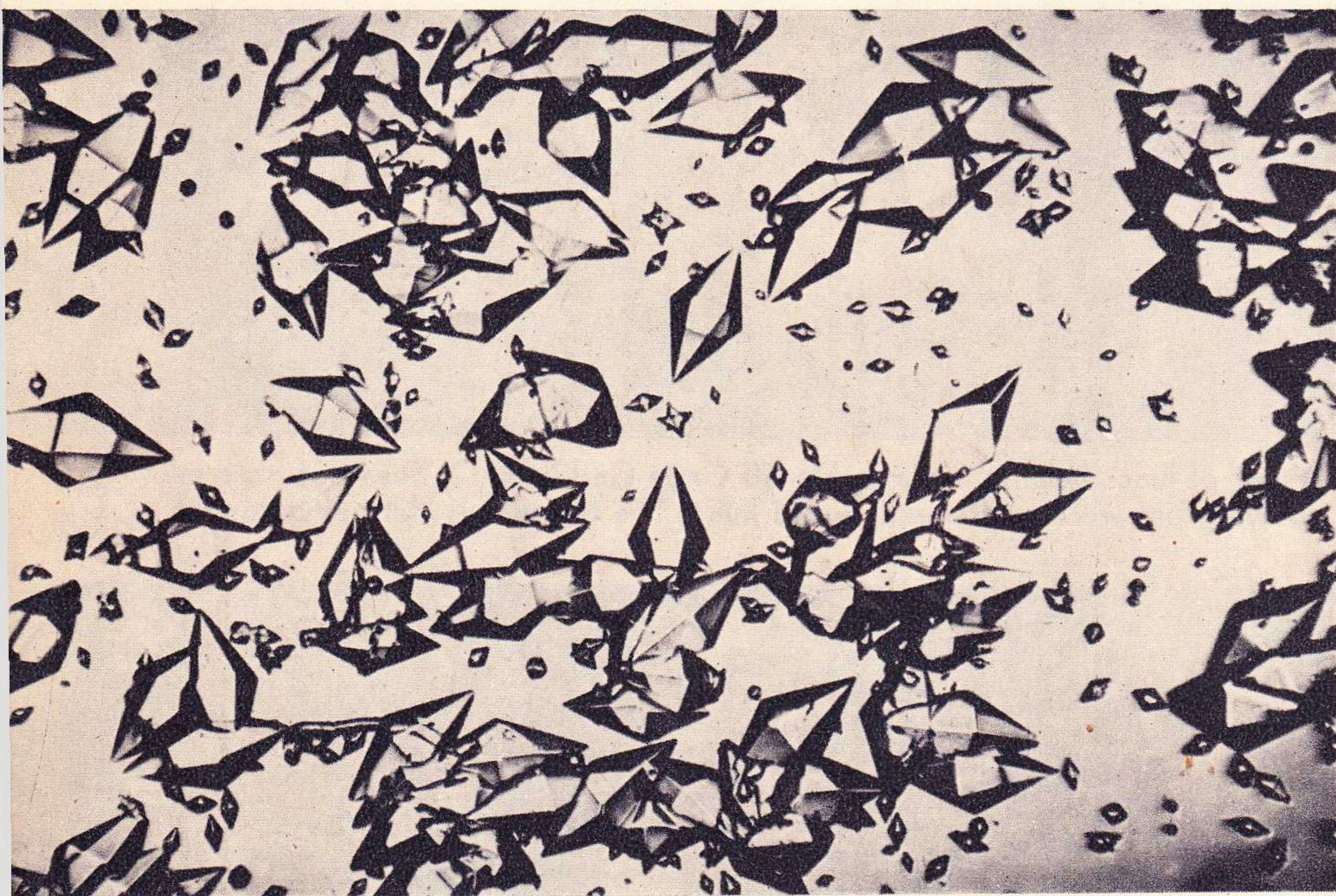
***In a mad rush for renewed virility
many men have embraced a
terrible, lingering death***

By CHARLES NEMO

A FEW years ago the news got around among middle-aged men that the fabulous Fountain of Youth at long last had been located. Its name was *testosterone*. A few shots of this wonder-drug, it was said, would restore a mummy to vim, vigor and the pursuit of femininity.

Immediately "sex-over-the-counter" companies mushroomed all over the country. "MEN OVER 35, BE ACTIVE AGAIN!" the ads in national magazines proclaimed. "HORMONES GIVE MEN NEW VITALITY!"

It was so easy. All a middle-aged, would-be Romeo need do was send a \$5 bill to a given address. A full



Sex hormones of women (top) and men. Both are crystalline in form, can cause cancer if unwisely used, cure it when properly applied!



The war against cancer never stops. Here research lab where he is studying the

CANCER!

30-day supply of Male Sex Hormones (in a plain wrapper) would be rushed him airmail, all charges paid.

Hope springing eternal in the waning male breast, and the mail-order business being what it is, the money rolled in. Whether the pills received in return for the bills did any good for what ailed the customers is still the subject of widespread controversy.

Recently clients were shocked to learn that a deadly serpent lurked at the bottom of their new-found Fountain of Youth.

The U. S. Food and Drug Administration has just announced that testosterone may cause cancer, the most virulent disease of our age. It can also lead to sterility.

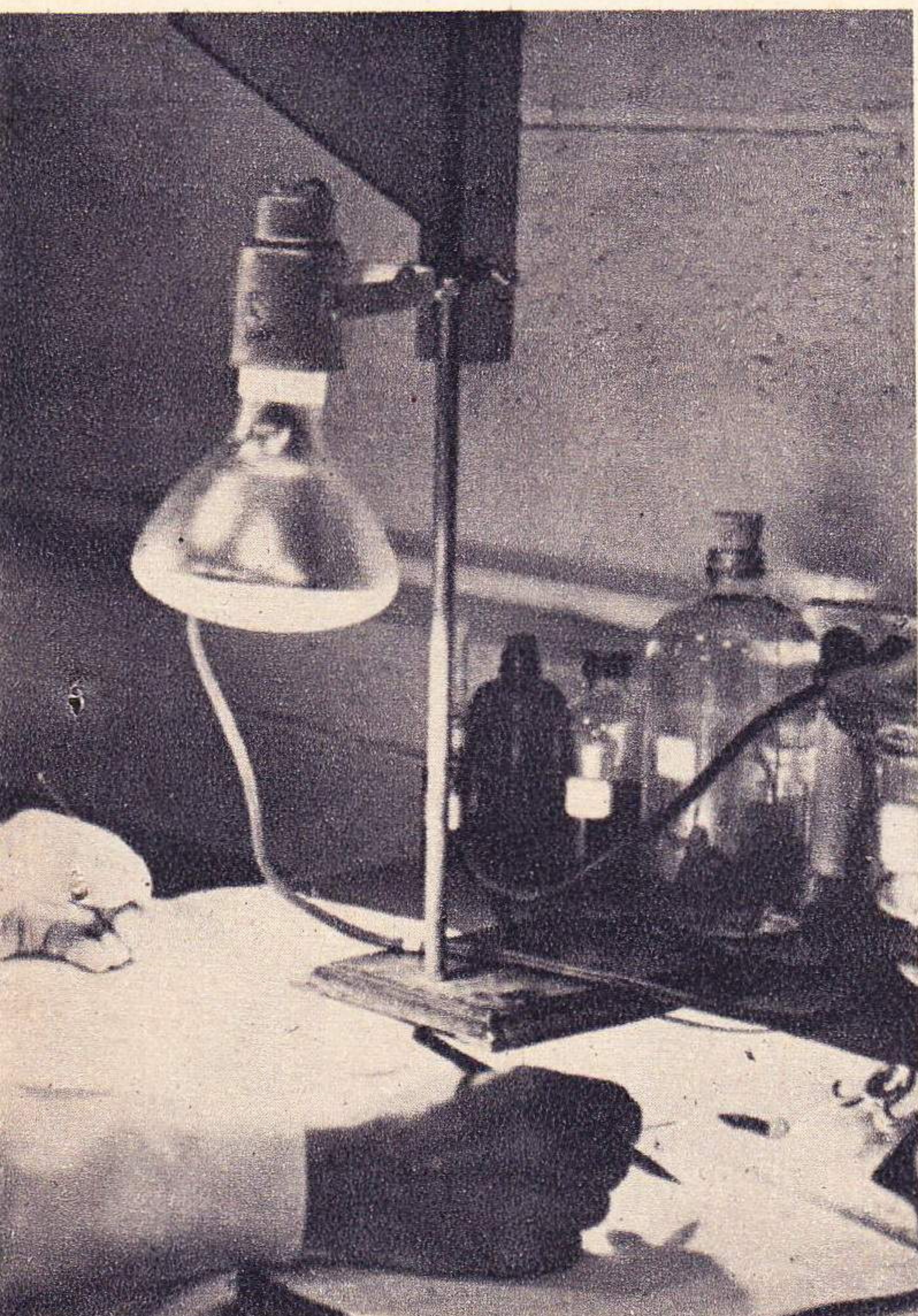
According to Dr. Erwin E. Nelson, Medical Director of that agency:

"There is no doubt that improper use of testosterone can stimulate growth of dormant cancer cells present in the prostate glands of many men in their 40's and 50's, the

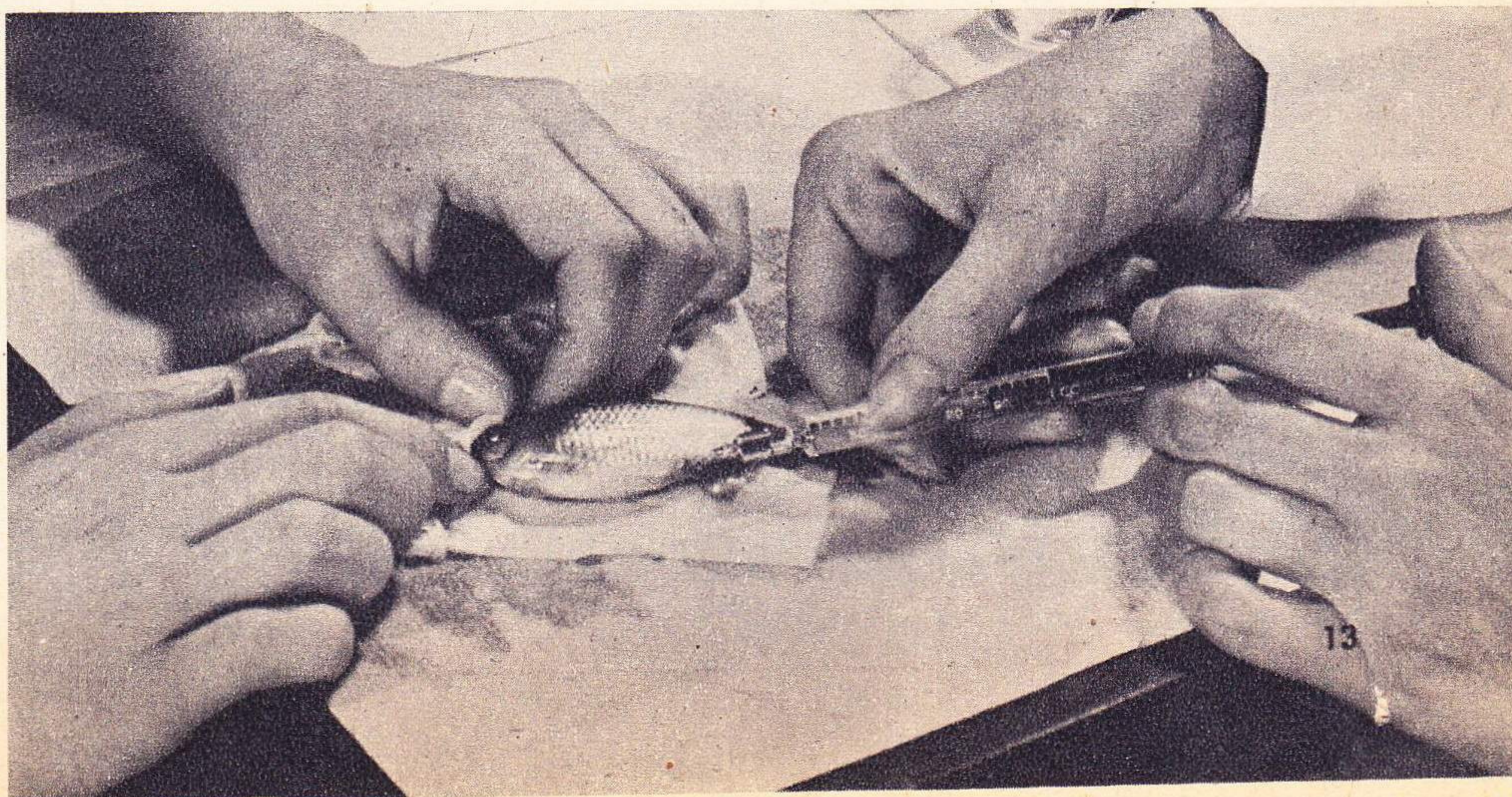
(Continued on page 42)



Above, a laboratory mouse is milked in effort to isolate cancer virus. Below, a fish is given a hormone injection to determine effect on cancerous growth.



Dr. Ralph McKee is shown in a Boston effects of radioactivity on malignant cells.





Modern figure in Wild West setting.



Mona at the Thunderbird Mike.

"HELLDORADO"

THE Thunderbird Hotel is in Las Vegas, and Miss Mona Knox is currently at the Thunderbird, engaged in a variety of posing and entertaining appropriate for a "real western" gal who's also a talented dancer and singer. Mona—5 ft. 5 in. tall, 112 pounds—was born in Oklahoma City of mixed French, Indian, and Irish ancestry. This auspicious event occurred in 1929, and since then Miss Knox has moved still farther west, to Hollywood, to star on stage and TV.

Mona keeps limber for ballet.





GAL

That sultry look—just to prove she's a versatile girl.

**LAST
DAY**

MARCH

15

How to **SAVE** on your **INCOME TAX**

An understanding of the tax laws may save you hundreds of dollars come March 15th

By **BERNARD L. WIND**
C.P.A.

(Partner in the New York City accounting firm of Wind & Wind, members of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants and the American Institute of Accountants)

WITH March 15 looming ominously close, are you confident you'll make out your 1951 income-tax return so as to save every dollar you're honestly entitled to by law?

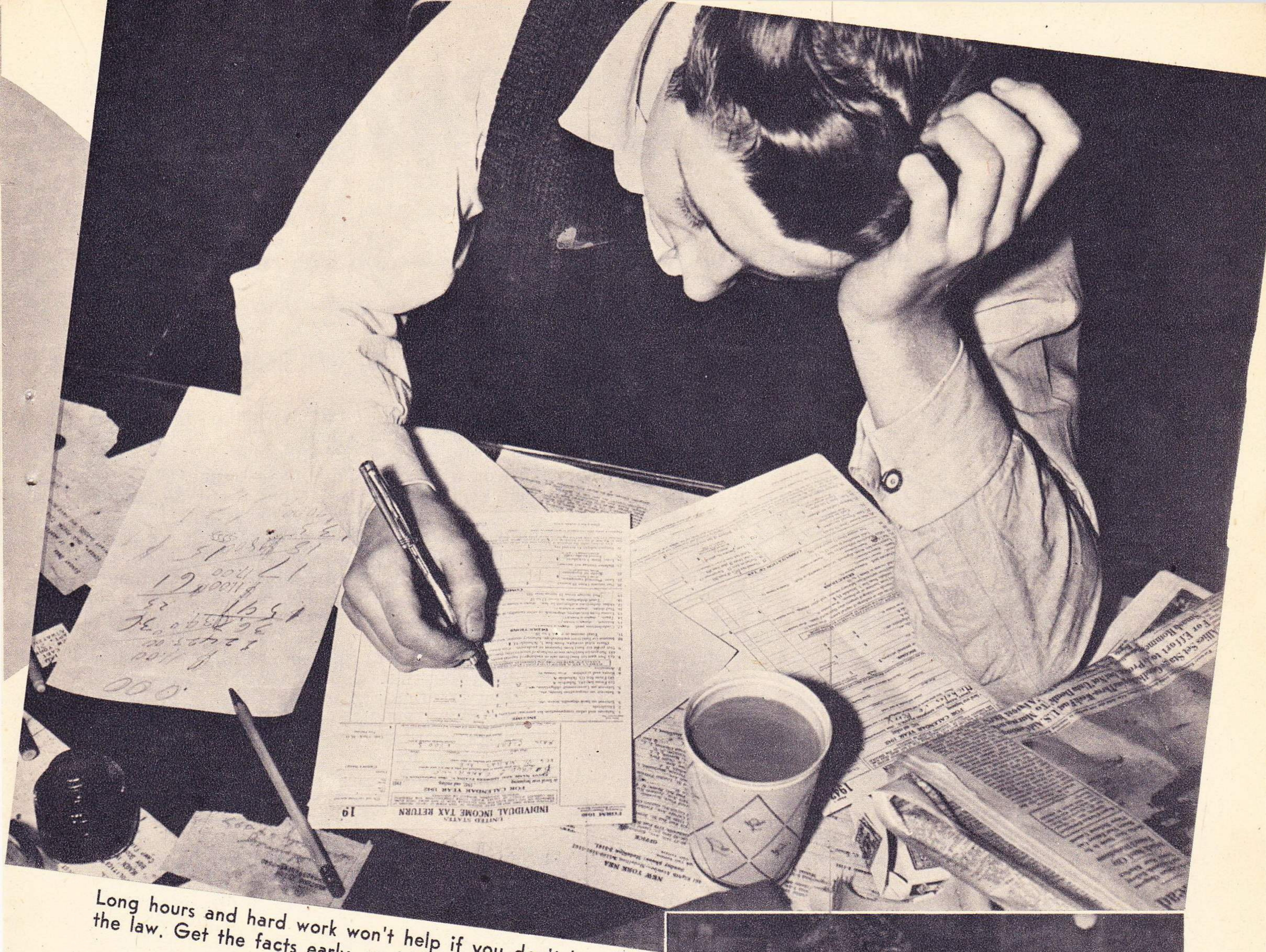
Or do you have an uneasy feeling that you'll be one of the many thousands of Americans who, every year, make the federal government a free donation of money it neither asks nor expects?

Under a great many circumstances, considerable sums may be saved by taking full advantage of the provisions of Federal income-tax legislation, including those in new laws passed during recent months. Among the major beneficiaries will be young married men of moderate income who are steadily employed, own a home and a car, and so on. Recent provisions, for example, are designed to aid the home-owner who—due frequently to a change of job location—is required to sell his home and move to another city.

Many of the readers of MR. fall squarely in one or more of the above categories.



First spot to look for help: the government has staff of experts at tax offices paid to explain law, help you figure return if not too complex.



Long hours and hard work won't help if you don't know the law. Get the facts early, avoid March 14 headache.

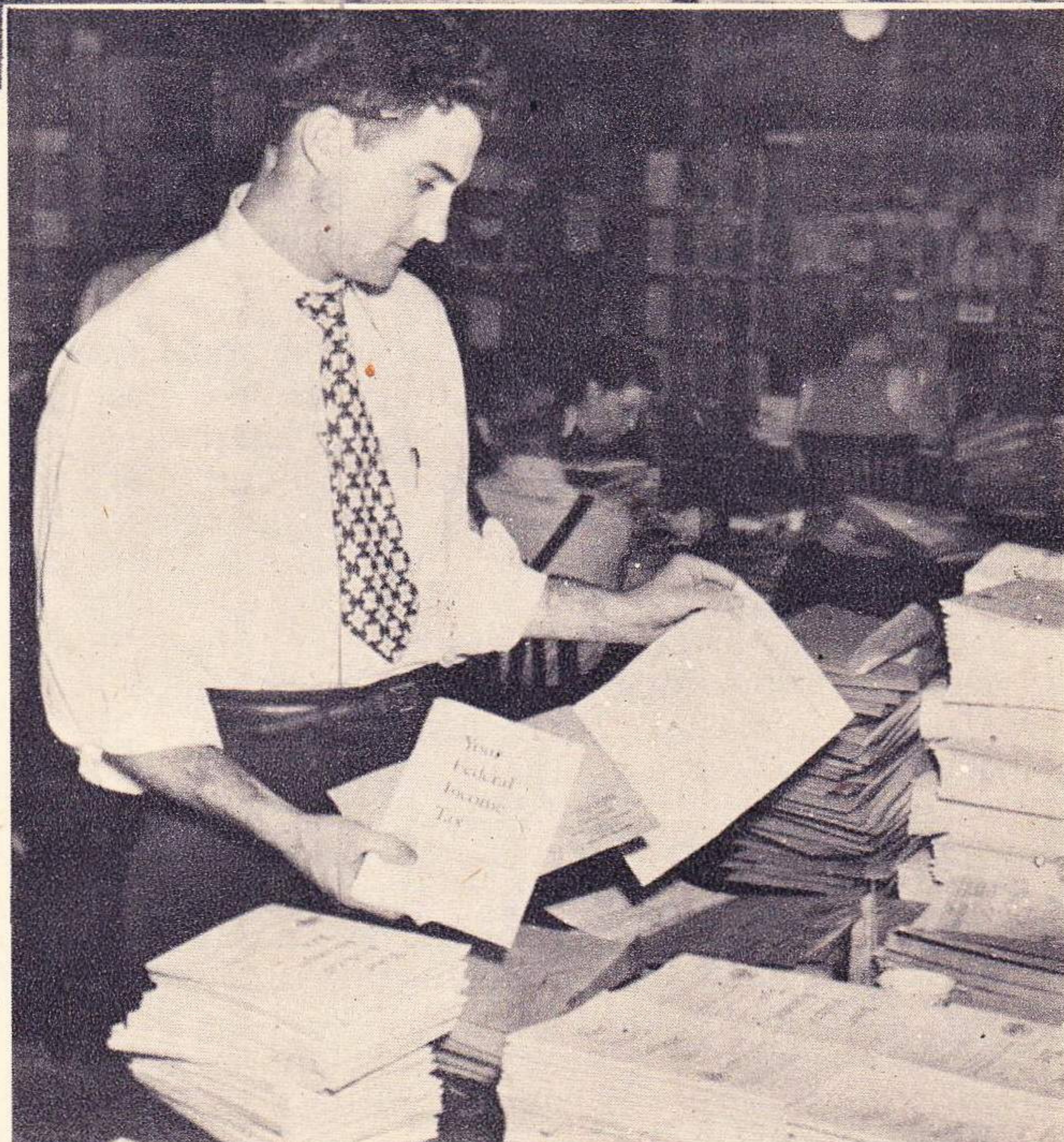
Following are many of the most important circumstances under which real money may be saved.

LET'S suppose that you're a home-owner planning to move to a different locality. Take the case of John W.—a toolmaker—who knows just what he's going to do concerning a major transaction he made last year.

Until last fall, John was employed in an eastern city. He owned his own home, having paid \$12,000 for it in 1949. Then he got a defense job in the middle west and sold his home, receiving \$20,000 for it. He did not plan to buy another home in the new locality, but merely to rent.

Naturally he was seriously worried about his income-tax problem. Due to the boom in real-estate values, he had made a profit of \$8,000 on his house. He figured he would have to pay a "long-term capital-gains tax" on 50 per cent of the \$8,000 profit, or on \$4,000. Considering that he was making excellent money, that tax would be high, amounting to better than twenty-five cents on every dollar of the \$4,000—or more than \$1,000.

(Continued on page 57)



"Your Federal Income Tax." This booklet is a best seller at Government Printing Office in Washington.

A TRIP TO CHICAGO

When the boss's wife is on the make—for you—and you're as wise as Solomon . . . then you're still teetering on the sword-edge of disaster

By J. G. WILSON

GAHAGEN thought he knew a woman on the make when he saw one, and he was seeing one now. To complicate matters, however, she was the boss's wife. Mr. Miller had sent him over to tell her about the trip to Chicago. The trip had come up suddenly. Mrs. Miller couldn't be reached by phone and there had been no time for Mr. Miller to go home and pack a bag. He had taken the four o'clock plane out.

Gahagen had set out on his errand and had finally located Mr. Miller's wife in the cocktail lounge of the hotel where the Millers had a penthouse apartment. A ripely curved brunette dressed like a fashion plate in clinging, shiny black satin, she had greeted Gahagen cordially, almost effusively, saying, "Why, hello, Bill! You're a sight for sore eyes, to coin a phrase. Sit down!"

Now in the year that Gahagen had worked for the firm, his social contacts with Eva Miller had been strictly on a wife-of-the-boss basis. He was therefore quite a bit cautious and not a little puzzled by her warm greeting and wide smile that bespoke a relationship not even dreamed of. He had, however, taken off his topcoat and seated himself opposite her in the curved leather booth.

She had invited him to have a drink. Gahagen had, understandably, hesitated. He had come to deliver a message. But, just as understandably, a little tingle had gone to work on him, even though she was the boss's wife. The message, he decided, could wait a few minutes. There would be no real harm in that, his curiosity would be allayed, and it would probably be interesting, to say the least.

AFTER the first drink there had been another. Now she was leaning toward him, her low neckline, a soft, deep V, peeking at him ripely, shamelessly. It was about time he stopped horsing around, Gahagen decided. Fun was fun, but she was the boss's wife. He would deliver his message and get out. "Uh—Mrs. Miller," he began.

"Eva," she corrected promptly, smiling. "We've known each other long enough for that, I hope."

Gahagen said, "All right. Eva."

"Better. What were you going to say?"

Gahagen frowned. Again the warm bare shoulders, the butter-soft arms the color and texture of camelia petals, the bright inviting eyes, the curve of the wide red mouth asserted themselves. The message, well, it could wait a little longer. "Uh—how about another drink?" Gahagen said.

Eva Miller said, "I'll have another one in a minute, but first I want to ask you something."

"What do you mean?"

"I've been handing it out long enough. I want to be fair."

"Meaning what?"

"I want to ask you if you know what you're getting into. Do you know what I'm doing?"

Gahagen stared at her steadily. "What?"

"I'm flirting with you. And I mean business."

Gahagen kept staring. Eva Miller went on grimly, "I'm out to get even with my husband. There's a little blonde in Newark he sneaks over to see every once in a while. I called the office an hour ago and they told me he had left for Chicago." Her mouth became hard. "Chicago, my left hind foot, if you'll pardon my bad French! He's going to shack up with that little tramp again."

Gahagen sipped his drink thoughtfully. How often did something like this happen to a man? No kidding about it, Eva Fielding Miller was a dish. Still, there were factors to be weighed, one in particular.

In the same grim tone Eva Miller said, "I made up my mind to throw myself at the first respectable man who came along, and it looks like you're elected. I'm giving you fair warning so that you can retire gracefully while there's still time. Assuming you want to, of course."

Gahagen said, "I think I had better have another drink."

Eva Miller said, "Let's have it up in my apartment."

GAHAGEN was moodily quiet on the way up in the elevator. How big a heel could a man be? It wasn't so much that she was Miller's wife. He could rationalize that somehow. But it was a dirty trick to play on her. She thought it was the blonde over in Newark and such wasn't the case at all. Not this time, anyway. Miller was halfway to Chicago by now, and it was legitimate business. Gahagen knew that to be an absolute fact.

They left the elevator, and Eva Miller led the way down a richly carpeted corridor, her hips swaying smoothly. Gahagen eyed her seductive legs and wavered. She stopped and unlocked a door. Gahagen made his decision. He stopped her before she could open it.

"There is something I've got to tell you," he said earnestly. "Your husband is really on his way to Chicago and it's really only a business trip. I know because I made a transcript of the phone call."

Eva Miller stared at him. "Then it isn't Newark?"

Gahagen shook his head. "No, not Newark. Your husband tried to get you on the phone but couldn't. He sent me over to tell you about it." His lopsided grin was regretful. "Call it decency or fair play or anything you want to. Or call me just a plain chump. Anyway, I couldn't let it go the way it was. It would have been a dirty trick to play on you."

Eva Miller's mouth tightened. "You were a fool. This kills it, you know."

Gahagen shrugged. "I suppose it does."

(Continued on page 57)



"Let's have the next drink up in my apartment," Eva said. She smiled her sultry smile and Bill could have no doubt at all what she meant.

THE *Truth* ABOUT ENGLAND'S

WERE BRITAIN'S TWO MISSING CAREER BOYS REALLY HOMOSEXUALS?

By KURT SINGER

THEY were "holiday-makers," these one hundred and seventy Britons who boarded the small but beautiful Channel steamer *S. S. Falaise* at Southampton. The spring season had started and their destination was the picturesque fishing harbor of Saint Malo in France—a harbor which had seen fighting, invasion and, finally, liberation during the last war.

They were gay tourists who wanted to enjoy their vacation in France. There was drinking, dancing, flirting and laughter. The Channel, for once, was not rough on this sunny May day of 1951. They landed at St. Malo on time, at six p.m.

A few days later the ship returned to England. But two young men who had booked for the round trip were missing. As they were two young men high in the British diplomatic service, fifteen thousand men of fourteen nations were mobilized by the international democratic police to find them.

This force combed the continent from Capri to Stockholm—but the two men could not be found. Had they been shanghaied? Kidnapped? Murdered? Or had they gone into oblivion behind the Iron Curtain?

ON May 26, 1951, Scotland Yard and the British Military Intelligence Service announced that Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess, two high ranking British officials of the Foreign Office, were missing.

Donald Duart Maclean, who was 38, had been Secretary of the combined policy committee that ruled atomic matters for Great Britain, the United States and Canada. He knew the details of atomic secrets and just of one but of three countries. He also knew the details of atomic raw materials available and necessary for these three countries.

Young Maclean was never stuffy. He liked to live; loved gay parties. He and his American born wife often entertained in their Georgetown House in Washington, D. C. when he was the First Secretary of the British Embassy.

Guy Burgess looks young and has the long hair of the European intellectuals seen so often in London, Stockholm or Berlin. It is a certain type which dresses differently than others. They generally wear no ties or starched collars as if in open demonstration against traditional men's wear. In their ideas they act similarly. Burgess had been familiar with the secret codes of the British Foreign office.

Investigation quickly revealed that the last person to have seen these two men in the Foreign Office was the 63-year-old messenger, Charles Dale, who had worked in the Department since 1918. The two diplomats had left their office in a most normal way; their desks were in complete order; Burgess greeted Charles Dale and told him, "See you tomorrow." Maclean was taking off a few days as his wife expected a baby.

Within three days Britain's efficient M.I.-5 counter intelligence department took up the trail. It was discovered that Guy Francis de Moncy Burgess, once Second Secretary at the British Embassy in Washington (from August 1950—to May 1951) and just ordered

(Continued on page 47)

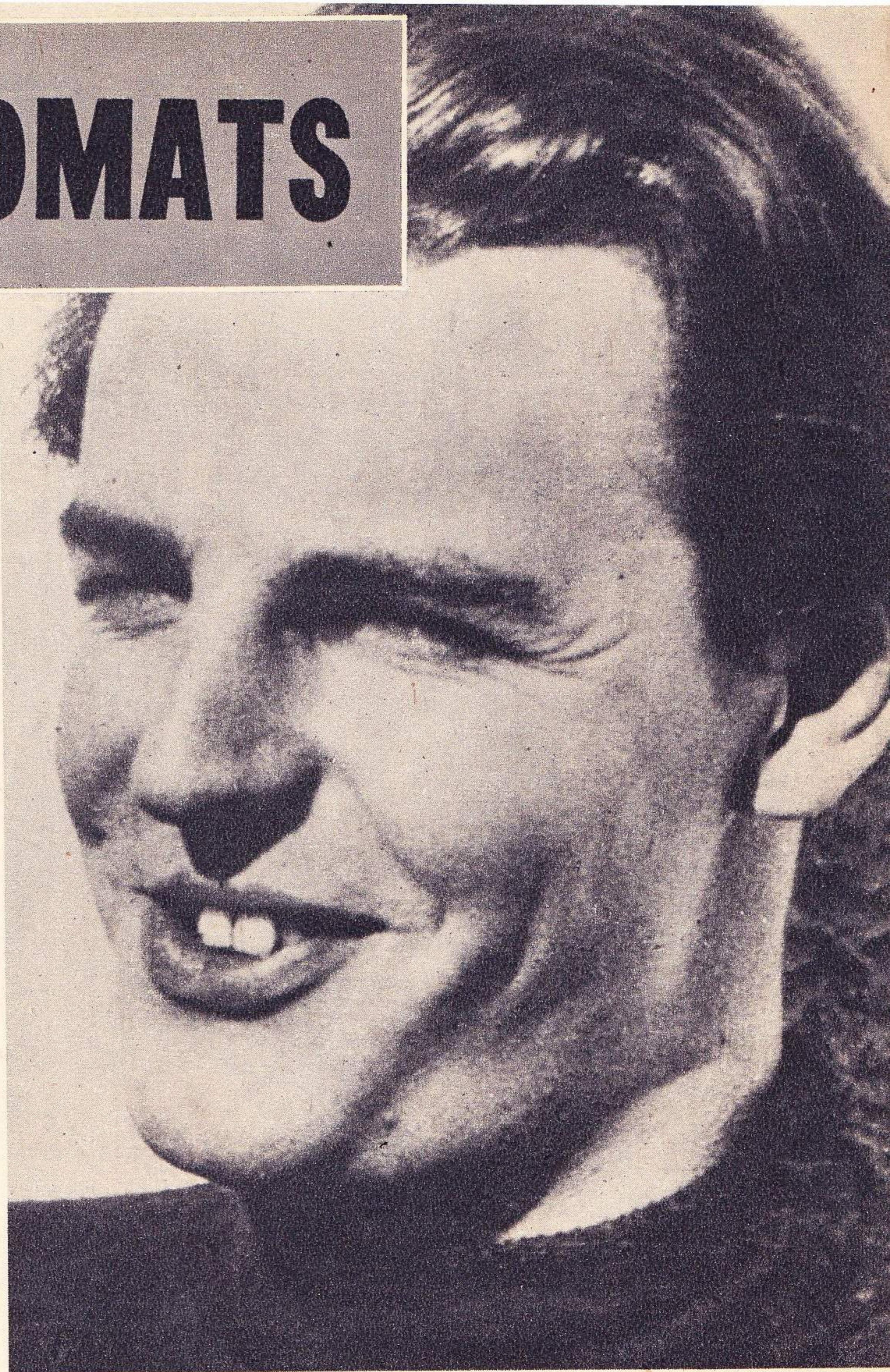


Mrs. Maclean, wife of missing Donald Maclean, arrives at London airport with baby daughter Melinda.

MISSING DIPLOMATS



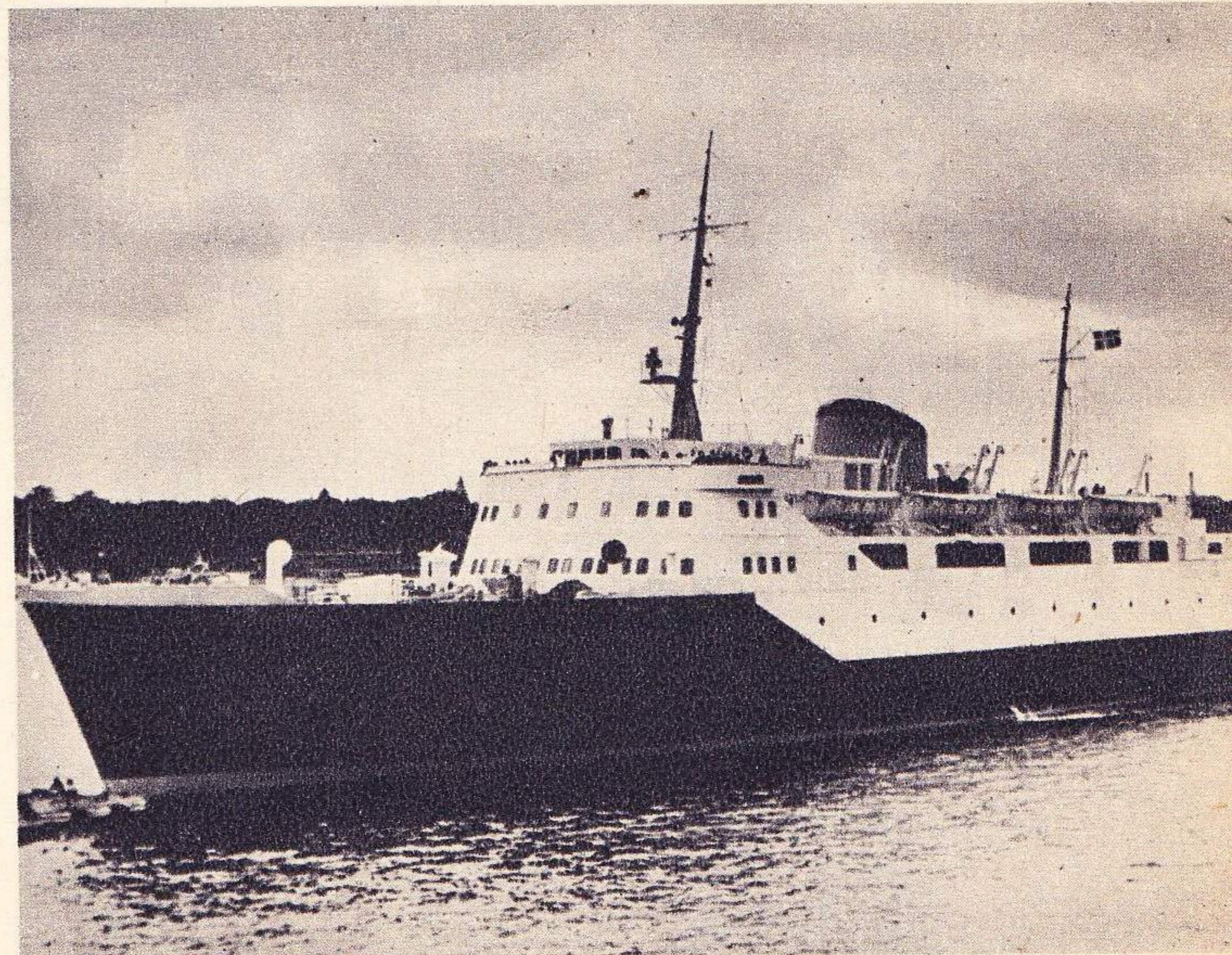
Interior of British Foreign Office where the two missing men worked and (inset) young Guy Burgess.



Donald Maclean. Fifteen thousand police of fourteen nations joined in the search for him and friend Guy.



Saint Malo beachfront. Burgess and Maclean sailed first to this gay vacation spot—and then vanished.

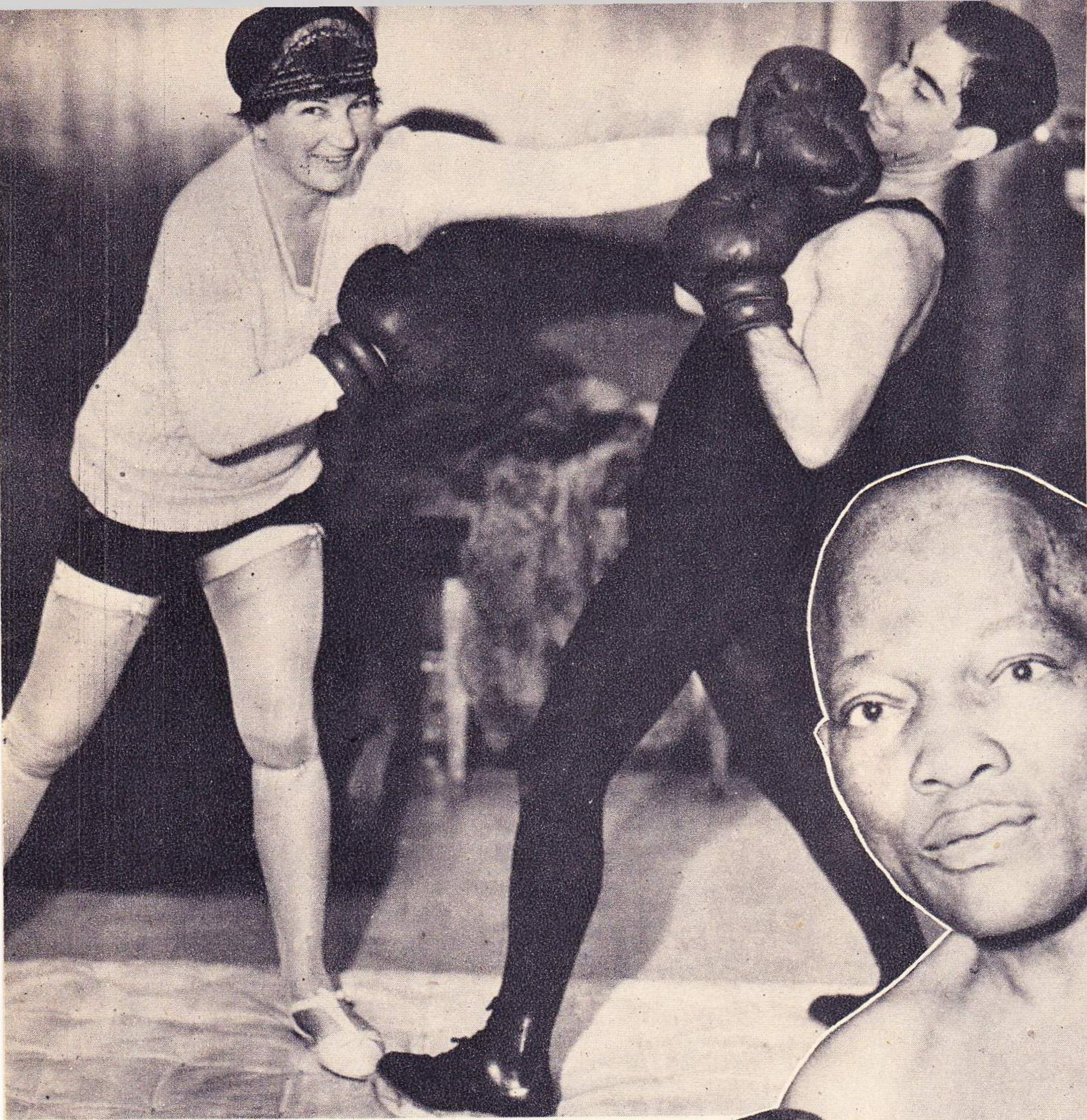


Channel steamer that bore crowd of vacationists—including the missing men—to picturesque Brittany.

By CLEM BODDINGTON

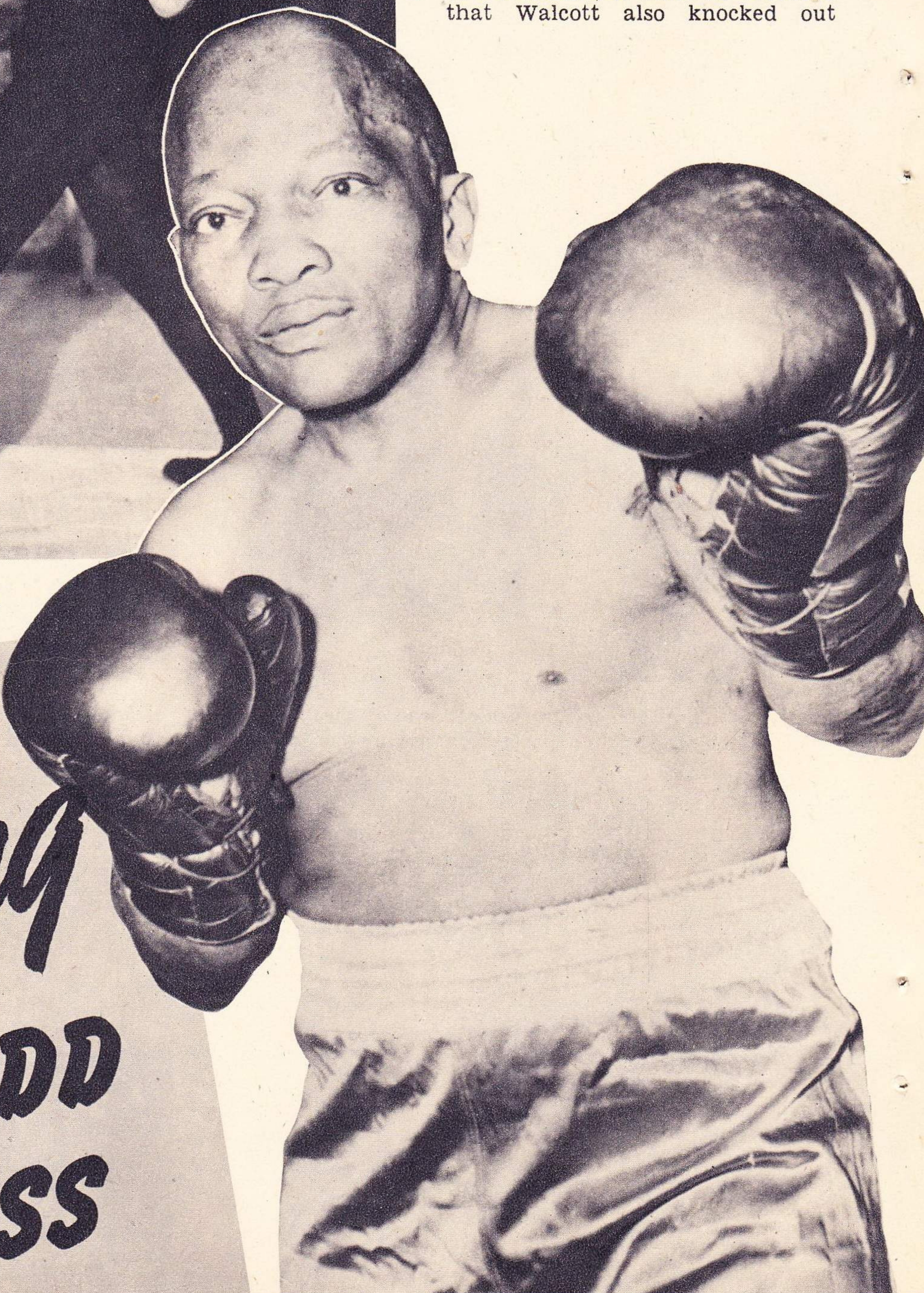
WHEN Jersey Joe Walcott scored a three-round knockout over one Harold Johnson on a February night in 1950 at Philadelphia, Pa., a gray-haired ringsider observed: "That Walcott must have a grudge against the Johnsons."

Papa Joe Walcott bears no grudge against the Johnsons, but, by way of explaining the veteran ringsider's comment, it must be recorded that Walcott also knocked out

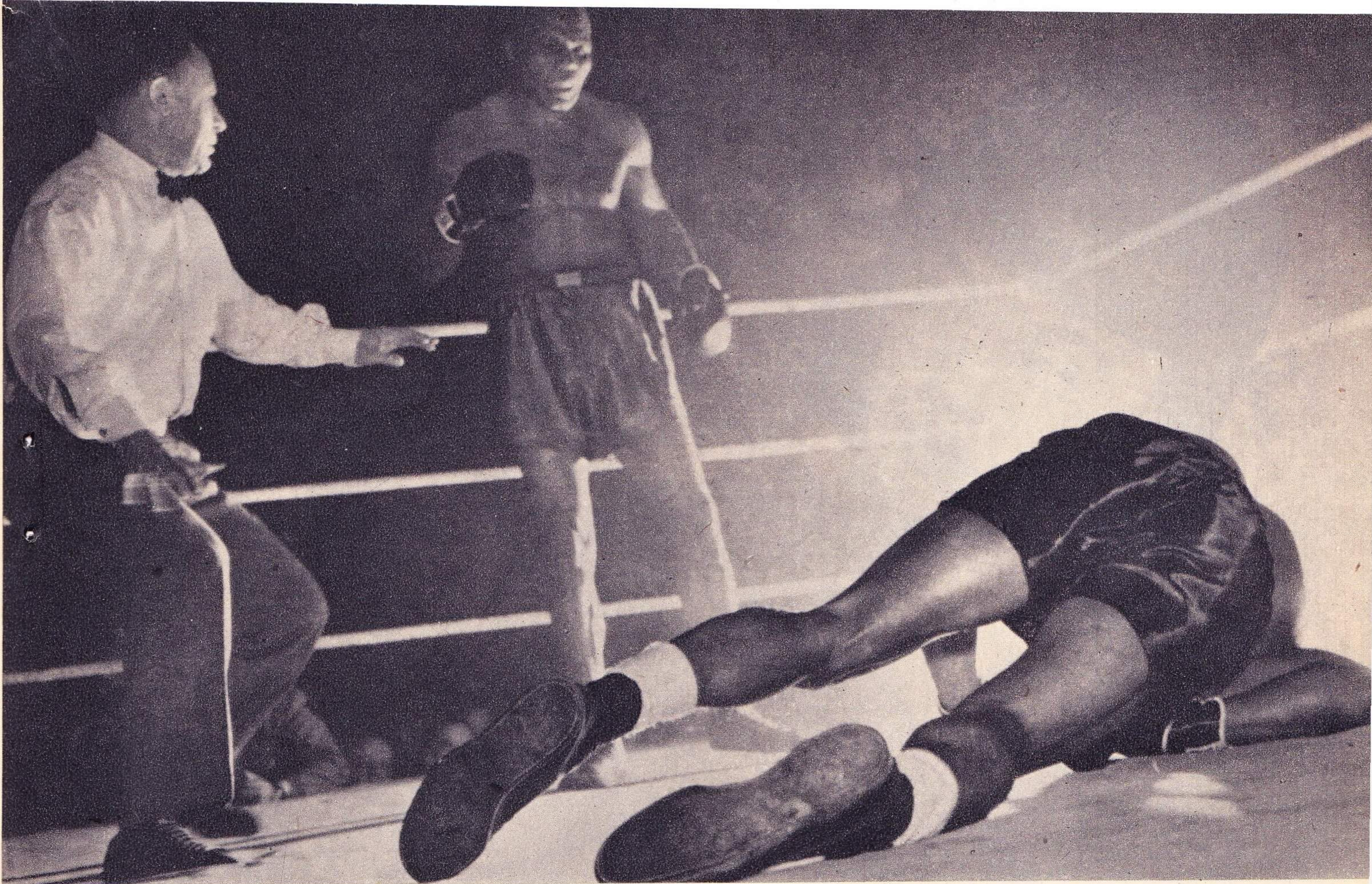


Packey O'Gatty (right) clowning. Once, he KO'd opponent who wasn't in ring!

Fighting
IS AN ODD
BUSINESS



Jack Johnson, once heavyweight champ, fought Joe Grim: weights, 210 to 144!



"Jersey Joe" Walcott scores knockout victory over Harold Johnson in 1950; in 1936, in same ring, he knocked out Harold Johnson's father!

Strange events in the lives of ring greats and near-greats

Harold Johnson's *father*, Phil Johnson, also in three rounds and also in the City of Brotherly Love on a June night in 1936!

Odd happenings, some tragic and some that fit into the category of low comedy have occurred in the prize ring down the years. For example, 50 years before a well known TV sponsor of ring battles ever thought of asking the fans: "What will you have?" a featherweight fought who would have been a walking advertisement for a beer concern.

He was Aurelio Herrera, the Mexican-Californian, a featherweight who had a right-hand punch that "made the beans rattle upstairs," according to one of his ring victims. 'Relio agreed to meet two men in one night in 1904. His opponents were Kid Abel and Kid Farmer and the place was the old Pyramid A. C. in Chicago.

Before the first bout, Herrera guzzled a pint of whiskey and smoked a big, black cigar. The club handyman poked his head through the half-opened dressing room door to inform Herrera that he was on next. 'Relio threw the empty pint bottle into a corner of the room and stood up to allow his handlers to help him on with his dressing robe. Bug-eyed fans watched Herrera strut toward the ring, cigar in mouth, trailed by a handler carrying two pails. Three bottles of beer were in each of the iced containers.

While awaiting the opening bell, Herrera reached into one of the pails for a bottle of beer which he drank with evident satisfaction. After the first round ended, the Mexican finished another bottle. He repeated this rite at the end of the second round. In the third stanza, he knocked out Kid Abel with a pile-driving right to the jaw. Herrera ambled back to his corner as the referee was counting over Abel, then consumed another bottle of the malt and hops beverage.

Kid Farmer climbed through the ropes for the second bout. He stopped dead in his tracks and stared at his opponent. 'Relio was drinking his fifth bottle of beer. The bell rang. Herrera shuffled out to the center of the ring. Farmer jabbed at him. 'Relio took a couple of light lefts to the face, then . . . bang! Farmer was a 40-second knockout victim. The ringsiders were still stunned by the sudden ending as Herrera sat down on his stool and reached into a pail for his sixth and last bottle of beer.

THERE are several candidates for the honor of having scored quick knockouts in the first round of a bout but only one pug is known to have knocked himself out before he set foot in the ring. This fighter was just starting a short-lived boxing career in West
(Continued on page 44)



When Fager swung me around I ducked and let his fist fly past. Then I bounced back with the best I had. It took just 3 to crumple him.

MY SISTER KATE

My boss was a foul ball if ever there was one—but he had me figured wrong!

By RALPH WELLNER

WE all felt that Fred Kendall should have been given a chance to manage Simpson's Restaurant when the opening came. He'd been assistant six years and could have handled it nicely—but the main office sent us an out-of-towner. Fager, his name was, and he might have been ten years older than me. Put him at thirty-two, a good sized boy with an arrogant face and a tongue as quick as it was rough. Maybe he thought we'd all be against him and was trying to keep us in line but my guess is that the company somehow got hold of a foul ball because this Fager strapped on his spurs the first day.

He barked his way through both shifts, then started again the next morning, and about nine that evening I was frying steaks and getting out the short orders when I heard the dishwasher drop a cup. Simpson's must part with all of six cents for a coffee cup but the way Fager yelled you'd think the kid had embezzled a day's take at the cash register. Dishwashing jobs being what they are, the boy gave our new manager some colorful but impractical instructions about what he could do with the job, then walked out.

That left me with double duty for the rest of the shift and at midnight I crawled out of there feeling like the bus boy had wrung me out with his rags. I was bushed enough to sleep the clock around but too keyed up to make it past six, so I got up and had breakfast with my sister Kate.

"Come on down to the restaurant for lunch," I told her, "and see what they sent us for a manager."

AFTER she went to work I sprawled in the porch swing, soaking up sunshine, and scratched around for some way to slow down the new ramrod a little. People were going by now and then and some of them called "hello, Gates," but I gave a sleepy nod and went right on mulling over the situation at Simpson's.

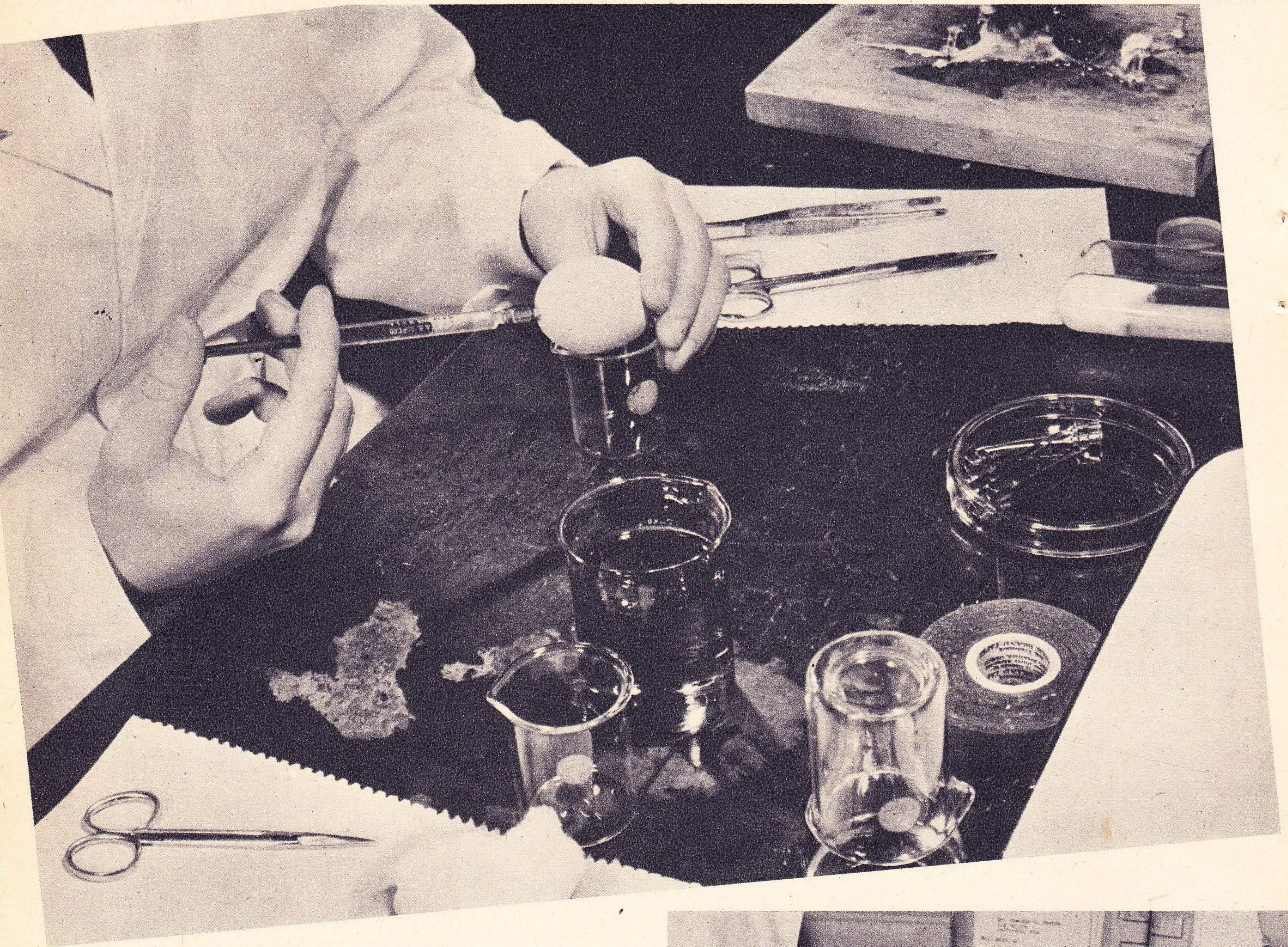
It would mean getting fired, of course, but it looked as if the only way to cool Fager off would be to rough him up. There were plenty of us who'd have liked to do it. In two short days he'd given a chef, the day fry cook, and three bus boys plenty of reason to clout him. Add in assorted brothers of the cute and young among our waitresses and you have quite a list, but Fager was that kind of heel.

Only it wasn't that simple. Simpson's was the best restaurant in town, drew the highest tips, and the girls weren't in any hurry to have him dusted off. Fred Kendall was big enough but he had a lot of years with the company and a lot of kids at home; he couldn't afford a beef. Maybe, being single, I was the number one prospect only I had some cookies in the oven myself. Three years at Simpson's, two as a fry cook, and next in line for a chef job. It would be hard to run that down the drain and start over in somebody's hamburger hut. So I was still tussling with it about eleven when Mike Keller, our mailman, whistled his way along and rattled the lid on our mailbox.

(Continued on page 56)

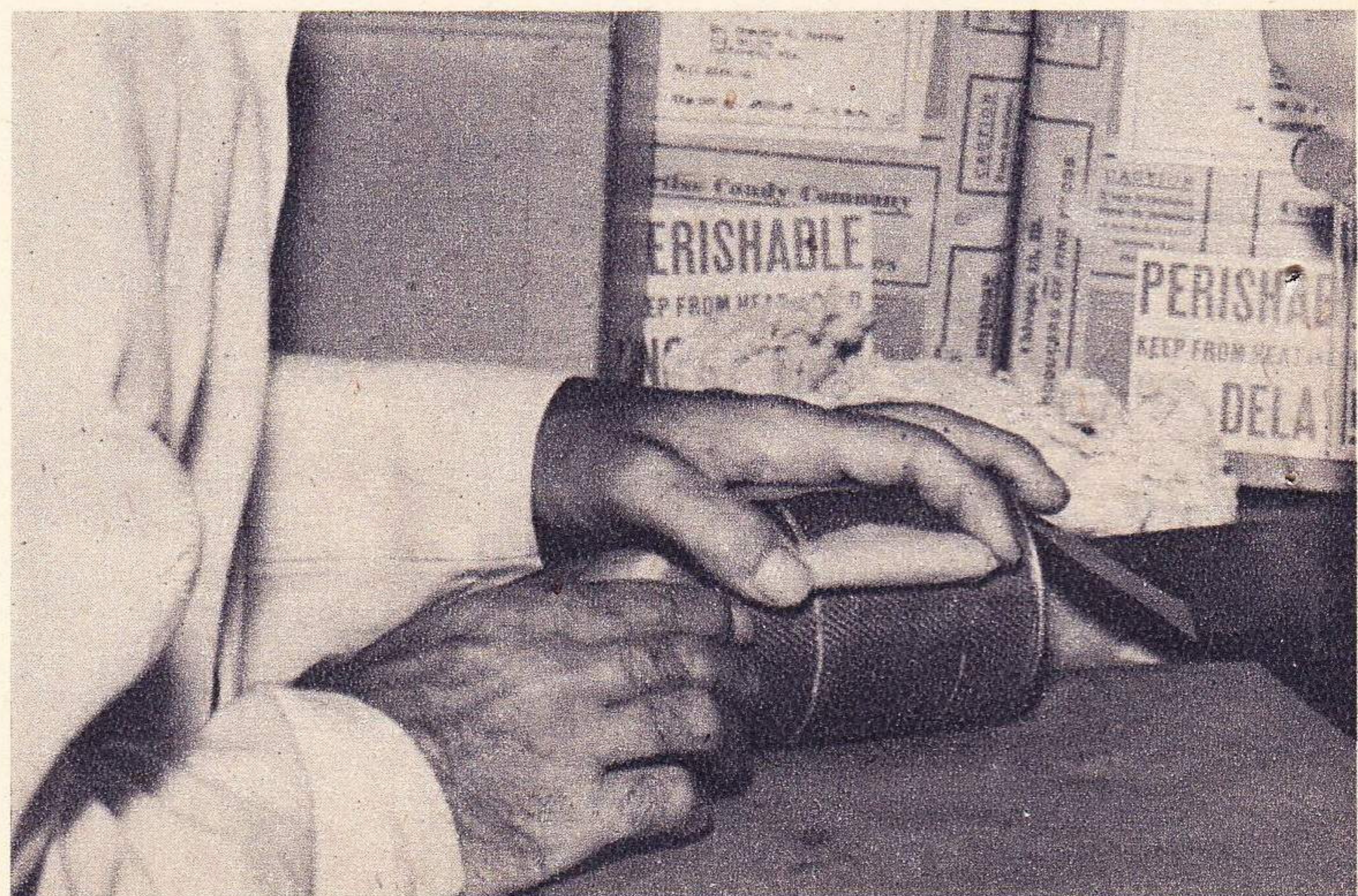
Savigny -

IS SCIENCE KILLING



No one wishes to limit knowledge obtained in the laboratory; but how it is applied to men—be it atom bomb or sex research—is different.

***YOU CAN BECOME A FATHER
—IF YOU WANT TO!—WITH-
OUT EVER SEEING A WOMAN,
WITHOUT EVEN BEING ALIVE!***



A "mate" for a cow, shipped in refrigerated packet. The same "scientific method" can be used for women!

YOUR Sex Life?

By Herbert Richardson

ONE of America's greatest humorists wrote a book and called it "Is Sex Necessary?" The title has always been good for a laugh. That's because just about everybody these days knows—as all the television comedians do—that sex is here to stay.

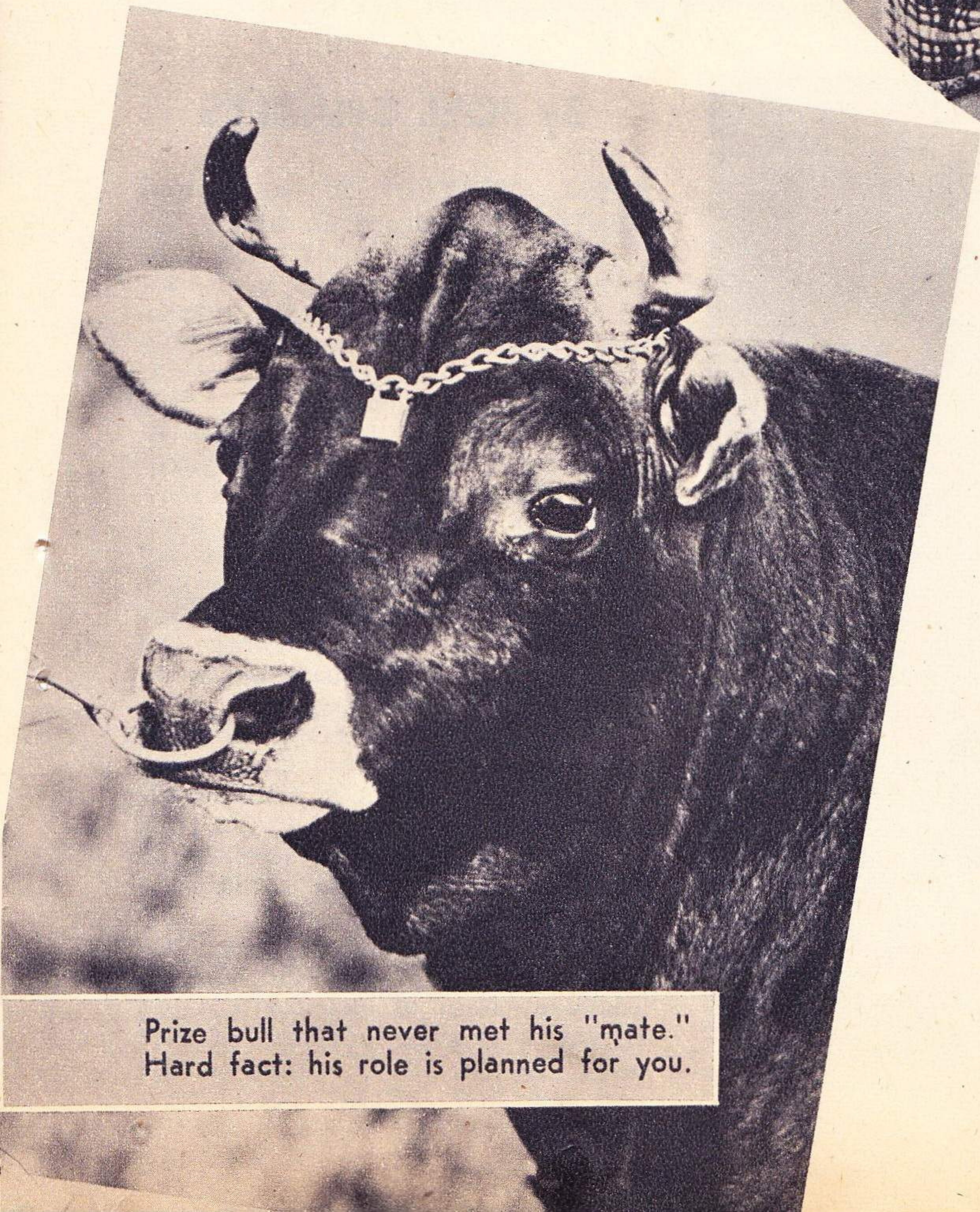
But is it?

Anyone who thinks that question is flip had better think twice after considering a few facts. Fact No. 1: Scientists have learned that the boy-baby is produced by a male sperm cell of different density than the one that produces a girl-baby, so that in the future parents can choose their child's sex—provided the mother's egg cell is artificially inseminated.

Fact No. 2: Experiments prove that a sterile woman can have another female's ovaries transplanted into her body and can then bear children—except that the infants



Pretty Antoniette Strnad, five, with mother Julia. Antoniette was conceived by artificial insemination.



Prize bull that never met his "mate." Hard fact: his role is planned for you.

will have the characteristics of the female from whom the ovaries were taken.

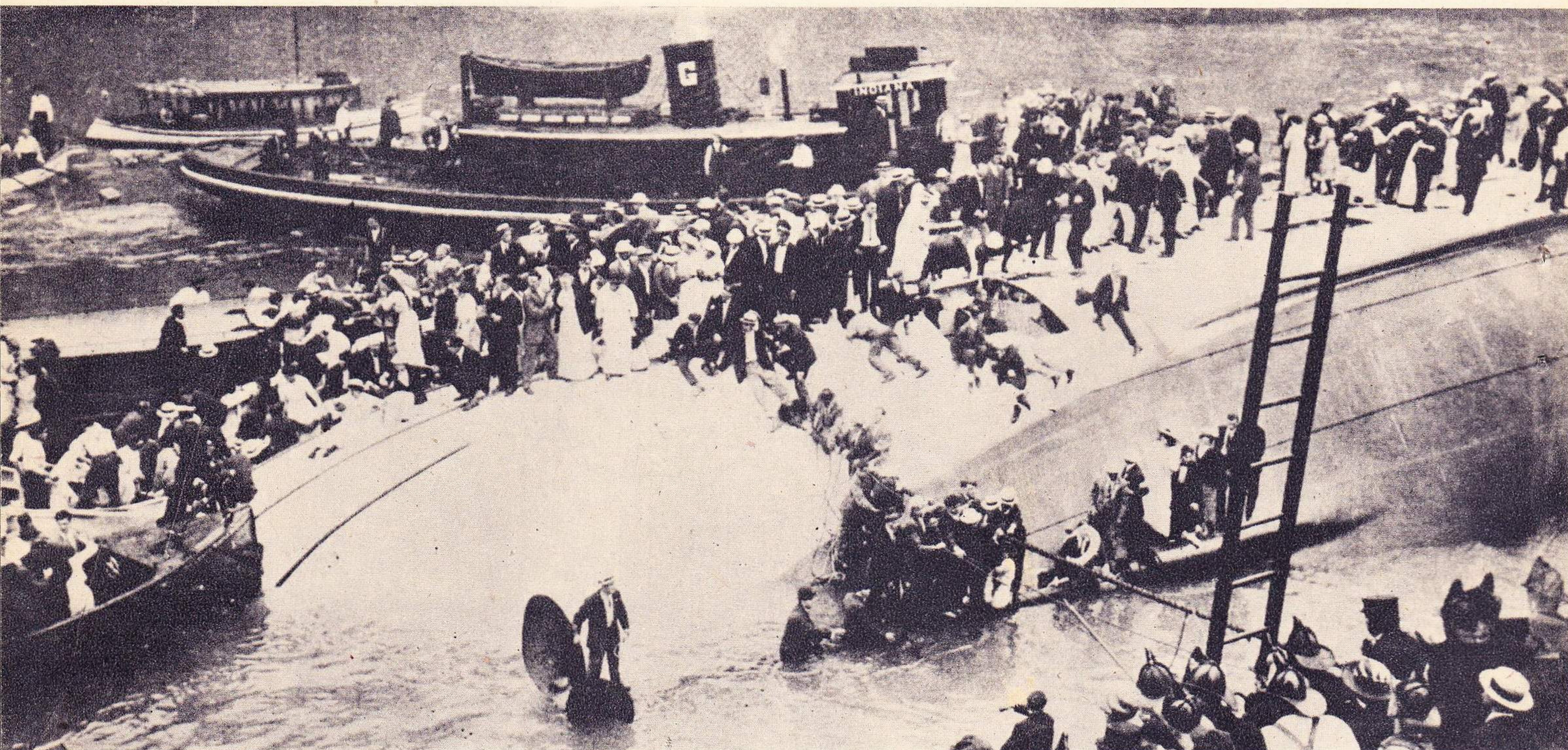
Fact No. 3: Laboratory evidence now indicates that a man's seed can be preserved indefinitely and thus be used to impregnate females over a number of years—so that a man's children may be conceived long after he himself is dead!

THERE are more shocking facts, many more, and these will be taken up in turn. For the moment, however, the important point to be stressed is that in the realm of sex, a revolution has begun that threatens to change forever the most intimate of human relationships—that of a man and his woman. Unlike the atomic age, this revolution will not be ushered in with a dramatic blast. It will sneak in, like a thief.

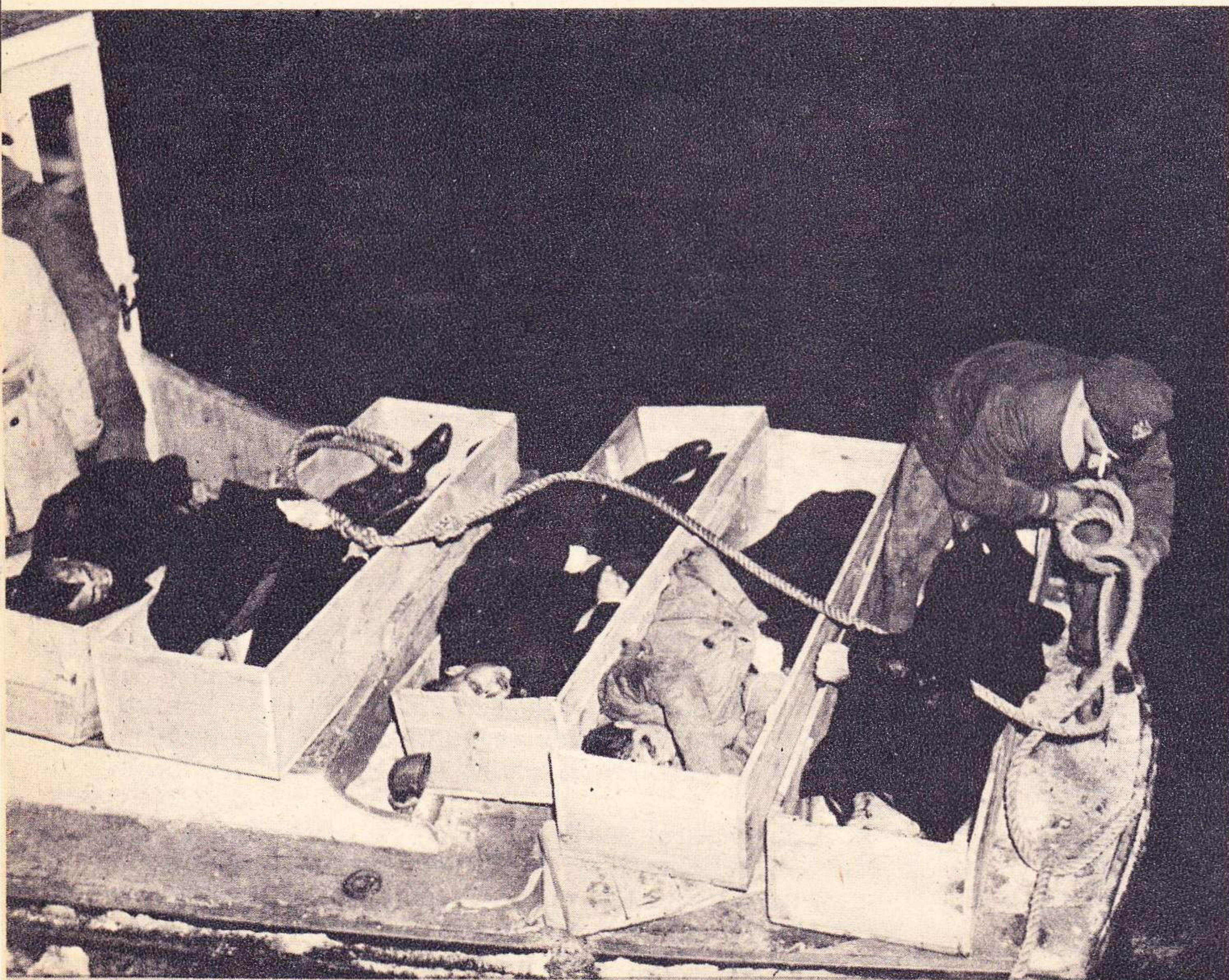
And if successful it will steal something precious: the balance-wheel that men call Nature. From the time of the caveman up to the present, Nature has determined by chance—in a kind of happy lottery where everybody wins—whether a child shall be a boy or girl and whether it shall take after the mother or father or be a combination of the two.

(Continued on page 43)

YOU PAY YOUR OWN WAY—ON THE PLEASURE



The *Eastland* keeled over at dock on Chicago River, 812 lost their lives.



Plain pine boxes serve to transport victims of the tragic *Mohawk* disaster.

By JOEL CHARLES

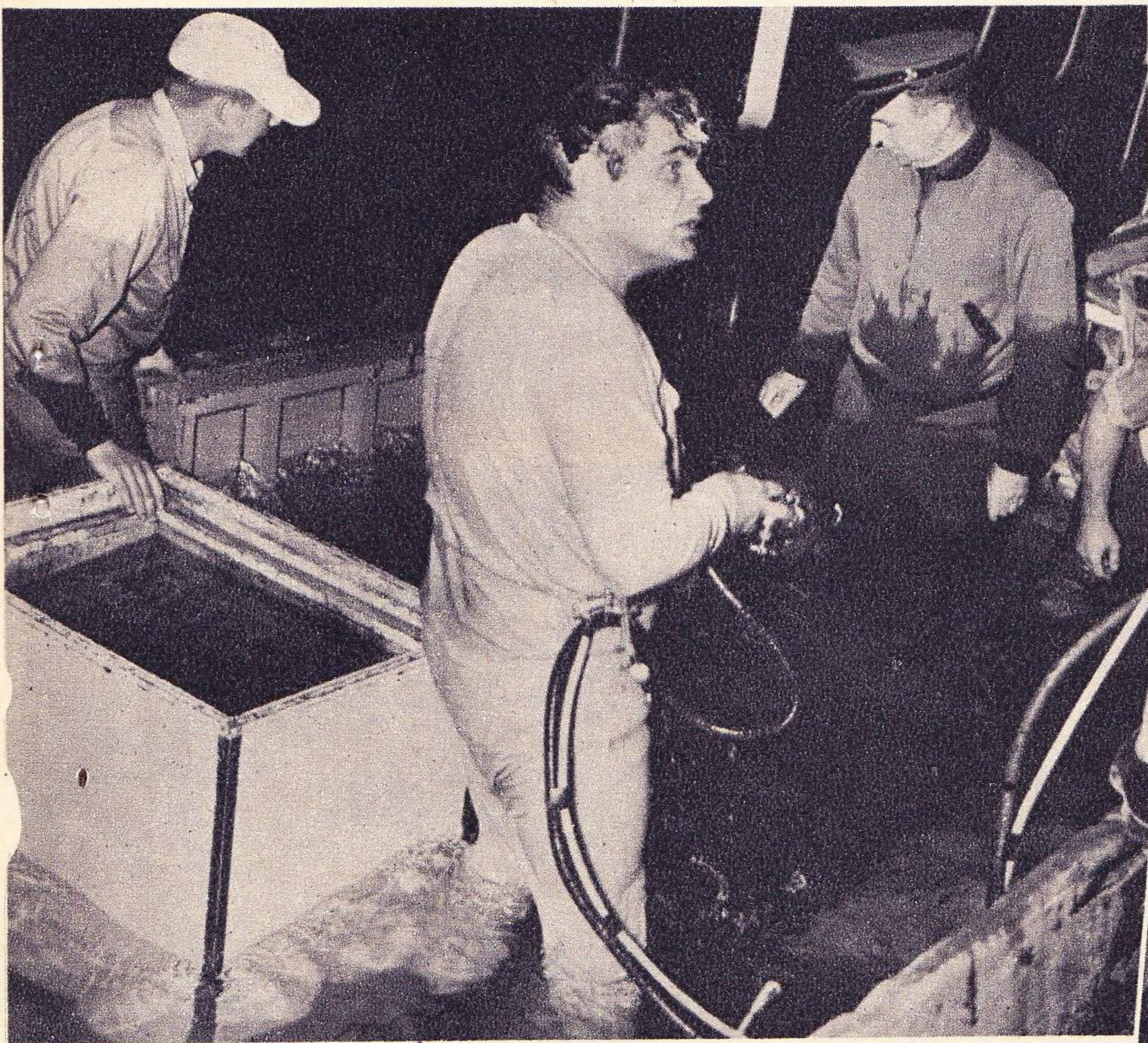
THE CURTAIN of mist and dense fog closed in about the 55-foot *Pelican*. The wind increased, and the 14-ton craft began to rock in the heavy swells. She was moving excruciatingly slowly back to port on one engine; the other had conked out, and there wasn't time to fiddle with it.

All members of the holiday party of 63 week-end fishermen were distinctly uncomfortable. Even those who had complained loudly earlier—when they found the boat so crowded there wasn't room for everybody at the rail—were too cold and wet and miserable to do more than mutter now.

Then the squall came howling down upon them from the northeast. The rain was a solid sheet, the wind lashed the sea into a fury of waves that struck violently at the limping boat and threatened to engulf it.

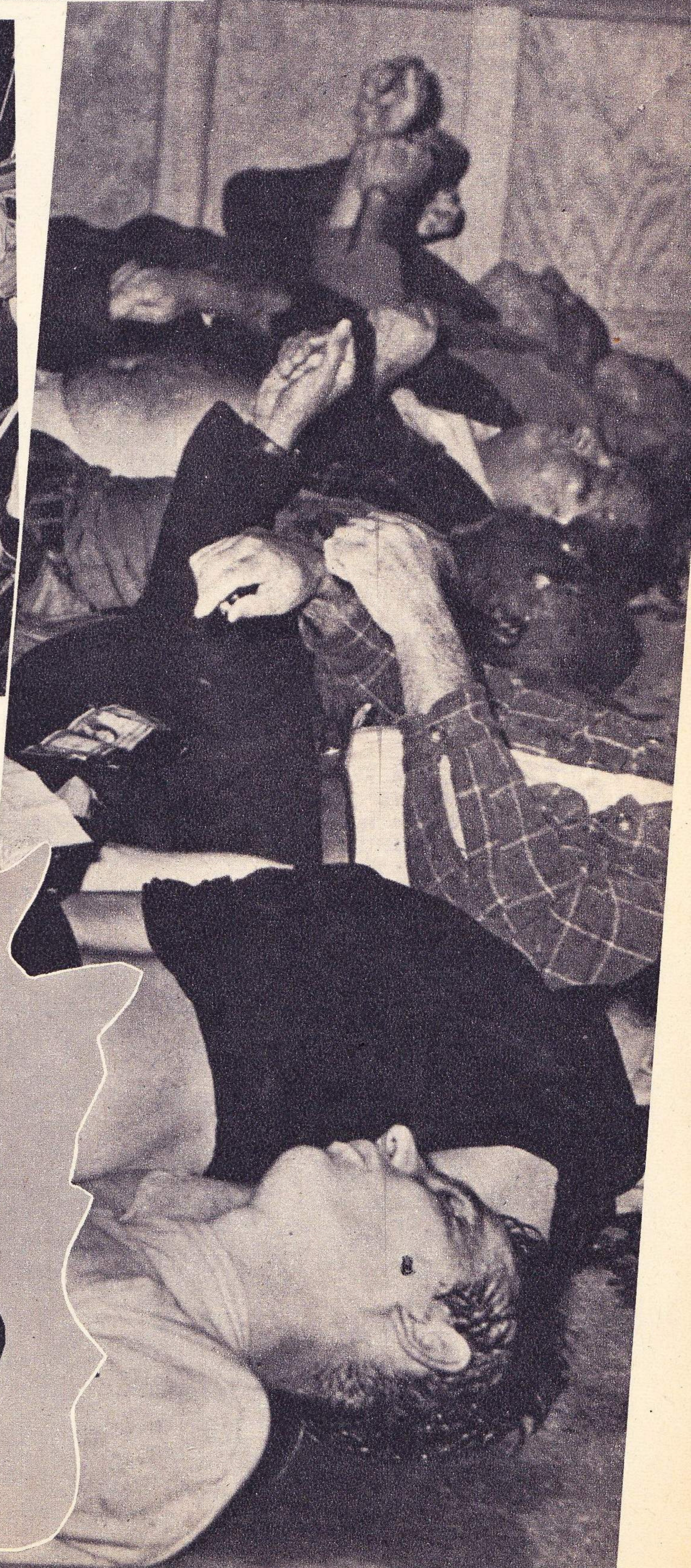
Seated near the open hatch beside his son, 46-year-old Angelo Testa, masseur of Patchogue, Long Island, had a premonition of disaster. As he tried to get to his feet the boat pitched and threw

CRAFT THAT SPELL YOUR DOOM!



Salvage workers aboard the *Pelican*. The captain and 45 others perished when the overloaded craft capsized.

**Death
AT \$5.00
A HEAD**



DEATH AT \$5 A HEAD

everyone to the deck in a heap. A giant wave caught the floundering *Pelican* and it rolled over, the people screaming and fighting desperately to get out of the tiny cabin.

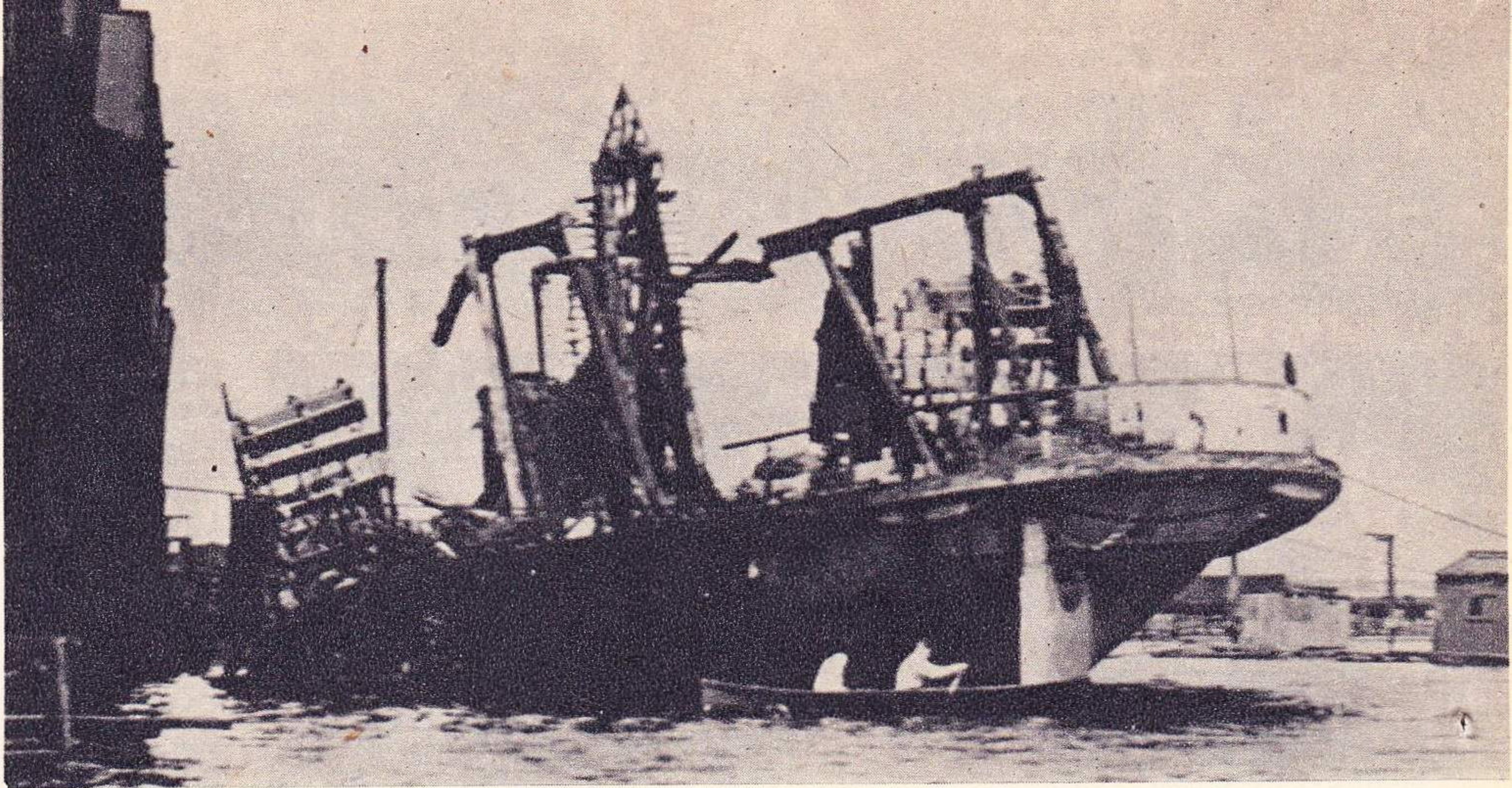
Testa found himself in the cold water, swimming furiously for his life. About him the sea was dotted with struggling figures that were periodically blotted out by raging swells. He looked about frantically for 23-year-old Angelo Jr., but couldn't locate him.

The overturned hull of the *Pelican* loomed out of the confusion, only a few yards away. Several survivors were clinging to it. Testa swam over, caught hold, tried to climb up on the slippery surface, and fell off. He managed to secure another hold; panting with exertion, he hung there a while.

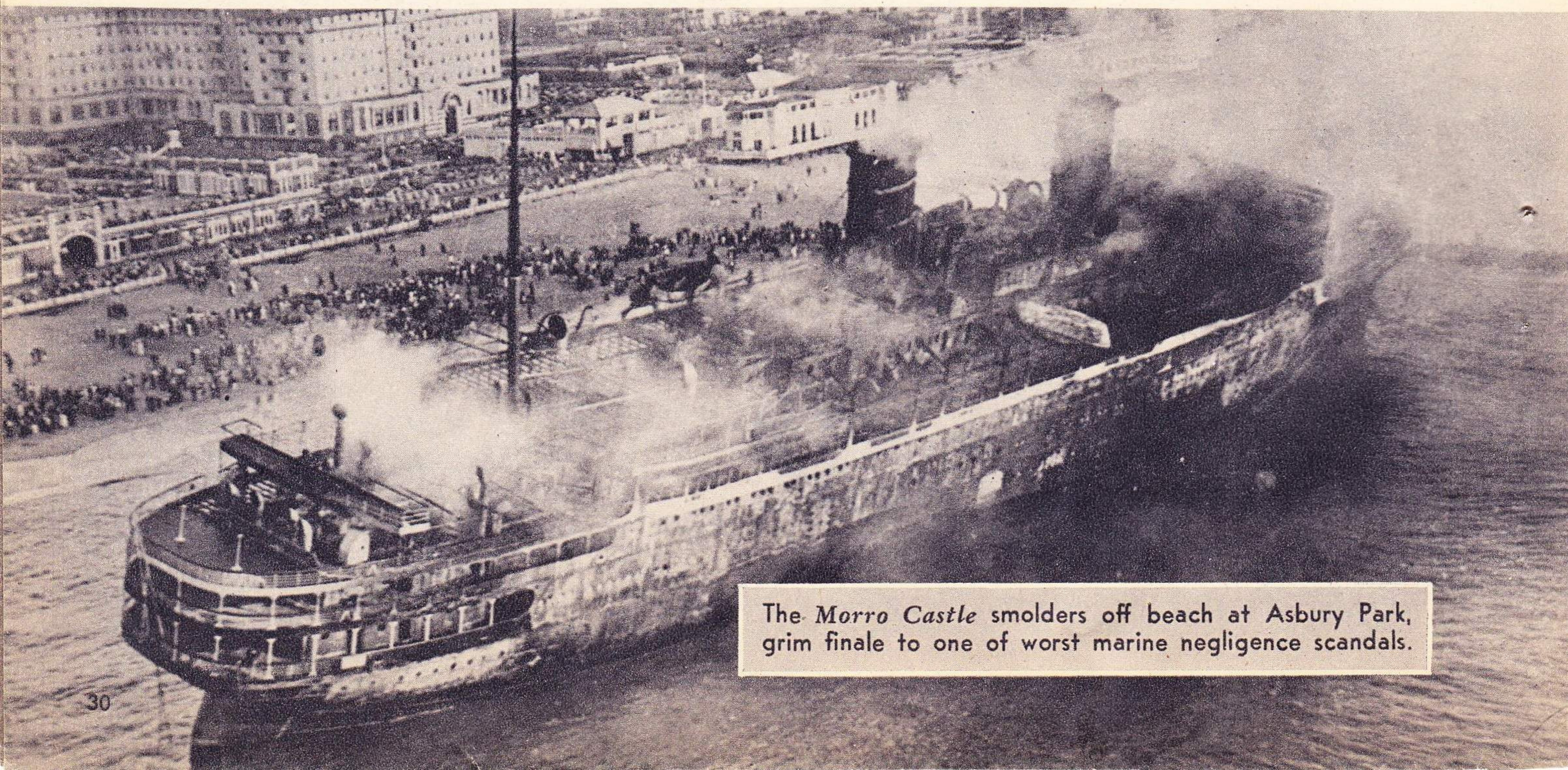
But the chill was beginning to penetrate his bones, numbing his hands. He couldn't hang on much longer. Once again he tried to climb the slippery hull, but a gigantic wave swept him off.

This time the half-submerged hull was too far away, and he was too tired to make it. . . .

THE captain and 45 of the 63 customers aboard the *Pelican* drowned last September in the icy waters of the Atlantic off Montauk, Long Island. The bodies of many of the missing were never
(Continued on page 52)



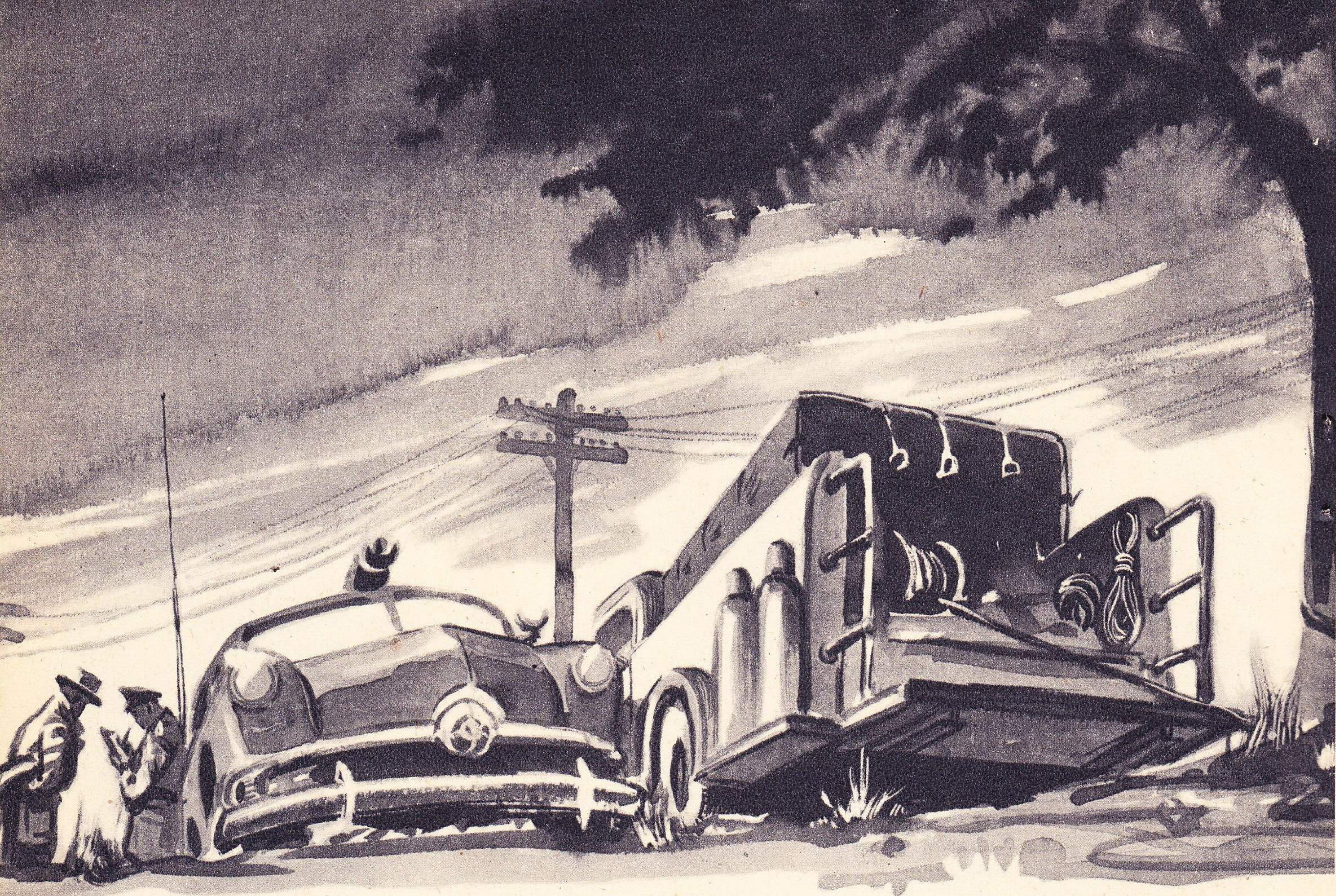
In the *General Slocum* disaster 1,200 passengers burned or drowned in East River. Top view shows gutted hulk, below, some of recovered bodies.



The *Morro Castle* smolders off beach at Asbury Park, grim finale to one of worst marine negligence scandals.



"Just a preliminary list, Miss Pitchett, of your—er—personality quirks."



A week after Setlo disappeared the river gave up its dead. Just two days after that I was arrested.

"I'M SETLO"

By STEVE
BENEDICT

BUT, Your Honor, I didn't kill Setlo! No one killed Setlo, for Setlo isn't dead. You—you see—I'm Setlo!"

"What!" The Judge's eyes popped. His bald head jerked toward me. You could hear the entire courtroom draw in one sharp breath. Then, after a clumsy silence, His Honor said, with some huff in his tone, "Isn't your name Peter Tolliver?"

"Yes sir," I answered quietly. "Also Setlo. For the past few months I've been living a double life."

Justice Cyrus C. Poindexter adjusted his pince-nez the better to stare at me. The D. A. frowned, sniffed, then turned to sneer at my lawyer, a cagey criminal attorney with whom I had done business since my bootlegging days, by name Oliver Penwick. From the jury box came a low murmur and the sound of shuffling feet.

My lawyer took a quick step forward. "May I once more remind the Court that the body fished out of the river has never been proven to be that of Setlo."

"Yes," snapped the Judge, taken slightly aback by

Penwick's sudden interruption of his thoughts. He regarded Penwick intently with knit brow, then turned to the D.A.

"That is so, Mr. Uhlmann, and I wish you would remember it," he said with a little tartness. "Furthermore, I'd like the jury to make that fact a point of note."

He turned to nod at the twelve good men and true, who promptly nodded back. Then he shifted around to look at me with a quizzical air. "I'm afraid that you have a little explaining to do, Mr.—er—Tolliver," he said, dry-voiced.

"I'll say he has," cut in the D.A., hard of both tone and eye. He set the eye on me. "Just what was your idea of this long masquerade, anyhow?"

I looked at him quietly. "I was about to do a little—er—'job,' Mr. Attorney," I answered with a halt in my throat. "After that I'd disappear—as Setlo! Who would ever have suspected that old bum? But that body in the river spoiled everything."

The D.A. gave expression to a curt cynical laugh.



**I was the very man they
thought I'd murdered—
I proved it to them—yet
still there was a hitch . . .**

The Judge glared. I could hear
snickers in the audience.

I LET my chin fall on my chest. The events of the past several weeks popped into my head in one lump. What a fickle strumpet—Fate! I would not be here on trial for my life today had not an overflooded river washed up that naked body with the bludgeoned face. Yes, those narrow, stooped shoulders, the small iron-gray beard, the matted gray hair, the slight,
(Continued on page 46)

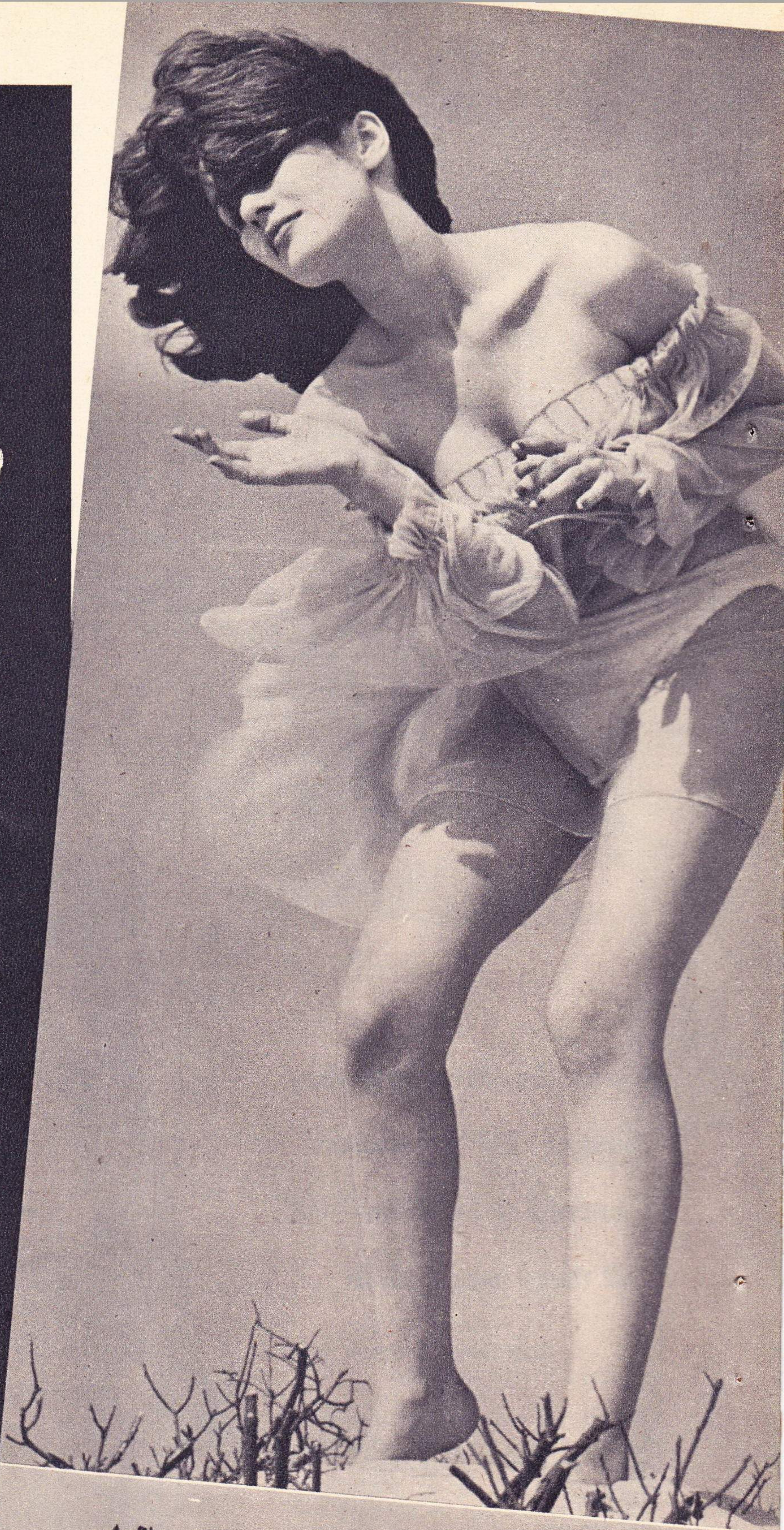
WIND *Dancer*

**A PEEK AT LITHE
CARLYN FRANZ
REHEARSING ON THE
MONTAUK DUNES**

FACING a camera comes readily to brunette Carlyn Franz, who spent two years as a model and magazine cover girl. Carlyn, being both photogenic and shapely, found a model's life a profitable one, but what she liked best was that it gave her time and money to pursue her first love: dancing.

Our photographer was lucky enough to wangle an invitation last summer to observe her during an outdoor rehearsal of *Wind Dance*, which she plans to include in her New York repertory this winter. The dunes at Montauk Point, Long Island, provided an ideal backdrop for the spirited young dancer, in her portrayal of the spirit of youth swept by love of the salt winds of the sea. More important, says Carlyn, the real experience helped her develop those movements which will carry the outdoor "feel" of the dance across the footlights to an indoor audience.

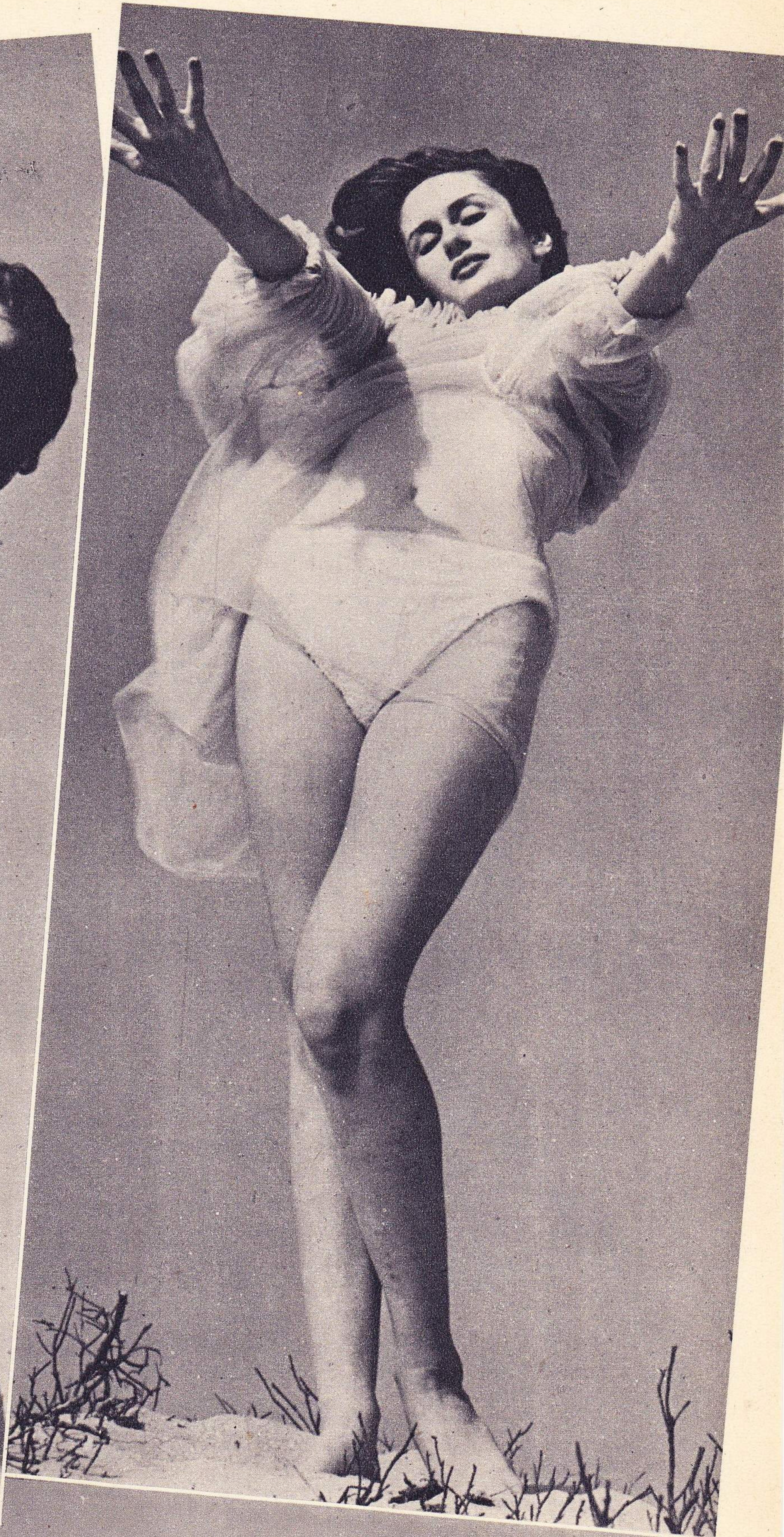
Miss Franz, born in New York City, is just 22 years old. She is a graduate of Hunter College, where she majored in dramatics and performed competently in many campus productions. Her special aptitude, however, lay in the allied field of the dance. Here her instinctive grace, coupled with rigorous training, promise to reward her with an outstanding career.



A filmy gown, blowing hair dominate Carlyn's costume.



Hands are important in modern dancing.



Arms open to her "lover," the salt wind from the sea.

WIND DANCER



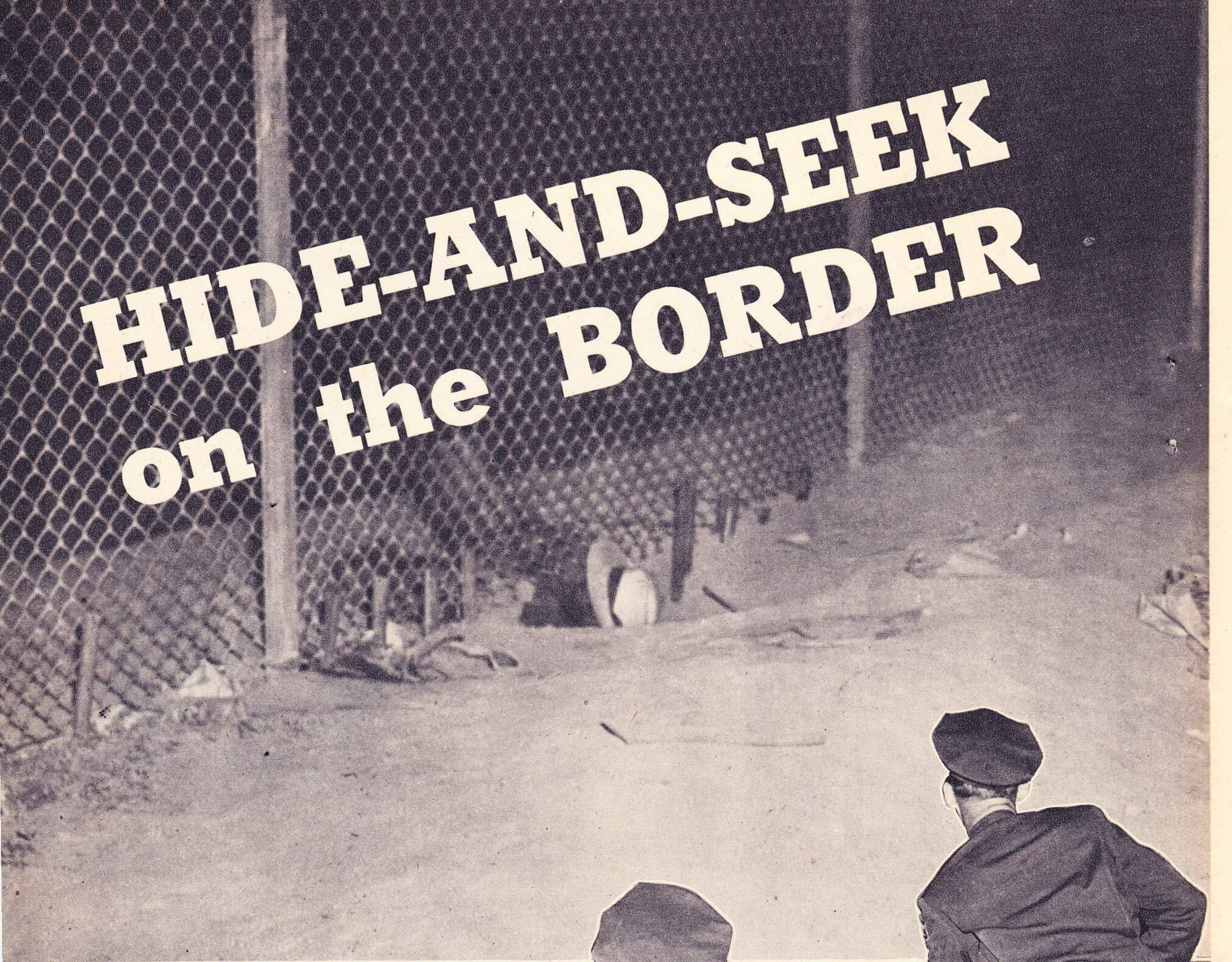
Carlyn Franz: actress, model, exponent of the dance.



A PEEK AT LITHE CARLYN FRANZ REHEARSING ON THE MONTAUK DUNES



Finale: felled by the wearying violence of the wind she loves.



HIDE-AND-SEEK on the BORDER

By JAMES JOSEPH

JUST across the border, in bawdy and unwashed Mexicali, a shadow which walked like a man detached itself from a shadow which didn't. Other shadows joined the first, until there were six. They drifted phantom-like along the 8-foot, wire-mesh fence which runs like a raw incision for five miles between Calexico and Mexicali, severing Mexico from the United States.

The shuffle of huaraches in the powder-dry adobe filtered through the mesh. The air hung heavy with the aroma of tortillas and beans. In the distance a dog yapped. The shadows nudged along the International fence, probing, obviously seeking something.

Tonight the invasion began



A Wet crawls under the international fence near Calexico (top) as two border patrolmen, below, crouch ready to nab him as he comes through.



Gus Hall, American Commie, jumped bail over the Mexican border. Later he was located, extradited to U.S.A.

An understaffed federal patrol cannot halt the yearly tide of 300,000 illegal Mexican migrants

promptly as darkness established itself over the border, just as the harried border patrolman had predicted.

Behind a tamarisk bush, twenty-feet from the fence and on U.S. soil, two Immigration Service border patrolmen watched the muffled figures warily. The two patrolmen lay in a damp irrigation ditch, their bodies pressed into the foul-smelling adobe, their right hands lightly fingering the butts of their .45's.

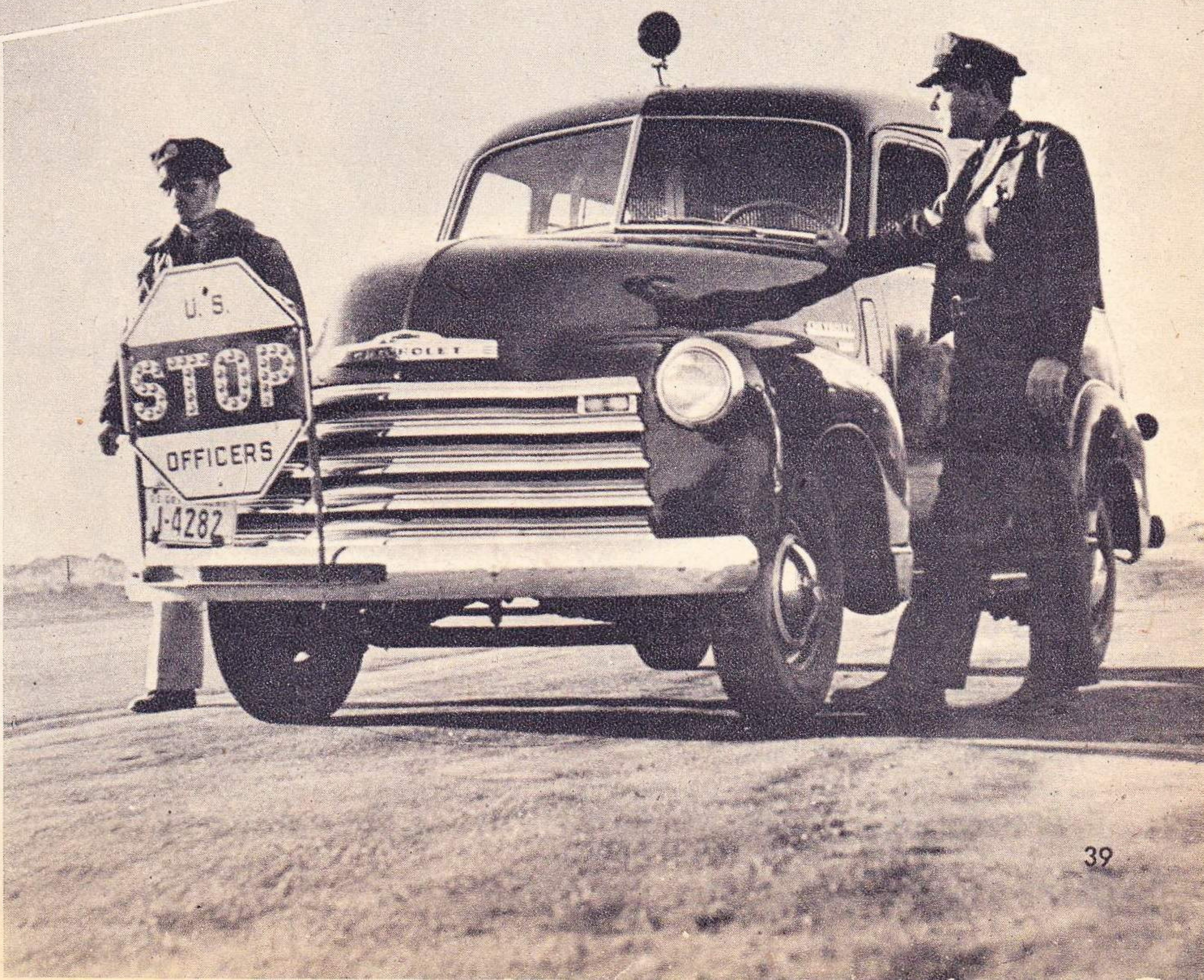
"Here they come," one whispered.

The first shadow writhed and wriggled through a hole which had been laboriously scooped beneath the boundary fence. The shadow
(Continued on page 50)



A "Wet"—unofficial border crosser—being questioned before starting on his compulsory return journey.

Roadblock on road leading from border. Smugglers try many dodges to get men past in cargo trucks.



Science—come full circle—now



ape from his perch on the family tree!"

Another chapter can now be written in the greatest detective story of all time: the Mystery of the First Man. Yet—with a certain irony—the chapter must begin without any credit going to a man, for it starts with two women—the one whose skull was found, and the one who found it. Between these two ladies, as it happens, there stands a full 500,000 years. Yet the skull of one was basically the same as the skull of the other!

As a result of this single fact, man may be saved from the embarrassing admission that his ancestors were somehow related to apes. It certainly hasn't flattered people to think that somewhere at the bottom of their family tree there was a creature who very much resembled an orangutan or gorilla. (Besides, there were some who didn't have to go that far down!) Now, however, the scientific evidence piling up seems to indicate that there are more differences than similarities between man and ape.

How could such a revolutionary reversal stem from the finding of a single skull? The answer requires

One of your ancestors? Not likely, say today's experts on evolution of man.

By BERT LONG

ONE of the most beautiful women who ever lived was Helen of Troy, the dame with the face that launched a thousand ships and started the bloody Trojan War. But that's nothing compared to what may soon be credited to another woman—without anything more to go on than her skill! Already we can point to it and say:

"This is the skull that launched a thousand new theories about the beginning of man, and toppled the

**CHASE
THAT APE
OUT OF YOUR
FAMILY
TREE!**

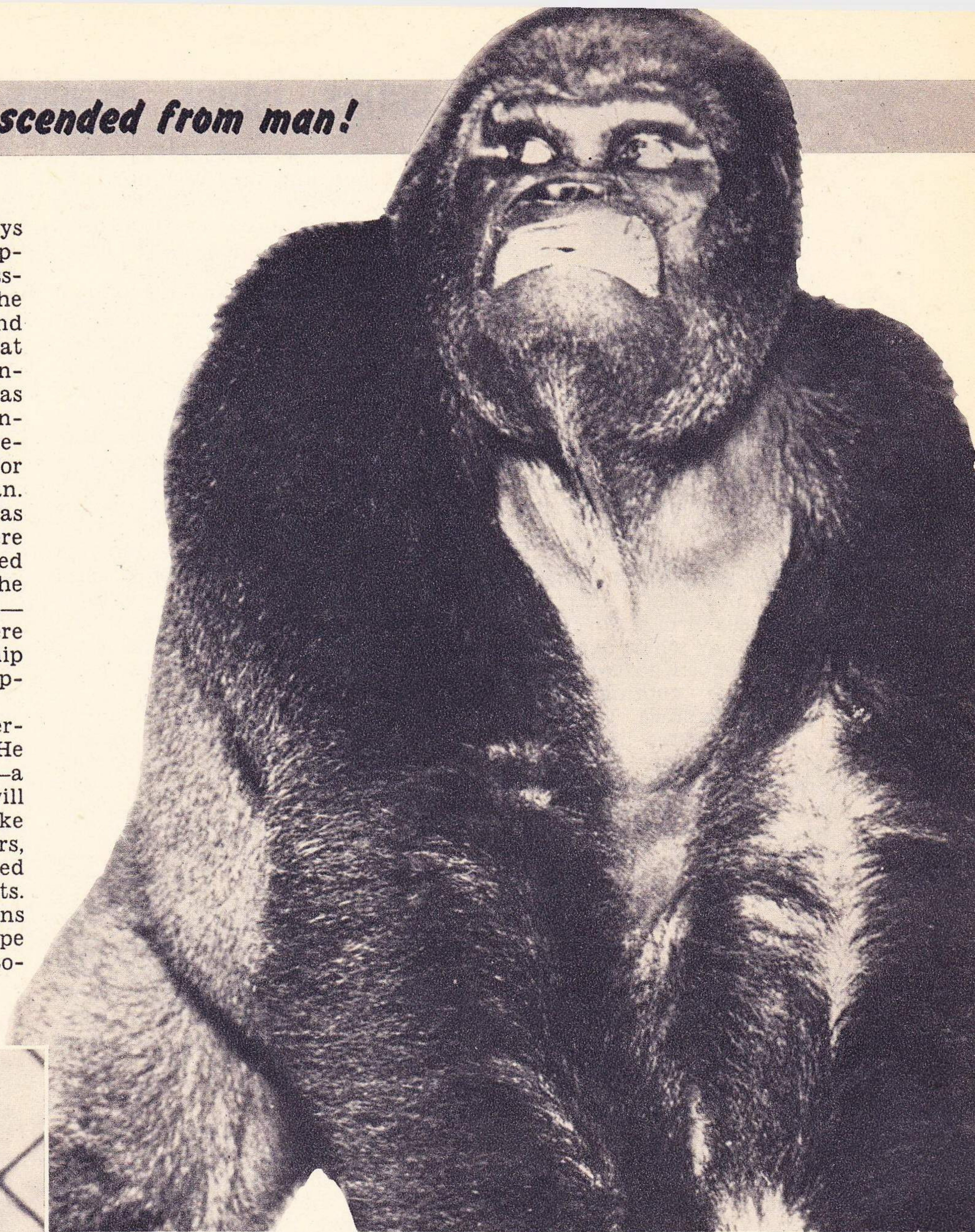
thinks apes have descended from man!

some explanation. Man has always been curious about his development. For individuals, this expresses itself in a desire to trace the family as far back as possible and in taking pride from the fact that Great-great-great-great-grand-uncle John Rolfe married Pocahontas in 1614. For human beings in general, however, this curiosity is reflected in the ceaseless search for evidence of the first modern man.

Up to the present, this honor has fallen to Neanderthal man. There were other creatures who preceded him—such as the Java man, the Piltdown man and the Pekin man—but they didn't qualify. They were ruled out because their kinship seemed closer to that of the chimpanzee than to modern man.

Neanderthal, however, was permitted to belong to the club. He lived about 100,000 years ago—a most important point which will come up again later on—and unlike the Java man, or any of the others, his likeness was not reconstructed from isolated bone fragments. Enough Neanderthal specimens were found strewn all over Europe so that it was easy to piece together a complete man.

(Continued on page 54)



Gargantua. Modern thought believes him part of evolutionary stream that is distinct from mankind's, and moving in entirely different direction.



Above, Dr. Osborn, who guessed mankind had longer history than earlier authorities believed; right, the skulls of modern man (left), oldest American man, and 500,000-year-old ape man.



SEX DRUGS CAUSE CANCER!

(Continued from page 13)

very age group appealed to by the mail-order promoters. Repeated taking of testosterone by those hoping for sexual rejuvenation may stir these cells into active growth."

Dr. Nelson added that sterility is another potential danger from misuse of testosterone.

"Both the male and female sex hormones are of great value when used under supervision of qualified physicians after adequate examination and diagnosis," he asserted. "For the layman without such supervision, they are extremely dangerous drugs."

A FEDERAL COURT quickly banned inter-state shipment and sales of sex drugs. So critical was the case that when one mail-order firm launched a "going-out-of-business" sale, quoting special prices on last-chance orders, a federal judge stepped in with a temporary injunction preventing distribution of Male Sex Hormones without a doctor's prescription.

To hundreds of thousands of middle-aged men, all this adds up to one horrifying fact: in their mad rush for renewed virility, they may have embraced a terrible, lingering death.

Every year cancer causes more deaths in this country than any other disease, with the exception of heart failure. Last year more than 200,000 men, women and children died of it. The vast majority of its victims are in the middle of their lives.

And of all male forms of cancer, that of the prostate is the most hopeless.

THE history of sex hormones goes back to 1776 when Dr. Theophile de Bordeu, physician to King Louis XV of France, made the remarkable discovery that the testicles were more than mere factories for the manufacture of spermatozoa. They were glands that produced an essential internal secretion, a *hormone*.

But Dr. de Bordeu was far ahead of his times. It took hundreds of years for science to discover that hormones are steroid chemicals, normally produced by the ovaries and testes. Scientists call the female hormones *estrogens*, and the male hormones *androgens*.

In 1927 a professor at the University of Chicago, Dr. Fred C. Koch, succeeded in distilling 1-1000th of an ounce of impure essence out of 40 tons of bull tes-

ticles. He injected some into listless capons, and they became virile roosters. They grew bright red combs and wattles, crowed, battled and chased hens with lusty enthusiasm.

Here at last was the male hormone. He called it *testosterone*.

Eight years later the Yugoslav chemist Leopold Ruzicka found a way of making synthetic, crystal-pure testosterone out of cholesterol, a chemical found in the brain and spinal cord of all animals.

Physicians immediately began testing it on their patients. Some reported remarkable results. It restored castrated men to a full sex life. It converted eunuchoids, born practically sexless, into normal, happy men. It turned the clock back on old age, made prematurely aged men young and young men frisky.

They even tried it out on a broken-down old racehorse named Holloway. The retired gelding was 18 years old, hadn't run a race in six years. In fact he was well on his way to the glue factory. But in 1941 they doped him up with shots of testosterone and sent him to the races.

In '23 starts that summer this spavined old wreck of a horse took 5 firsts, 5 seconds, 3 thirds and finished fourth 6 times! When they finally put him out to pasture he forgot that he had been castrated, broke the bars down, mounted and serviced a mare like a champion!

Here was proof incarnate of the power of the male hormone. Popular magazines headlined the miracle, and thousands of desperate, middle-aged men queued up at the doors of doctors begging for a chance at the stuff.

It was at this time that enterprising promoters smelled a chance to make a fast buck. They put testosterone out in simple-to-take pill form, and proceeded to peddle it by mail. Since its cost was very little, they soon were well on the way to cleaning up a fortune.

Somehow in the rush they neglected to stress that the drug should be taken only under supervision of a qualified physician.

SEX HORMONES are widely used in the treatment of cancer.

Both androgens and estrogens, male and female hormones, are employed to treat cancer in women. The particular hormone that is most effective depends upon the patient's age, type of cancer and

a great many other factors.

For older men with advanced prostate cancers, estrogens (female hormones) are prescribed. Pain is relieved and the malignancy is often checked. Many patients have been able to return to work and get a longer lease on life as the result of such treatment.

Lately doctors have been puzzled by the fact that many of the male patients sent away, rejoicing and rejuvenated by shots of testosterone, began to come back complaining of peculiar aches and pains. In a frightening number of cases the pains were traced to cancer of the prostate!

The doctors were even more alarmed when other patients suffering from the same disease admitted that they had been buying a new lease on life from mail-order houses.

The only logical conclusion was that while sex drugs such as testosterone and estrogen might be a boon to mankind (and woman-kind) if judiciously administered, they were exceedingly dangerous if taken in excess. And the amount that constituted excess varied from individual to individual.

These dark conclusions were borne out by extensive research and experiment on laboratory animals.

Nobody knows exactly why cancers grow. It is known, however, that cancer cells lie dormant in the body of nearly all human beings. For some peculiar reason testosterone seems to stimulate the dormant cells found in the prostate glands of men in their forties and fifties. The parasitic cells flourish, and begin to send out colonies to other parts of the body. Within a few months they have completed their work of destruction, and the patient is dead.

Hence the intervention of the Food and Drug Administration.

A WORD of warning to males who have used testosterone in recent years:

See your family doctor.

Have a thorough physical check-up, including X-rays of the prostate gland.

Do it now; don't wait for any symptoms.

Cancer of the prostate can be cured, or at least checked, if caught at an early stage. If it is neglected, and reaches an advanced stage, it may mean death.

THE END

IS SCIENCE KILLING YOUR LOVE LIFE?

(Continued from page 27)

Now science stands ready to take over. Not that the men who work with test tubes and guinea pigs in laboratories, and who have produced such miracles as modern-day drugs, are deliberately trying to alter people's sex lives. It's simply that they're concerned with measurable facts and not emotions. For science, love is just a four-letter word. There's no scale to weigh it, no ruler to measure it. It's more elusive than a filterable virus, and so for all practical purposes love remains on the same level as ghosts and leprechauns.

No wonder, then, that men of science focussed their microscopes on the process of sexual reproduction. It began innocently enough. Botanists had learned how to make vines produce bigger and juicier grapes; entomologists had learned how to get silkworms that spun a finer silk; and zoologists had learned how to create a fatter, more succulent breed of capons. Why not continue on the same path and perhaps find a way to improve the eugenics of mankind?

At first it was strictly a question of bettering a family's heredity—if a family wanted it bettered. It was a lot like improving cattle stock. Give a farmer a bull with a good history, let him mate the creature with his best cows, and the odds are that the cows' offspring will be superior. That's from the farmer's point of view, of course. Nobody wastes time considering it from the bull's or the cow's point of view.

It's true that American males kid one another by asking: "Are you a man or a mouse?" But it's questionable whether they would still take it as a joking matter if someone were to ask them: "Are you a man or a breeding bull?"

PRECISELY that situation may yet occur. Consider just a few facts. First, as has already been mentioned, science is on the verge of being able to determine in advance what a child's sex will be. Remember, they don't have to know *why* the different density of sperm cells causes the difference in sex. They simply have to know that it does, and then they can manipulate this knowledge.

To do so, however, they must fall back on artificial insemination of the woman. And no matter how thin you slice it, it's still arti-

ficial. At that point, even the bull is better off.

Nor is the woman in a much different position than the cow. Science has found a way to transplant the fertilized egg from one female to another. The idea here is for a "superior" female to conceive an offspring and then have the embryo placed within the ovary of another woman—perhaps someone who is physically stronger but not too bright—for the nine months of pregnancy. Human incubators, no less!

The assembly-line of birth is only one step away. The chain would go something like this: A man with desirable heredity traits would supply the seed, which could be kept for years. From time to time the seed would be planted in the ovary of specially chosen women. Once the egg has been fertilized, the embryo would be transplanted to another female's body. Nine months later a child would be born.

Whose baby would it be? Who is to give it the love it must have if it is to grow? And where are the mother and father who will stand by over the years, making necessary sacrifices so that the child can benefit?

In the face of such questions, science stands mute. It isn't merely that the scientist has no answers. He doesn't even consider the questions in the first place. They are not "scientific." They are not in his province.

Not, that is, until he puts his laboratory coat aside and goes home to his wife. Then, like everybody else in the world, he too faces the same fundamental problems.

He'll have to decide, for example, whether the sexual union of husband and wife is something forced on them by biological necessity, something to be dispensed with if science shows them a way to have children with all the impersonality of a surgical operation.

Or perhaps he'll feel that marriage is more than a legal bond, and that a man and woman in love seek fulfillment in a physical and emotional union, without which there can be no genuine sense of belonging together.

But it goes further than that, fantastically further. Suppose that parents are willing to submit to artificial insemination in order to have a child of the sex they prefer. Since a majority of Americans prefer boys, particularly as a first-

born and possibly a second-born as well, this country might find itself overloaded with males.

This, in turn, might lead in any of several directions. American men might go abroad and bring back women from other countries. Or they might develop a social system of polyandry, where one female is "married" to several males. Or the surplus men might turn increasingly to homosexuality.

There is one other fearful alternative—and it is by far the likeliest of the lot. If those nations with dictators at the helm are given the power of determining the sex of children born to their citizens, the choice will obviously be boys. This is the road to the great armies of the future.

In that event, any surplus of American males will inevitably be wasted away on battlefields.

Remember that this is a single possible development stemming from just one aspect of this revolution in sexual practices that looms ahead. Other aspects are no less frightening.

IT IS, however, the over-all picture that emerges which is most ominous. These experiments on sex and the begetting of children by artificial means add up to the dehumanizing of man and the destruction of sexual morality! This will follow once sexual union is robbed of its present-day meaning. For if a woman is to give birth to a child whose seed has been placed within her by a surgical instrument, why should she bother with marriage? And if a man is to be deprived of the right to perpetuate himself by having youngsters who spring from him and his wife and no one else, why should he saddle himself with a family?

What will remain? There will be a mind, but most of the sentiments that are so highly valued today will vanish like the buffalo. Society will have no place for such things as affection, loyalty and kinship. As for the sexual relationships of males and females, these will deteriorate to the entertainment level. There will be a meeting of flesh and nothing more. Physical union can have neither intensity nor meaning nor purposefulness.

When this happens, society will inevitably find itself on the ugly road of homosexuality and Lesbianism. Incredible though it seems, the possibility exists that under

such circumstances the man and woman who sleep together may find themselves looked upon as perverts!

Today people swallow whole such hokum as invading Martians inside flying saucers and—as Orson Welles proved not too long ago—such fear can create panic of dangerous proportions. But who would believe that the more real threat to our civilization lies in a Fifth Column of laboratory scientists who may any day now unlock the last mystery of sex?

It must be made clear that once this has been unlocked and the revolution is permitted to get under way, there can be no going back. Once the automobile was invented, there could be no return to the horse-and-buggy—though *one million* people have died as a result, and nobody knows how many millions more have yet to die!

The same thing will hold true once scientists can easily control the sex of an unborn child, if parents are willing to utilize the

knowledge. After that there can be no return to the day when chance ruled the roost—and no one can predict with certainty what it will lead to in the future.

There is only one thing that can prevent this sexual revolution from taking place, and that is the resistance of society. And society is just a big word that means you and me and the fellow next door.

What are *we* going to do about it? Will we choose to be men—or mice—or breeding bulls?

THE END

FIGHTING IS AN ODD BUSINESS

(Continued from page 23)

New York, N. J., in the late twenties. His dressing room was a low ceilinged room in the basement of the fight club. A cluster of iron steam pipes gave him little head room.

He was stretched out on his rubbing table awaiting the call to go on. The club attache opened the door and said: "You're on next, Lou." The nervous, chubby gladiator jumped up from the rubbing table and hit the top of his head against the steam pipes, then fell back on the table as stiff as if he had been flattened by one of Jack Dempsey's left hooks. The fighter who won the dubious distinction of having knocked himself out before he entered the ring was Lou Costello of the now celebrated team of Abbott and Costello.

Jack McAuliffe, the lightweight champion of the United States, was matched with Jem Carney, England's lightweight king, for a title bout in November, 1887, at Revere Beach, Mass.

In the 10th, 11th and 12th rounds, McAuliffe complained of Carney's butting and low blows but the referee refused to disqualify the Englishman. Jack sat in his corner before the 13th round and his second, "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey, (no relation of the "Manassa Mauler") bit him on the shoulder and then threw a towel over the wound. The 13th round was under way but a few seconds when McAuliffe pulled Carney's head down on the shoulder in a clinch. Then Jack yelled: "He's biting me!"

The referee halted hostilities to examine the shoulder. Sure enough, teeth marks were there. Carney loudly protested that McAuliffe was a blankety-blank liar and quitter. The referee asked Carney to open his mouth. Jem had no

teeth in the front of his mouth. The bout ended in a draw.

Frank Connolly, a fun-loving lightweight out of Eagle Lake, Me., in the late Nineties, didn't take fighting seriously and training was a bore. On one night in a Bangor, Me., barroom Frank was surrounded by back-slappers and free loaders who were drinking at his expense after he had won a fight earlier that night. Tiring of the company, Connolly took a walk. He returned about half an hour later, carrying a paper-wrapped jar.

"Are any of you boys interested in some pickled pigs' feet?" asked Frank, as he put the paper-wrapped jar on the bar. The barflies were almost unanimous in their agreement that the delicacy would be appreciated. Connolly unwrapped the jar. It contained five human toes, pickled in alcohol. Several of the alcoholics went anonymous, pronto. Others fled from the barroom. With an evil leer at the barman who had encouraged the free-loaders to stoke up on him, Connolly opened the jar and spilled the contents on the barman's free lunch.

On another occasion, Connolly entertained the fans by standing on his head while he was in his corner awaiting the opening bell. At the sound of the bell he did cartwheels and handsprings toward his astonished ring foe. Then Frank grabbed him and whirled his surprised opponent into a waltz.

Another time he rushed out from his corner at the opening bell with his stool held forward as if for protection. A few times he came out from his corner with both gloves smeared with tomato ketchup. Then he would throw a sneak punch at the referee, splashing his clean shirt with the ketchup. This usually was good for laughs

from the ringsiders but the referee didn't enjoy the joke.

THE late Walter St. Denis, then sports editor of the N. Y. *Globe*, liked to recall a bout in 1916 at the old Manhattan Opera House. Charlie Weinert, "The Newark Adonis," was matched with rugged Andre Andersan, a veteran. The ring was pitched on the stage, down front. In the second round, Weinert jolted Anderson with a left hook to the stomach and followed through with a sharp right to the jaw. Andre reeled backward, tumbled through the ropes and fell, seat first, into the wide, inviting mouth of a big bass horn in the orchestra pit. While Anderson tried to extricate himself from his position, the referee reached across the ring ropes and dolefully counted the fateful "ten" over Andre as the fans howled with laughter.

There was another boxer, according to Dan Morgan, the ageless former manager of ex-welterweight champion Jack Britton, who boxed in New England. The New Englander had a pet rooster, a Rhode Island Red, which he carried under one arm as he walked down the aisle to enter the ring. If the boxer was winning, the rooster would crow from his perch on a lower ring rope. If the scrapper was losing, the rooster would turn his back on the action and tuck his head into his chest feathers. "At that," said the veteran manager, "the rooster was a better referee than some of those who are paid to help render decisions today."

Philadelphia was the home town of one of the ring's most unusual characters. His name was Joe Grim and he could "take it" to such an extent that he was known as the "Iron Man." Joe didn't follow the orthodox methods of training. One

of his stunts was to have a handler hit him in the stomach with a baseball bat. "This strengthens my belly," explained Mr. Grim. It was his boast that no fighter could put him away for the full count. No one did until the "Iron Man" became ring rusty after many years of "taking it."

In 1905, at Philadelphia, Grim, who weighed 144 pounds, agreed to box Jack Johnson, the Galveston Giant and later a heavyweight champion, who scaled 210 pounds. In the first round Grim was floored six times but bounced back to a standing position with his face a ghastly, bloody mess. The "Iron Man" was down no less than 30 times in that one-sided bout. He didn't land a punch in the last four rounds and at the end of the sixth and last round he staggered to the ropes and, with blood streaming down his face, announced:

"I am Joe Grim. I fear no man."

HEAVYWEIGHTS Joe Weeden and Jim Walker faced each other in October, 1887, at Silver Grove, N. J. They were matched under London Prize Ring rules . . . bare knuckles. The thermometer registered below zero at the start of their fight in a roped-off ring outdoors. In round 70 both men were exhausted and nearly blind from the punishment administered. Then the sheriff and his aides raided the crowd and the battle broke up in a free-for-all.

The two fighters escaped in boats across the Hudson River. They were half naked, and Weeden was so badly battered that he died three days later. Walker received \$100, less cash handouts for his seconds, for winning a fight that lasted two hours and ten minutes!

Charley Sieger, born Charles Sica, from 1900 through 1912 known as the "Hoboken Iron Man," was another of the old school who was willing to take three or four punches to get one in himself. Charley might have become famous were it not for a blown electric light fuse.

In November, 1903, Sieger fought Jimmy Britt, one of the classiest lightweights which that division ever boasted. In the fourth round of their bout Sieger floored Britt. The lights went out and the arena was in darkness for 20 minutes. This gave dapper Jimmy Britt plenty of time to shake off the effects of Charley's wallops. The clever Britt won the decision in 20 rounds.

After he was through with his

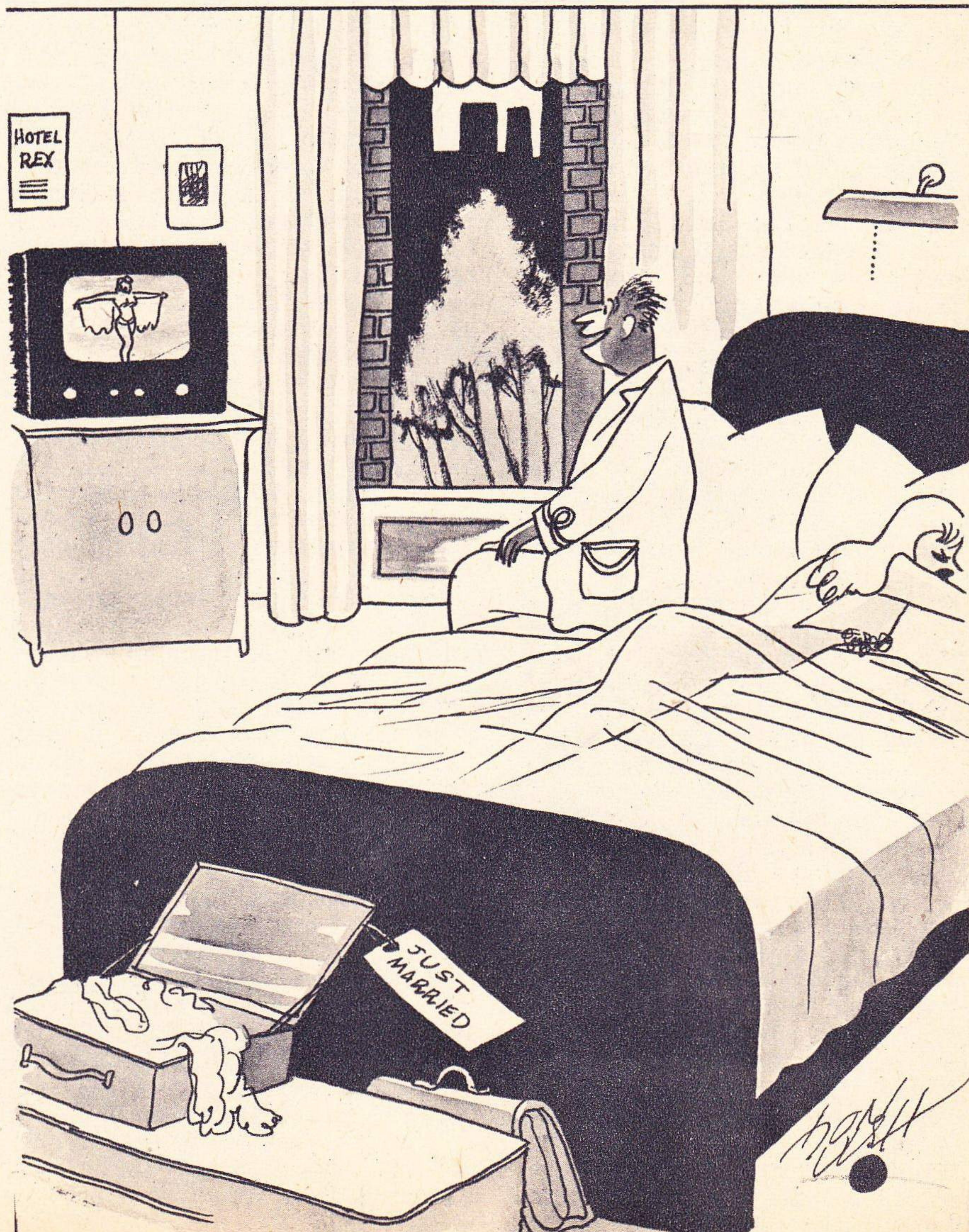
ring wars, Charley Sieger frequently attended smokers and other social gatherings in Jersey City, West New York and Hoboken. Like many boxers, Charley considered himself a comedian. Here is his favorite story which he often told at old timers' get-togethers:

"I was on the rear end of a trolley car going up from Hoboken to Snake Hill (an institution for the mentally deranged) on the heights. The rear platform was jammed with passengers. I was near one of them and he had a cardboard shoebox with small holes punctured in the sides of the box. I noticed that he was whispering something through the holes. Finally, I asked him what he had in the box. He mumbled: 'Mongoose.' I stared at him and said: 'The mongoose is used to kill snakes.' He replied: 'That's right. I'm taking him to Snake Hill,' I grinned, and said: 'There are only imaginary snakes at Snake Hill.' He looked at me

and, in a serious tone answered: 'And this is an imaginary mongoose.'"

Poor Charley Sieger died in that same Snake Hill institution in 1951.

TOMMY BURNS, who lost his world heavyweight title to Jack Johnson in 1908 at Sydney, Australia, now is a licensed minister of the gospel in California. It is not generally known, however, that at 70 years of age Tommy Burns is, technically, the light-heavyweight champion. He was a light-heavyweight when he won the heavyweight title in 1906. On May 8, 1907, at Los Angeles, Tommy defeated Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, the light-heavyweight champion, in 20 rounds. Burns was a light-heavyweight when he beat O'Brien and never announced his retirement from the light-heavyweight division, nor defended the light-heavyweight title. He never weigh-



ed more than 175 pounds, the light-heavyweight poundage!

Jem Hall, an Australian heavy-weight of the Nineties, was in debt and no lucrative bouts were in sight early in 1892. He agreed to sell his body to a Sydney doctor for \$150. The doctor paid Jem and was to collect the body immediately after Hall's demise. Hall squared some of his obligations and then took a lady of burlesque to dinner a few nights later. The doctor came into the restaurant and, after bowing to the lady, inquired about Jem's health.

It took some explaining on Mr. Hall's part to assure the lady that there was nothing wrong with him. Jem got a fight. The ubiquitous

medico was at the ringside and Hall noticed that the medical man was cheering his opponent. A few days afterwards, the doctor stopped Jem on the street and again inquired about his physical condition. This enraged the pugilist, who threatened the doctor with physical violence if he didn't stop inquiring after his health. It is not recorded whether the doctor ever collected Jem Hall's body.

Packey O'Gatty, the East Side New York City bantam of the early Twenties, is credited in the record books with a knockout over an opponent who wasn't in the ring. It happened this way:

On August 4, 1922, Packey met Jack Hausner of New York at the

Coney Island Velodrome. In the second round O'Gatty hit Hausner a body blow and Jack sank to the canvas, claiming a foul. The referee called a doctor and Hausner was escorted to his dressing room for an examination. The doctor found no evidence of a foul. After a 15-minute rest, Hausner refused to return to the ring. Referee McAvoy solemnly counted over a non-existent opponent while Packey, with a proper sense of the dramatic, stood to one side in fighting stance until "ten" was tolled off.

As "Gentleman Jim" Corbett once observed:

"Fighting is an odd business."
THE END

"I'M SETLO!"

(Continued from page 33)
scrawny frame could, indeed, be Setlo. The face, however, could once have been anybody's. Now it was no longer a face.

Setlo had appeared out of nowhere one night somewhat over two months before, with never an explanation as to who he was or whence he hailed.

"My name? I'm Setlo!" he had stuttered, glaring as if he actually resented the question.

There was an old toolshed in the woods at the edge of town, abandoned years back by the construction company which built the highway nearby. This shack the old vagabond homesteaded, and from it he emerged only to purchase food and cheap whiskey or to do an occasional odd job for anybody needing one badly enough to hire him.

To all the good burghers of River City he was a taciturn, morose old crab, far from odorless, and in need of a thorough scrubbing plus some new clothes. But as he lived an almost hermit-like existence, was seldom seen and bothered nobody, the townsfolk let him be, for the citizens of River City have ever been noted for not being hard to get along with. Mine was the first murder trial in almost eighty years.

Then one day Setlo disappeared. He quit our town even as he had made his initial appearance into it, suddenly, unwitnessed; out of nowhere, back into nowhere.

A week later the river gave up its dead. Two days after that I was arrested.

My future seemed far from rosy, not only because the coroner kept staunchly asserting that the corpse

had been dead exactly one week when pulled out of the river, but also because of evidence even more clinching.

For one thing, my two old maid neighbors swore that they had seen Setlo leave my apartment late one night, exactly a week before that body had been dragged ashore. Whereupon a local lad suddenly recalled that he had seen me coming out of Setlo's shanty at about the same time.

Besides all this, the police had searched my rooms and had found four hundred dollars in soiled bills. Most of River City had laughed when the town's one journal reported that I had referred to this as my "life's savings."

"Him! Pete Tolliver!" they cried in cruel humor. "That ne-er-do-well boozier save up four hundred dollars!"

Which, of course, made me appear in a rather poor light before the jury. For, like so many simple people, most of my jurors were of the belief that beggars such as Setlo always have hidden money. "There's your motive!" I could practically hear them whisper to one another as the D.A. held aloft the bills. In these small back-woods cities the man who lives by his wits is always under suspicion, and murder is not discounted either.

Nonetheless when the D.A. shook the greasy wad of greenbacks under my nose I gave him a brief smile and a slight tilt of the head. "Sure it's Setlo's money," I admitted, speaking a trifle tartly.

That was just before Judge Poin-dexter had said with great gravity, "Then you do admit having murdered Setlo!"

To which I had answered with equal seriousness, "Setlo isn't dead. I'm Setlo!"

THE D.A. made one last stab to win over the jury. "Setlo was known to have money hidden in that cabin," he argued, somewhat peevishly. "Tolliver certainly knew this. He is just the type of character to ferret out such information—to his own profit! He cannot give any reasonable account of how or where he came into possession of that four hundred dollars. He would like us to believe that he had saved it!"

My various little jail records as well as my local reputation as bookie, tin-horn gambler and general poolroom lounge, certainly did not come in handy just now. A sharp, enterprising young D.A. can easily make the temptation of money to such a man appear motive enough for murder. And how much the more so to twelve honest small town burghers, whose idea of unforgiveable sin is strip poker and whose knowledge of criminology is garnered from detective mystery movies.

But just the same the body that had been pulled out of the river could in no wise be proven that of Setlo. How could it? It just wasn't! And my own attorney knew the legal tricks of the trade well enough to keep impressing this fact onto those twelve minds in that jury box. I sighed in relief as I saw the dozen frozen faces slowly thaw out under Oliver Penwick's attack.

However, the Court still was not convinced of the truth of my story. The State had somewhat belatedly been able to bring forth a nice

elderly lady to testify. This soul of kindness itself affirmed that, although she was not certain, she had seen me and Setlo together about a month before.

"Then how can you be both Toliver and Setlo?" shot the D.A. at me ruthlessly.

The upshot of which was that the Court, feeling a trifle uncertain, insisted that I produce a bit more evidence. "Some actual proof," was the way His Honor put it.

I had been expecting something like this all along. "Very well, then," said I. "Send a cop to that shack in the woods for some of Setlo's old rags. Then in my truck you'll find all kinds of wigs, beards, masks—my little red trunk of carnival days! Bring also my make-up kit and big wall mirror."

The Court allowed me the half hour I asked for. "You can use the washroom," said Judge Poin-

dexter, turning to his chambers.

The huge room hushed almost instantly when I returned from the washroom. Then slowly a buzzing sound filled the air, and the "ooh's!" and "ah's!" rose to become one long loud murmuring.

MY disguise was a work of art. It was complete even to the shaky drunkard's hands and the bent jerky gait of the old hobo who had lived for a short time in that abandoned toolshed at the edge of town. I even used Setlo's stuttering snarling speech. I looked like Setlo. I *was* Setlo!

Judge Poindexter's lean jaw fell and once more his eyes popped. I chuckled, changed back to my normal erect posture and speech.

"I wasn't in vaudeville for nothing for over ten years, Your Honor," said I.

The D.A. banged his notebook

on his desk with uncalled for vehemence. He turned his back to me angrily. Judge Poindexter made his usual little speech to the jurors, who listened gravely, then filed into their private room. The verdict, a half hour later, was "Not Guilty!"

What else could it have been under those circumstances? The Judge even commended the jury on its wisdom, honest judgment and strict adherence to the letter of the law.

The D.A. alone seemed skeptical.

All I am hoping now is that the ambitious young fool doesn't go poking around that shack in the woods and dig up Setlo's body.

Even if he does, I'm not sure just what I have to worry about. I'm no lawyer; but haven't I already been tried once, and acquitted, for the murder of Setlo?

THE END

ENGLAND'S MISSING DIPLOMATS

(Continued from page 21)

to Britain to report, had booked two tickets for the S.S. *Falaise* round-trip to St. Malo. For this Brittany trip he had hired a small sports car for ten days.

It was established that Burgess, who had received three tickets for speeding in the United States, had driven wildly through the empty streets of Southampton with Maclean to embark on this midnight cruise to France.

Parking lot attendants at the Southampton harbor remembered two men who tossed them a few shillings and yelled: "We are late, we don't want to miss the ship; don't worry, buy yourself a drink. We'll pick up the car as soon as the ship comes back on Monday."

Five M.I. agents searched the car, interviewed the dock attendants, found fingerprints of the two men—but that was all except two packed suitcases, a few towels and two shaving kits.

THE British agents made the trip on the S.S. *Falaise* to France. They, like the missing diplomats, landed at St. Malo and were greeted by the officers of the French Secret Service, the Deuxieme Bureau.

Clues found at Saint Malo were helpful, but limited. There was a bartender, Mario Pauletto, who told the police that Burgess and Maclean had visited his bar and told him the ship had arrived so late they could not exchange pounds for francs. They had said to him, "We'll

pay you a good exchange-rate; what about changing some money for us?" Pauletto did not dare exchange foreign money as his boss was out so he refused. The two were angry and left. The bartender had noticed they carried large amounts of money with them.

Every taxi driver in Saint Malo was questioned and middle-aged Albert Gilbert remembered that the two mystery men had hired his taxi and told him they must make the 1:18 P.M. express from Rennes to Paris. They would pay him well for the trip.

The chauffeur drove seventy miles an hour in the race with the express and they caught the train at Rennes. In time other witnesses testified they had seen the diplomats on the train, and leaving the Guare du Nord in Paris.

Albert Gilbert's testimony was considered with great care. He seemed a sensible man, a man of the world who has seen many things in his life and who had carried many a strange fare.

A part of his testimony threw a new angle into the investigation. Taxi driver Gilbert said "I wondered about the intimate relations of the two. After all, they were men. But their conduct . . ."

Burgess was a bachelor, but Donald Duart Maclean was married. Maclean had two beautiful sons, seven and five, and, above all, his wife was pregnant and was about to give birth any moment. Why had he left her alone in this predicament?

But Maclean didn't forget his family. He sent two telegrams from Paris. To his wife he wired:

"Had to leave unexpectedly. Sorry, darling, I love you. Please do not stop loving me. Donald."

The message to his mother was unsigned. It said only:

"I am quite all right. Do not worry; Love to all."

Burgess also sent a message to his mother in which he said:

"Terribly sorry for my silence. Am embarking on a long Mediterranean holiday. Do forgive. Gui."

The police systems did a perfect job tracing the three telegrams down, but it led to little. Maclean's messages had been posted at the Central Post Office in Paris and Burgess' wire had come from Rome.

The original wires were not in the handwriting of the two diplomats.

Experts gave their opinions on the handwriting of the three wires and were sure it was non-English script, probably French and Italian. The theory was that a Frenchman and Italian had sent the wires, translating the men's English for them. But taxi driver Gilbert had said that one of the two men had spoken flawless French. Why the camouflage? If they had been kidnapped did their jailers write the wires?

Meantime a child was born to Mrs. Maclean, and she had no further word from her husband. In

Washington, Secretary of State Dean Acheson announced: "This is a quite serious matter in foreign relations."

THE manhunt went on. A Paris post official, M. Raphael, testified that a third man was with the two diplomats when he received the wire. Was the third man a Soviet secret service man or just a helpful Parisian? Was he a black-mailer, an agent, or just someone out of the obscure masses of Paris? Anyway, the "third man," a French man, was never found.

The confusion continued. Witnesses testified they had seen the diplomats in Nizza, on the Mediterranean. Others claimed they saw them during the last week of June in Portugal and, to make the labyrinth of guesses and testimony complete, a former British police agent claimed he had seen the two walking through the German Soldier's Cemetery on the British island of Jersey.

Arthur Thompson told his former colleagues at Scotland Yard: "I have strong grounds to believe that the two diplomats may be still hiding out on our British Isles." Also Scotland Yard finally admitted they had been ready to issue warrants for the men's arrest before

they vanished. At least they were ready to subpoena them for a thorough grilling.

Lord Vansittard, the former head of British Intelligence, declared in the House of Lords, "We have 11,000 Communists in British Government Services. Did the two belong to the Party?" It started a storm in Parliament. But it also brought action and the admission that both of the missing diplomats were considered Leftists and were under definite suspicion of belonging to the pro-Soviet bloc inside the labor and political movements of Britain.

Guy Burgess, as has been said, was familiar with some of the secret codes of the British foreign office. If he had taken along copies of certain coded letters, the Soviets would have been able to reconstruct the secret code. The British had to change codes. The government admitted it cost them an additional five million dollars to have a new code worked out and re-distributed to the remote consulates, legations and embassies.

Suddenly the British woke up to realize that secrets of the highest order were known to the two missing diplomats. All the security devices of Britain, France and the United States had not prevented the possibility of their getting into

Russian hands. Britain, badly upset in the battle of world espionage by physicists Dr. Klaus Fuchs and Dr. Bruno Pontecorvo, faced one more defeat.

THESE two diplomats, however, were not refugees like Klaus Fuchs. They were not card holding crusaders for the Communists. They were old line Britons, from good, traditional families. They had attended the right schools. They were classmates at Eton.

The investigators of fourteen nations searched the background of the two men. Maclean looked like a model diplomat. Labor Britain produced this man, brilliant as a "bourgeois," but with a heart for the masses. He was formal in diplomacy if necessary, informal whenever he had a chance. He won honors at Cambridge. He was of Scotch origin, and his father Sir Donald was a leader of the Liberal Party.

There was another side to the story, however. Maclean was promoted to a post as counselor in Cairo in 1948. One night, shortly after, he burst into the apartment of a friend, smashed everything he saw, destroyed all the furniture and finally fell exhausted on the floor. The doctors declared he had had a nervous breakdown. He was recalled to London and received psychiatric treatment.

After the doctors pronounced him cured, he was made boss of the British Foreign Office's American section, one of the highest posts in the Foreign Office.

When Maclean disappeared, Anthony Eden, former Foreign Secretary, asked the new foreign secretary, Herbert Morrison, why Maclean, after a crackup, had received such an important post. He was told: "The doctors said he was all right."

The Anthony Eden-Herbert Morrison duel in Parliament cast new light upon Maclean's past. It became known that Maclean attended the Chicago atomic energy conference in 1947 where he met Dr. Klaus Fuchs. It also became public that Maclean had detailed knowledge of the following vital subjects:

1. Secrets of European Defense planning under General Eisenhower.
2. Secret instructions to allied diplomats meeting with Russians at the Paris conference.
3. Secrets of North Atlantic Pact powers on German policy.



"Poor Ed tries so hard to be sociable."

4. United States diplomatic secrets related to Britain.
5. Global atomic strategy.

GUY Burgess, who at one time had been the second Secretary at the British Embassy in Washington, was a different type. He was known to be a student of Marx, Lenin and Stalin and, as one of the diplomats testified, "He used his knowledge to startle the Russians." He was on leave from his Washington post because the Governor of Virginia had protested to the State Department about "this man Burgess who has received three traffic tickets and still drives 80 miles an hour."

Burgess had immunity as a diplomat, but the State Department forwarded the protest to the British Ambassador.

Burgess was called home to report. He was described by diplomatic witnesses as a neurotic intellectual type, attracted by heavy drinking and fast automobile driving. Other witnesses among his co-workers declared he was "unstable," "difficult," "generally unpleasant." But nothing pointed openly to connections with the Soviet intelligence network.

All this knowledge came rather late to the security services. Burgess had been tolerated, was even elevated to important posts where absolute loyalty was necessary.

After his disappearance, however, his co-workers declared that he definitely held radical left-wing views on the Asia policy of Britain. Complaints about Burgess also came from United States security sources, but Burgess, in justification of his views, had declared: "My country has recognized Communist China."

Nothing could be proven.

Finally Burgess was recalled. An investigation was started and it looked as if painful hearings were in store for him—dismissal possibly. Then he and Maclean vanished.

HERE I would like to inject a personal note. I met Guy Burgess once, when he was secretary to Secretary Hector McNeil. McNeil was the United Kingdom delegate at the United Nations.

Burgess impressed me as highly intelligent, even brilliant, with a political mind that grasped problems in terms of continents. He

seemed to be a man who could not live without politics and debate. He knew the theories of Communism and Capitalism, Fascism, Social Democracy and all their variations from Marx to Tito and Peron. He seemed to me a valuable man with a very original mind and possessed of great power, if directed properly. McNeil could handle him.

He would be a valuable man in any camp. Knowing the secrets he did, Russia, Communist China or Iran may have wanted him for their own purposes. He may have gone away of his own free will or been taken by force.

As I write, there is still no proof of any disloyalty on the part of either of these men. The case is still unsolved. All theories can only be speculative. But in the history of Communist espionage, there are many known cases where Soviet intelligence agents have kidnapped or murdered their victims, as there were cases where Quislings betrayed their country.

And, while the Western police system is still searching, there are three children without a father, a wife and two mothers waiting, praying and hoping.

THE END

\$40,000 CALL GIRL

(Continued from page 7)

both husband and wife were to die for it. Dubarry tried every trick in the book to save them, to no avail—until finally she noticed the two daughters of the couple.

"I placed them in a corner of the drawing-room so as to catch the king's eye as he entered," she wrote. It was little—but it was enough.

"Ladies," Louis said to the pretty-faces a while later, "you owe the lives of your parents to the most generous mediation of the Countess Dubarry."

But think of the risk she entailed—either of the younger lasses could have displaced her as the favorite!

Born in 1743 in Vaucouleurs, Jeanne's mother, a domestic, gave her the last name of Vaubernier because she was pretty sure that was the last name of the passerby who'd fathered the child.

Broke and out of work, the mother took Jeanne to Paris where the latter, at 15, started to sell snuff-boxes in the streets. Thus began what she fondly referred to as her "pranks" with men, later to prove so lucrative.

Soon she came to the attention of Count Dubarry who ran a high-class gambling-house. Through Lebel, the royal pander, the Count arranged a dinner-date for her with the King himself.

"On this information," wrote Jeanne in her memoirs, "I turned pale, my strength forsook me and I was compelled to sit down, or rather to fall into a chair."

SHE felt it was too much honor for one who had been first boy-friended by a mere pastry-cook. But next morning, lolling in a bed at the palace, she thought otherwise. When Lebel appeared with the customary payoff of \$100 and an emerald necklace, she scorned the royal present and went home to the gambling-house in a huff, to the Count's business-like consternation.

But he needn't have gone biting his fingernails to the quick. For soon Lebel was sent by the King with a substitute present: a diamond clasp and \$40,000 cash for the bogus "Countess." Ecstatic, the Count allowed her to keep half the cash and, in order to give her a clear right to a title and so be presented at Court, married her

off to his half-wit brother. He couldn't marry her himself because he was already a husband—and divorce would have been considered immoral.

When a courtier buzzed into the King's ear about the phoniness of her title—he'd known her when—Jeanne settled everything by direct action. Without ceremony, she plumped herself into the monarch's lap, with the words: "If you will not have me at your knees, I will place myself on them." (P.S.: She got what she wanted.)

Thereafter she lived her life according to her own hedonistic philosophy, never admitting to more than two or three lovers at a time. "After all," she wrote, "the world is but an amusing theater, and I see no reason why a pretty woman should not play a principal part in it."

Her "badness" was limited for, where other moral values were concerned, she displayed a real resentment against injustice in any form.

WHEN a certain Countess d'Egmont, who had a liking for low adventure, complained about

a shop-boy annoying her, the latter was shut up for life, as a maniac in a madhouse. Jeanne Dubarry investigated the true facts of the case and found that the shop-boy had been seduced by the Countess under an assumed name, in a hideaway she maintained. When, learning her identity, he wished to marry her, Mme. d'Egmont had him confined. Although Louis simply guffawed over the matter, Dubarry forced him to release the boy. "It is your duty," she said, "you are the father of your subjects."

Good as she tried to be to others,, the end result was only evil

for herself. She adopted a young African named Zamor, after Louis XV died of smallpox in 1774. "Full of intelligence and mischief . . ." she wrote, "wild as his country . . . to whom I became attached with all the tenderness of a mother. . . . Perhaps at first I looked upon him as a sort of puppet or plaything but, imperceptibly to myself, I became passionately fond of my little page. . . ."

One day while awaiting one of her current rich lovers, she was stamping her foot impatiently, unmindful of the red glow and the deep-throated rumble in the distance. "Zamor!" she called out to

her servant, "hasn't M'sieu' le Duc arrived yet?"

"Yes," came the voice of Zamor, "he is here."

With which he strode into the room flinging an object on the table. "Behold the head of your lover!" he said.

It was true: the French Revolution was under way. Zamor was secretly one of the leaders. The crowd surged in behind him.

Mme. Dubarry stuck her pretty neck out once too often—until it was finally caught up by the kiss of that *femme fatale* of the Eighteenth Century: Mme. Guillotine.

THE END

HIDE AND SEEK ON THE BORDER

(Continued from page 39)

which was a man stood up on American soil, dusted himself, and set off in a half-run along the irrigation ditch.

Within sixty seconds the others had followed through the breach and were in the Promised Land—America.

Then the patrolmen sprang up shouting, "Alto hombres, los Federales!" There was grunted surprise, followed by the swift pad of running feet. A searchlight's beam came alive, fingered along the ditch, silhouetting the invaders.

Within minutes, all six border-jumpers had been rounded up and herded into the steel-mesh cage of the patrol wagon parked nearby. There was no time to lose. The patrolmen made for their government-green sedan and raced off for the next nocturnal rendezvous. If averages held, the patrol would take anywhere from 300 to 600 "Wets"—which is border parlance for illegal entrants—before dawn.

FAR from being an infrequent occurrence, the pick-up of Wet-backs in wholesale lots is a nightly routine along our southern border. And those holes gouged beneath the International fence, like scores of other favorite crossings, are good almost any night for a vanload of aliens.

No other International boundary worthy of the name has been so thoroughly violated in peacetime. None has been more frequently crossed and recrossed, all without benefit of visas. To hundreds of thousands of Mexicans, the 2,000-mile line is simply a map-maker's copyrighted challenge. The desert-dry, tough-towned, bi-lingual border stretching between Mexico and the United States runs across the

southwest like a line somebody traced with a booted heel, and with the taunt, "Dare you to cross!"

During 1950, probably 350,000 accepted the challenge in unabashed invasion. Holding the line against them were a handful of border patrolmen, treasury men, FBI agents, and local law enforcement officers. Infiltration of South Korea by the Communist North, prior to armed conflict, was a puny operation by comparison.

The dollar has rearranged the map so that Mecca, to hundreds of thousands of hardy Mexican farmers, lies not toward the East, but North, over foot-worn trails which wind into Texas and California. Here the nocturnal pilgrimage, pitiful on its surface, now poses a new question: Is our lightly guarded southern border the American Achilles heel? Is it the soft underbelly for Communist infiltration? Those who are supposed to know, take the question seriously.

Immigration Service records report that 224,558 illegal entrants were nabbed along the California sector last year and returned to Mexico. Probably 100,000 others escaped north and conveniently lost themselves in thickly populated Mexican settlements of the southwest.

H. R. Landon, Director of the Immigration and Naturalization Service for the California district, estimates that "maybe 50 per cent get through." Men on the nightly patrols like to kid themselves into believing that perhaps only 35 per cent slip by. No one knows exactly, but the number of successful border-jumps must reach into the tens of thousands.

Once away from border towns,

it's difficult to tell where the U. S. leaves off and where Mexico begins. Immediately adjacent to the dividing line, the Mexican and American deserts merge under the same unrelenting sun. Lean-flanked coyotes yip as mischievously on the American side as on the Mexican, with no national allegiance. Scavenger buzzards commit their pilferings on cattle carcasses, regardless of whether the brand is Mexican or American. But there is one big motivating difference for the Wet once he steps into the United States: A single Yankee dollar, despite all the abuse heaped upon it, will buy, roughly, 8 pesos.

INFILTRATION hot spots on the southern boundary are at El Paso and along the Imperial Valley sector in California. Of the nearly quarter-million Wet-backs apprehended along the 200-mile California sector last year, 179,393 were nabbed sneaking into the Imperial Valley. During 1950, the one-hundred border patrolmen who man the line averaged 1,700 apprehensions each. But the terrible pressure that builds up against the border is bound to crack it, and does.

Richard H. Wells, bespectacled chief patrol inspector for the El Centro (Imperial Valley) sector, admits, "From a law enforcement point of view, it's an impossible situation. Like damming the Colorado with a shovel. They're walking right over us."

A border patrolman spoke across the darkness to a buddy recently, "Bet if I yelled 'Ollie Ollie Alks, All in Free' a hundred Wets would leap out of this shrubbery."

Immigration agents who frequent the dingy, smoke-filled can-

tinias just across the border, report that Mexicali has a drifting population 50,000 strong. Day and night, by train, bus and afoot they stream up from Mexico's economically-palsied interior. Since there are absolutely no jobs nor homes for the transients in Mexicali, the obvious surmise is that they've trekked north with a single-minded purpose: to storm the American border and find work in California agriculture.

THE ways of border jumpers are many and devious. Last year they sneaked through the International fence; had themselves buried alive under tons of frozen fish; persuaded friends to railroad express them in trunks to Los Angeles; and paid \$100 a head to just about any slippery smuggler with an original idea.

Many tried to out-flank the patrolmen by taking the desert route, where summer sands boil at 140-degrees and where, unfortunately for the Wets, patrolmen called "sign cutters," who have the staying power of dromedaries, set out on fresh trails like wolves after rabbit. Most Wets came unarmed, but there were exceptions.

Two patrolmen, who foolishly allowed a smuggler they'd apprehended to drive his own car ahead of theirs to headquarters, were shot when the man faked car trouble, grabbed a concealed .32 and emptied it at point-blank range. One patrolman was killed instantly. His partner staggered from the squad car and shot the smuggler in the back; which closed the book on just one of more than 400 smuggling cases along the Southern California border last year. Of the annual 600 smuggling cases reported along the 8,000-miles of U. S. border, 70 per cent occurred on the Mexican border of California.

A few months ago, a patrolman, checking a river bottom on the American side after dark, skinned a Wet as he scrambled down the bank, fresh from Mexico. The officer froze, let the man approach within a dozen paces, and commanded, "Alto!" Instead of halting, the Wet wheeled and ran, with the patrolman right after him. They went down together in the sand.

As they grappled, the jumper thrust a knife deep into the officer's shoulder. Furious with pain, the patrolman clubbed the Wet with his pistol, broke free, and as the man fled fired—killing him. As in almost every case, the jumper remained nameless and un-

identified. He *might* have been a hardened Communist agent, was probably just a poor farmer seeking a better, although illegal, way of life in America.

Among thousands of sturdy, hard-working but unemployed Mexican farmers, border-jumping has been an after-dark pastime for generations. But not until World War II's bumper harvests and easy dollars did more than a dribble slip through. In 1940, for instance, only 903 Wets were nabbed crossing the California border. Now, almost that many are caught every night. By 1949, in inverse ratio with the declining peso, the number of apprehensions leaped to 65,514. Last year, they all but quadrupled.

Additional thousands of Wets are commuters. Every Sunday night they slip across the border, walk to nearby Imperial Valley farms, and work all week. Friday nights they sneak back to Mexicali, paycheck in hand, to spend the weekend.

Have they heard of the Mexican Communist party?

"No, senor, I am only a farmer. Politics do not interest me," is the stock answer, which while conceivably true, proves that Wets are

wiser to the ways of politics than they would have the patrol believe.

THE 342-peso question, latent with sabotage, is how many Communist agents are taking advantage of the Wet-back route to infiltrate the United States.

The *Monthly Review*, official publication of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, warned as early as April, 1950, of the "grave danger of individual aliens being smuggled into the United States with the sole end in view of subversive activities—"

Last year a border patrolman halted a truck. He made a cursory search of the van's interior, found only produce, and was about to wave the driver on when he stopped short. The van looked a lot longer outside than inside. The patrolman pounded the inner front wall of the van with his fist. It echoed hollowly. Minutes later a dozen sweating Mexicans stumbled into the daylight from their secret compartment. Two of them were aliens with known Communist records in Mexico.

More recently a night patrol grew suspicious of a car pulled off into the desert. The driver, an American, claimed car trouble. But when a border guard jammed a foot on



"I thought you said we were going to an amusement park."

the starter the motor purred.

"Mind if we sit here awhile with you, buddy?" they asked, climbing uninvited into the car.

After an hour's wait in the onyx blackness of the desert night, they were rewarded. Five border jumpers crept silently out of the sage, climbed into the back seat—and into the trap.

Professional smugglers still ask and receive \$100 a head, but the racket isn't steady work, as District Assistant Chief Fritz Voight discovered when he arranged to have himself "fired" from the patrol so he could stake out with some suspected smugglers. No one on the border, not even fellow patrolmen, knew that Voight's "dismissal" was a fake. The Immigration man worked for six months, posing as a renegade border guard and frequenting smuggler hangouts until he'd gained their confidence.

Then, just as he was firmly entrenched, the Treasury Department broke an important liquor case and needed Voight as a key witness. If he testified, he'd have to admit that he was still an agent.

The Treasury Department had to have him, so they passed the word along the border that his old job was still open, if he wanted it.

Voight was standing at a local bar one day when a smuggler friend hurried in. He had it hot off the grapevine that the patrol wanted Voight back.

"What do you think I ought to do," the patrolman asked. "I'd be on the other side again, fighting you guys."

The smuggler threw a chummy arm around the agent, "Don't worry about us," he exclaimed, "better take back that job, it's a hell of a lot steadier than ours."

And Voight did.

There's a wry joke along the border that cuts deep into the self-respecting heart of the patrol. It goes something like this: a patrolman nabbed a Wet, booked him at headquarters, had him screened, loaded onto a bus, and personally checked him off as the Wet stepped into Mexico. An hour later, when next the border guard reported to headquarters, there sat the same Wet, smiling. The bor-

der-jumper had beaten the patrolman back across the border, had been caught again, and now was awaiting him.

Recently, when a Patrol nabbed 250 Wets in a carrot field, one patrolman noticed that many of the aliens, although headed for custody, didn't bother to pick up their paychecks.

"Hold them for us," an officer overheard a Wet advise the farmer, "we'll be back tomorrow."

Meanwhile, along the sand-blasted border, the dogged patrol flexes its muscles to give itself confidence and plunges into the machine-like job of nabbing Wets, throwing them back across the line, and awaiting the next night's assault. Over this Alfred Hitchcock drama, the threat of Communist infiltration hangs like a big, red question-mark. Almost fervently the night patrols hope, as they probe along the line, that they're participants in just a harmless, although wearisome game of International hide-and-seek, which to date the other side seems to be winning.

THE END

DEATH AT \$5 A HEAD

(Continued from page 30)

recovered; they were washed out to sea.

Fishing parties at \$5 per head.

A total of 65 persons crowded on a tiny vessel built to accommodate 20 with safety. . . .

A conked-out engine. . . .

A sudden squall. . . .

These are the elements that combined to spell DISASTER in big black headlines over the country next day. Readers shuddered as they read the graphic description of men and women, young boys and girls struggling helplessly in a stormy sea while other men stood helplessly by, baffled by fog and tempest.

It awoke chords of memory like a bad dream, a recurring nightmare. For many times before in this country people have set out in ships for a day's pleasure, only to find watery graves.

The *Pelican* is but the last on a long list of vessels that have carried holiday crowds of men, women and children to a premature doom.

High on that list, in bold black letters, are emblazoned three names:

The *Lady Elgin*.

The *General Slocum*.

The *Eastland*.

This is their story.

THE people on the dock at Chicago shouted and waved, the weary but happy excursionists on the vessel cheered and sang, the two bands aboard played lustily and discordantly as the *Lady Elgin* backed into the stream about 11:30 that fateful night of September 7, 1860.

She was a thoroughbred, this fine side-wheeler of 1,000 tons, about 300 feet long and built ten years before especially for the de luxe passenger and freight trade on the Great Lakes. But the railroad had come in and taken over the greater part of the mail, express, passenger and freight traffic. Like many another fine lake steamship the *Lady Elgin* had become a cart-horse in general service between Chicago and Bayfield, Wisconsin, with stops at several waypoints.

This was a special excursion she was carrying now, a capacity crowd of men, women and children who had boarded her the night before in Milwaukee, spent an enchanting day in Chicago and now were on their way home. They included the Barry Guards; in brilliant uniforms and full regalia they had marched through the streets of Chicago that afternoon, executing with precision many of

the beautiful maneuvers Captain Barry had taught them.

There were also the Light Drum Corps, the City Band, delegations from several fire companies, a number of local politicians. And many young girls all rigged out in their best lace and bustles.

The bands played popular tunes, the couples swirled tirelessly around the dance floor and the sturdy paddle-wheels of the *Lady Elgin* steadily thrashed the waters of Lake Michigan northward, toward Milwaukee.

Up on the bridge Captain Jack Wilson peered anxiously into the black night. The fog and strong breeze from the northeast gradually grew into a rainstorm, accompanied by strong tornado winds and giant waves. To avoid the breakers along the shore, the Captain set his course well out in the lake.

Two hours later, when they were 30 miles out of Chicago, the storm broke in all its fury. A torrent of rain pelted the wallowing vessel, the thunder roared deafeningly, flashes of blue lightning lighted the seascape.

And out of the darkness, the rain and the storm came the lights of another ship, just across the port bow.

AS CAPTAIN WILSON spun the wheel hard over, there was a stunning crash. The other vessel, a heavily-laden lumber schooner, struck the *Lady Elgin* forward of the paddle-box, biting deep into the cabin and hull. The forward motion of the side-wheeler swung the schooner completely around. It tore loose from the gaping hole and vanished in the night.

On the *Lady Elgin* the bands stopped playing, the laughter turned into shrieks of terror, the gaiety into stark, raving lunacy. Captain Wilson shouted to his passengers to gather at the starboard rail, so as to raise the pierced hull above the water, but they were too panic-stricken to hear, understand or obey.

He tried to steer his stricken ship ashore, only a mile distant, but the water rushed into the engine room and swamped the fires, leaving the vessel wallowing helplessly in the heavy sea.

There were only three small lifeboats for the 800 or more passengers. Moving swiftly, Captain Wilson had the sailors chop the deck free. As it dropped into the water the rest of the ship sank, taking with it hundreds of screaming passengers, spewing the rest out upon the tumultuous waters.

Throughout their lives survivors shuddered as they described the harrowing scene. Screeching men, shrieking women, screaming children floundered in the heaving water, struggling desperately to reach the storm-tossed, improvised raft. Many reached it, only to be washed off to their death. Others were swept away as the deck broke into pieces under the pounding of the waves. A few got as far as 20 feet from shore before they gave up in exhaustion and despair.

For a week afterward the bodies of pathetic victimss were washed up on the shores of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin. No one knows how many actually died in the disaster. A total of 298 bodies eventually were recovered. But authorities said the death toll probably exceeded 400.

Even today, in many parts of the country, you may hear a doleful ballad called "Lost on the *Lady Elgin*."

ON A BRIGHT Sunday morning, June 15, 1904, some 1,800 men, women and children trooped aboard the steamer *General Slocum* in New York harbor. Parishioners of St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church in the densely-populated lower east side of New York, they

were on their way to a Sunday School picnic at Forest Grove, Long Island.

The stout *General Slocum*, a four-decked, low freeboard, beam-engined type familiar to American inland waters, was an ideal vessel for such an excursion. Resembling a floating hotel more than a ship, her passengers felt as safe aboard her as in their own homes.

It was a windy day, but the water was quite calm. The sun shone, the band played, the children romped happily and their elders chatted and laughed gaily as the ship pulled away from her pier near Brooklyn Bridge and headed north up the East River.

And so, without any premonition of danger, they were opposite 138th Street, approaching narrow Hell Gate Channel, when fire broke out. Exactly how it started, nobody knows. First reports said it was caused by a pan of fat that caught fire in the galley. A more accepted version says it originated in a storage locker forward on the starboard side, where oils, paints, rope, camp stools and other inflammables were stored.

However it started, there was a sudden flash of flame and the wooden vessel began burning furiously amidships. In the first terrified stamped scores of women and children were trampled underfoot and killed.

Captain van Shaik immediately swung the vessel toward shore. But the Harlem side of the river was lined with huge oil tanks. Fearful that the beached, fire-laden ship would cause a general holocaust here, the Captain made for North Brother Island, about half a mile up the river.

That short half-mile cost hundreds of lives.

The crew manned the pumps and fire hoses. But many of the pumps were rusted fast; if they functioned, the rotten hoses burst. There were 2,500 life belts aboard, but most of them were lashed with wire to the overhead, where only the tallest adults could reach them. Those who obtained life belts and jumped into the river were instantly drowned; the belts were filled with a combination of dead cork and glue that became as hard and heavy as a rock, carrying the wearer to the bottom.

Not a lifeboat was lowered, and there is no evidence that any attempt to lower one was made.

MINUTES after the first blast of distress from the *General Slocum*, tugs, small boats and fire floats rushed to her assistance.

But the blaze was so hot that would-be rescuers were beaten off, and the fire burned so fiercely that the upper decks collapsed, plunging their screeching human cargo into the roaring furnace below. Only the most heroic bystanders succeeded in saving any lives.

Enveloped in smoke and flame, with the agonized screams of roasted and dying passengers clearly audible above the roar of the flames, with tugs and fireboats pouring in tons of water in a vain effort to quell the fire, the *General Slocum* continued to move slowly forward until at last she grounded on North Brother Island. There, within half an hour of the first alarm, she burned down to the water's edge.

Of the 1,800 passengers who had embarked so gaily and confidently that morning, only 600 remained. Nearly 1,200 had burned to death or drowned.

Significantly enough the entire crew, with the exception of one man, was saved. A steward loaded down with coin snatched in the confusion leaped overboard, and was drowned.

EARLY on the morning of July 25, 1915, thousands of men, women and children crowded the piers of the murky little stream known as the Chicago River, awaiting ships to take them on a picnic at Michigan City, across the lake in Indiana. It was an annual event, given by the Western Electric Company in Chicago for its employes. Over 7,000 tickets had been distributed, and a fleet of five vessels chartered to carry the guests to the picnic grounds, where a festive program was planned.

Soon the first vesssel, the *Eastland*, arrived and tied up at the pier, and the ebullient throng swarmed aboard. The decks rapidly filled with happy, shouting people. Federal officials finally halted the loading, counted noses and forced the Captain to put some 400 off because his ship was not licensed to accommodate them.

As the other vessels arrived to take on passengers the crowd aboard the *Eastland* swarmed to the port rail to get a better look at the proceedings. Suddenly a great cry went up; the ship had begun to list heavily on the port side. On the tilting decks children clutched at the skirts of mothers and sisters, adults hung on to stanchions, rails, and other passengers to keep from falling.

Slowly but steadily the vessel heeled over to a 45 degree angle, impelling its entire human cargo

toward the port rail. Water began to pour into the lower portholes, increasing the list.

Frantic orders to cast off were given but they came too late. With a great sigh of escaping air, mingled with the shrieks of passengers and onlookers, the ship turned over. The hawsers still attached to the pier tore away the piling as the *Eastland* settled down to the bottom of the river, only her iron hull showing above water.

PASSENGERS caught below in cabins or on the lower decks perished without a chance for life. Screaming for help, they were swallowed up in plain sight of thousands of their friends, waiting to embark on other chartered vessels. The more fortunate on the upper deck were thrown into the water, and many of these escaped with their lives.

The surface of the river was thick with struggling people. Babies perished in sight of helpless spectators; men and women churned

the water in a frenzied battle for their lives, then sank beneath the surface. One woman was seen struggling to keep her small daughter and son above water. Before help could reach her, the little girl slipped from her numbed grasp and vanished.

Every available object on the pier—barrels, crates, chickenboxes, etc.—was tossed into the water to support the drowning. But there weren't enough to go around.

Late that afternoon a few survivors, miraculously still alive, were taken from the hull by rescuers armed with acetylene torches. These few fortunates owed their lives to air pockets formed within the upturned steamship. Among them were two women, their clothes ripped to shreds, their fingers torn and bleeding from clawing at the iron hold.

So harrowing was the work of recovering the bodies that one diver, after several trips into the hull, became violently insane. Discarding his suit, he dashed madly

up and down the hull, ranting and raving at his mates. He was overcome, placed in a patrol wagon and taken away to a hospital.

The dead and missing in the *Eastland* disaster totalled 1,107 souls.

COMPARED with the *Lady Elgin*, the *General Slocum*, and the *Eastland*, the sinking of the *Pelican* seems relatively insignificant. Nevertheless the sense of horror that swept the nation was just as acute.

Comparative statistics are not important here. It doesn't matter much whether 40, 400, or 4,000 people are involved. There is something particularly grim and evil about a destiny that permits human beings to set forth on a gay outing, unsuspecting that they have an appointment that day with death.

Perhaps to each of us it represents an unwelcome reminder of what may await us, some fine day, in the midst of gaiety. . . .

THE END

CHASE THAT APE!

(Continued from page 41)

He was short and stocky, barrel-chested, powerfully muscled, with a brutish face that was dominated by a massive chinless jaw and a low forehead. He could use tools and had discovered fire. Force was supposedly the only law of the land, and all matings conformed, perhaps, to "cave man" law—the male had a right to the female provided he could force her to yield, and no other male had similar intentions.

In time Neanderthal vanished, and in his place stood the Cro-Magnon man, erect, intelligent, the true forerunner of modern man. Curiously enough, there was apparently no cross-breeding between Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon. This runs counter to what would be expected, because under the popularly assumed jungle code, rape should have been the customary method of mating. To explain this contradiction, experts theorize that some physical factor may have interfered. Most obvious possibility is hair. Neanderthal is assumed to have been hairy. Cro-Magnon, being smooth-skinned, might have considered Neanderthal an animal.

This, then, is the standard approach to the development of modern man. School children learn all about it, how evolution leads from the jungle brute to civilized man. The great scientist whose

name is associated with this theory is, of course, Charles Darwin.

DARWIN'S brilliant contribution to the field of science is not under fire, but the use other men have made of it is a different matter. This is particularly true where the evolution of man is concerned. The old idea of the "missing link," a type of creature that might have been the common ancestor of both man and monkey, has just about been tossed into the ash can.

Part of the basis for this scrapping of the "missing link" theory is evolution itself. This is because evolution is a one-way street. Once a trait starts developing in a certain direction, it cannot reverse itself.

With this in mind, a comparison of ape and man is fascinating. The evolutionary tendency in the ape is toward shortening legs and lengthening arms. And in man? Lengthening legs and shortening arms. In the ape, the thumb becomes increasingly less useful; in man, increasingly more useful. The ape goes on all fours, man stands erect. Where the brain is concerned, the contrast is equally marked. The ape's middle lobe is formed before the frontal lobe, while the reverse holds true for man; and where man's intellect and reasoning powers increase with age, the ape becomes dull-witted.

The point to be underscored by this comparison is that ape and man apparently are traveling one-way streets that go in opposite directions. This would seem to bar the likelihood of their having any recent common ancestor because that ancestor would also have been evolving and it could not have been proceeding in opposite directions simultaneously.

All this was what might be called "circumstantial evidence," but investigators—archeologists and anthropologists—were hoping for something more substantial. It was one thing to assert that ape and man did not spring from the same stock. It was something else to fill in the gap. The riddle had come full cycle and was now back at the beginning: How had man evolved into the creature he is today?

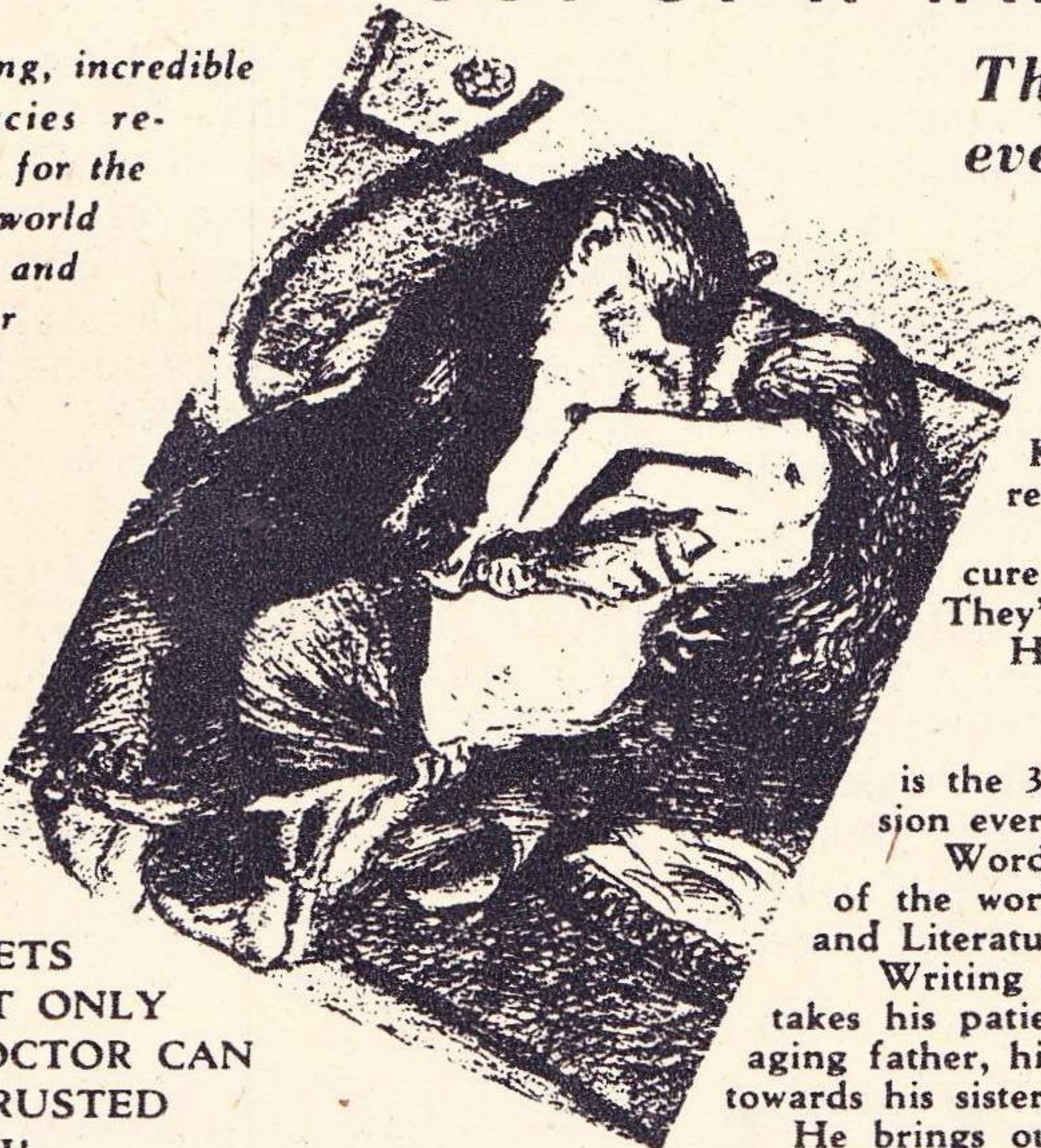
There were theories. One of the most striking contended that the prehistoric ancestors of modern man were giants! Evidence supporting such a contention was found in both China and Java when excavations unearthed human teeth five and six times larger than those of any man alive today. The anthropologist who found these teeth, Dr. G. H. R. Koenigswald, said that the human beings who possessed them "would have had to crawl into modern houses on hands and knees."

Another view had ominous un-

The Beast that Ravaged a million Women

AND MADE A BEDROOM AS WELL AS A BATTLEFIELD
OUT OF A WHOLE CONTINENT

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intimacies re-
vealed, for the
whole world
to see and
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at!



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The sick man did not believe in psychoanalysis, and let Dr. Krueger come to him only when told that it was his sole chance for recovery.

After a cursory examination, Krueger gave his decision. "I'll try to cure you," he said, "if you'll answer truthfully all questions I ask you. They'll involve your most private acts and thoughts."

Hitler resisted, but the doctor was quite firm and had his way. The book

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is the 320-page story of what followed, the record of the most daring excursion ever made into the sexual aspects of the paranoid human ego.

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Writing with the passion for truth and fact-finding of the scientist, Dr. Krueger takes his patient back to his childhood love of his young mother and hate of his aging father, his early degradations, his relations with the town idiot, and his attitude towards his sisters—especially the wayward one he never mentioned to anyone else.

He brings out Hitler's young girl fixation, his case of *chorus girl fantasy*, and shows why he married only when it could not be expected of him to consummate his marriage.

Such records are usually sealed in secret files for professional reference only. But as he continued to treat his monstrous patient, three things dawned on Dr. Krueger:

1. His life was in danger. 2. The world's life was in danger. 3. The public safety comes before medical ethics.

Dr. Krueger's escape to America and the publication of his book followed as matters of course.

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has ever so taken hold of the mind of the average reader before whose eyes—as he makes his way through those fires—history suddenly comes to life!

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In *I Was Hitler's Doctor* we have the confessional record of the man who combines in himself the most obvious moral and intellectual weaknesses of our time—the man who more than even Genghis Khan, was personally responsible for the destruction of a whole world.

I Was Hitler's Doctor is a terrifying mirror which Nature tauntingly holds up before us, challenging us to look at it—**IF WE DARE!**

"Hitler flows into the madness of this age and

THE MADNESS OF THIS AGE

flows into Hitler," writes Dr. Arvin Enlind of the U. S. Army Medical Reserve in one of the book's three revealing introductions.

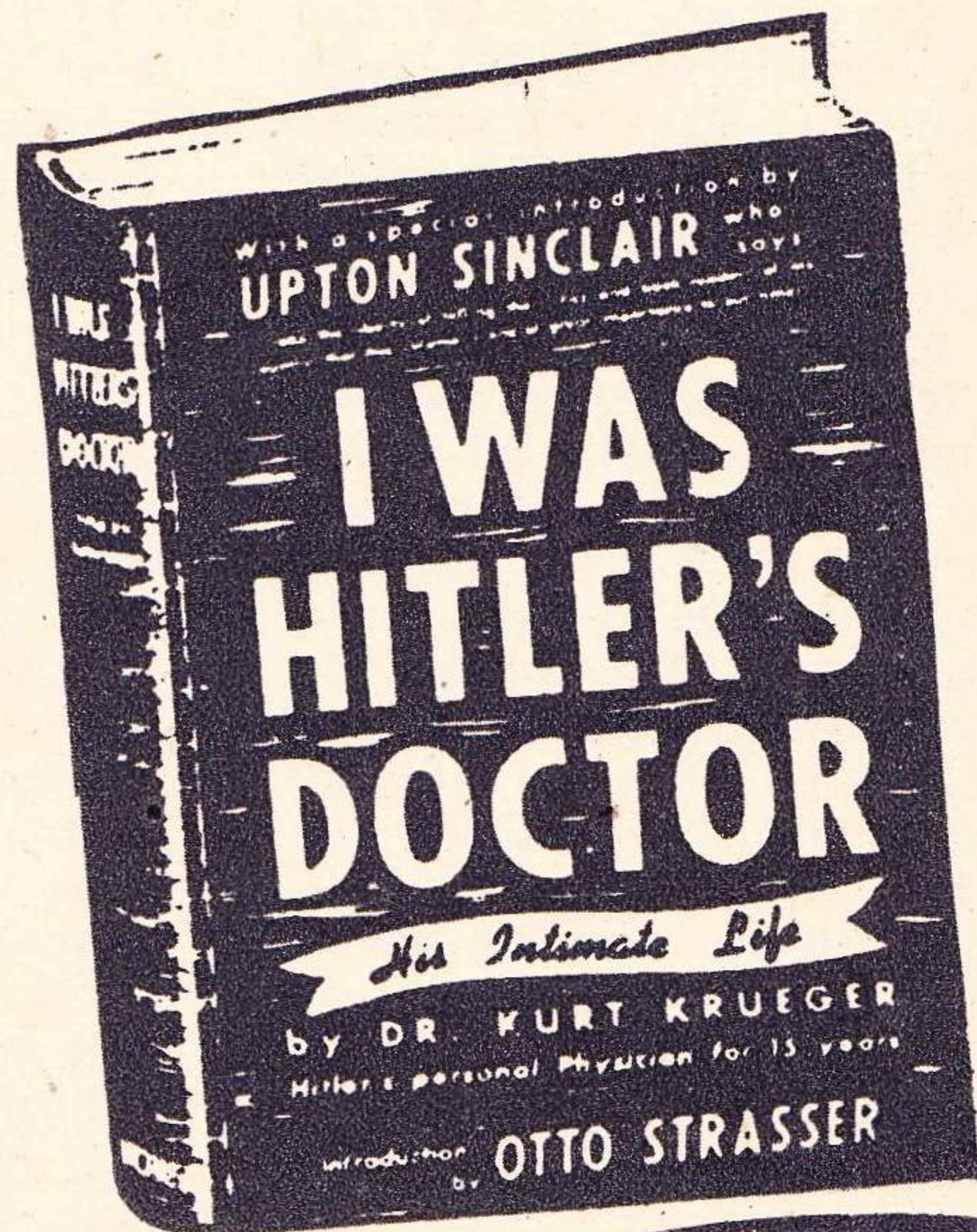
The other two introductions are by Otto Strasser who knew both Hitler and his doctor, and world-famous novelist and critic Upton Sinclair.

UPTON SINCLAIR: "I take the liberty of telling book critics and readers that this volume is one of great importance to our time; it deserves to be read and studied by every adult man and woman in the Western hemisphere."

N. Y. POST: "As a shocking document it certainly can claim parity with *The Confessions of St. Anthony*."

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dertones. This one was first brought forward by the French zoologist, de Quatrefages, who offered evidence suggesting that apes were quite likely "retrograde descendants of man." Although no further research was undertaken along these lines, partly because of the difficulty of such a project, the possibility that such a development could have taken place echos Biblical warnings. Meanwhile investigators were at work, digging everywhere in the world that evidence might have been hidden. For years their labors proved entirely fruitless.

THEN it happened. Oddly enough, the big discovery occurred in southern France, not far away from caves where the remains of Cro-Magnon man had been found. A woman archeologist named Mlle. Colette Henri-Martin, the daughter of a famous French scholar, was probing through a series of caves. One in particular aroused her attention and she and her assistants started to drill through the floor.

Finally, after piercing hard stalagmites, Mlle. Henri-Martin succeeded in making her way down through layers that contained the bones of animals extinct since the second ice age. And there she found her prize—the skull of a woman half a million years old!

The age of that skull in itself was a phenomenal thing. But that fact wasn't the one that set the scientific world on its ear. The really incredible thing was that this skull was unquestionably of the modern type! It must be remembered that Neanderthal had been established as the "first" of this line, and he dated back a mere 100,000 years, while this was the skull of a woman who had died 400,000 years before Neanderthal was born!

How modern was this skull? Says Dr. Loren E. Eiseley, head of Pennsylvania University's Department of Anthropology: "This woman could have sat across from you in the subway and you would not have screamed. You might even have smiled."

The scientists who are engaged in tracking down the history of mankind are not likely to make hasty judgments. Their evidence is seriously limited, and like good detectives they are primarily concerned with amassing clues before they start coming to decisions. Nevertheless a few tentative conclusions do seem close at hand.

For one, there is no telling how long modern man has inhabited the earth. This bears out the prophecy of the late Henry Fairfield Osborn, head of New York's Museum of Natural History, who wrote in 1927: "The antiquity of man is now to be reckoned in hundreds of thousands of years, and we foresee the period when it will be reckoned in millions."

The most likely conclusion is that the ape is now out on a limb by himself. This will certainly cause a lot of people to sigh with relief. They can now go to the zoo and watch the chimpanzees without being embarrassed because the monks remind them of their Uncle Charley. THE END

MY SISTER KATE

(Continued from page 25)

"Greetings, Gates," he grinned. Then it developed into a real laugh.

"You kill me, Mike," I grunted, "only this isn't my day for humor."

I picked up the mail and went in to put on some water for coffee. Waiting for it to boil, I checked over the letters. The day's take was a clothing ad, the phone bill, a letter from an uncle I'd never seen, and a card for Kate. I put the card in my pocket to give to sis at lunch, then read my own. The coffee water boiled so I turned off the gas, and then decided to let it go after all. I wanted to get down to the restaurant.

Fred Kendall was working around the dining room when I came in. He looked like a guy who's ready to toss in the towel.

"Alice quit today," he said. "Squeeze play."

I didn't have to ask what he meant. Fager had discovered that by standing around in front of the coffee urn the waitresses had to squeeze by him. He spent a lot of time by that urn.

MAYBE another day I'd have said too bad or tough luck and let it go at that. But not today, because today it was different. I went behind the counter, drew a cup of coffee, and pushed through to the

kitchen, a direct violation of the new orders concerning off-duty personnel.

Fager stood by the sidestreet service entrance and I walked over next to him and waited for him to touch it off. Maybe I had that look in my eye because he pretended not to see me, instead, gave out with a loud wolf whistle. I peeked out and saw that he'd whistled at a girl walking with a guy. The guy was a little fellow and elected not to hear. So I figured well, I heard. That's good enough for me; I'll call him on that. Only then I saw Kate coming along the walk and all at once a better idea slipped into place.

"Mr. Fager," I said, letting my eyes go down like a movie creep, "I'm next up when a chef job opens. If I do you a favor, maybe that'll help, huh?"

He didn't say anything, but he listened.

"You're new," I went on, "and it's a tight little town. Getting acquainted with women might take time, but I could help you there. Want to hear more?"

He gave me a tight-lipped nod. "Well," I said, "I wouldn't want to get beat up, but if I was to annoy some girl walking past, maybe grab an arm, you could run out, give 'em a line about Simpson's demand-

ing that the employees behave like gentlemen on the job and off. If you laid it on thick you'd build up the company and wiggle yourself in solid at the same time. How about that?"

"Gates, I like to see my help show initiative," he says, a crafty look in his eye. "Could be you'd make a good chef some day."

"Deal. I'll try this dark haired number coming along now."

My own sister, yet! But like I said, today was different.

I managed to meet her in front of Kemper's jewelry store and kept between so Fager wouldn't see her smile.

"Sis, you better hurry home. I think there's a wire for you," I said sharply.

"Wire!" Her eyes opened in surprise and one gloved hand went to her lips. I slid aside to let the boss see her face. Then, as she turned to hurry off, I put a hand on her arm.

"Wait!" I said it crisply and turned her toward me. By now she was completely confused, but I heard Fager pounding up behind.

A GUY who would buy a deal like this couldn't be trusted and I knew what to expect. When Fager spun me around I ducked and let his fist fly past, then bounced back

with the best I could muster. It took the third one to buckle him back to the sidewalk and he stayed down until the crowd began to fill in, then jumped up screaming for a cop.

"I'll have you juggled for assault," he yelled. He turned to the people. "This man was annoying that girl. I tried to stop him."

I backed off and let the crowd take over. Half a dozen people had seen him swing at me. Mrs. Kemper wagged a bony finger under his nose and told him Kate was my sister. One outraged citizen demanded to know what kind of trash Simpson's Restaurant was shipping into our town.

I caught his eye long enough to give him one quick thin smile, a silent message to the effect that he'd been had, and in technicolor. And before Kate could ask any embarrassing questions about a telegram, I turned her toward the drugstore across the street.

"Gates, you're fired," Fager shouted after us. "You're through!" He reaped a chorus of boos on that but I knew he'd make it stick.

We ordered some lunch and when

the waitress left I explained the whole thing to Kate. "You were a great help," I told her at the end. "If the mutterings we heard mean anything you've had a part in giving Fred Kendall a break he's deserved for a long time. Looks like Fager will be leaving town before he gets the good out of his first week's room rent."

"But your job. You've worked three years for a chance to become chef. And even if Fred is the new manager he couldn't hire you back. Your name would show up at—"

"Who needs a job?" I grinned. "When Mike brought the mail a while ago he said 'Greetings, Gates,' and laughed fit to bust a gusset, only it turns out it was a little bit funny after all. The letter was from uncle and he's offered me—"

"Uncle?" Kate gave me that puzzled look. "At the last counting it was three aunts, no unks. A letter from who?"

"Uncle. And like I say, it started with 'Greetings,' but the rest of it was pretty serious. It's more than just an offer of a job. You could call it a definite commitment."

THE END

A TRIP TO CHICAGO

(Continued from page 19)

She took the lapels of his suit coat in her two hands and stared up at him, her perfume strong, her eyes steady and scornful. "I'll tell you just how big a fool you were, lover. My husband got me on the phone at the airport while you were looking for me. He told me he had sent you with the message. I knew

it was Chicago and business and not Newark. I called the airport back and checked the passenger list of the four o'clock plane." Her sudden smile was as bright as a diamond and as hard. "Too bad, it might have been fun, lover," she murmured.

She closed the door gently in his face.

THE END

YOUR INCOME TAX

(Continued from page 17)

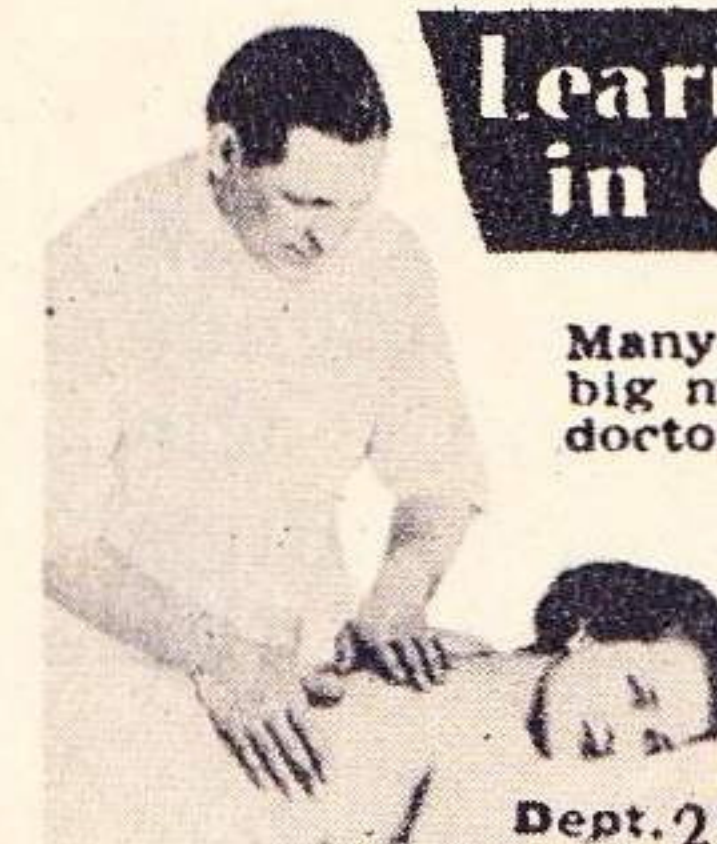
However, a careful scrutiny of recent tax legislation showed John that the government has just made a special provision in favor of persons who suddenly have to sell their homes and move away—though the provision isn't worded just that way. He found that the home owner who sells his house and buys another within one year after the sale is now permitted—if he chooses—to postpone payment of the capital-gains tax on the sale of the old house until he has also sold the new one.

John therefore decided to buy, rather than rent, in the new location. By taking advantage of the "wait-and-see" provision, he will retain the use of money needed

to move and get settled, while if he ultimately takes a loss on the sale of the second house, all or part of the tax due from the sale of the first house might be cancelled out.

IN a reverse instance, Allen B. also bought a house three years ago, paying \$12,000 for it. He too got a job that compelled him to move, but when he tried to sell his house he soon found that it had declined greatly in value, due to industrial expansion in the neighborhood. He could get only \$9,000 for the place.

A little checking of the income-tax laws showed Allen that he cannot deduct the \$3,000 loss, since the house was not used for any



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business purpose, but only as a private residence. Allen felt a little chagrined, because the law taxes increases in private-residence values, but does not permit the deduction of declines on the values of such property. But that is the way the law reads.

There was, however, a solution. If Allen rented the house, he would qualify as a landlord—which is a business—and the loss would be deductible. It made no difference how long the house was rented so long as it *was* rented; advertising the house for rent or stating that there was an intention to rent was not enough.

So Allen, instead of selling immediately, rented the house. Then he sold it as income-earning property. Due to this simple change in the classification of the house, Allen will be able to deduct the entire loss in his March 15 return. He will save close to \$1,000.

Here is a very important warning, however. Do you—like many another young man of ambition—own a double house of which you rent out half? Then be careful to add the rent you received last year to your total gross income, and take the deductions to which you are entitled as a landlord—one-half the operating costs, fuel, light, and so on. A great many young men who recently acquired two- or more-family homes will fail to observe this precaution. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that they will be committing an income-tax fraud, and that serious consequences may re-

sult. Even if you lost money last year on the rental of one or more apartments in your house, do not fail to report the details properly under the "Landlord" category.

MANY persons are mystified by the tax distinction between "long term" and "short term" capital gain, but actually it is very simple. Often, by bearing it in mind, considerable tax savings may be achieved.

The government rightly desires to impose a higher tax on property bought and sold on a "quick turnover" basis than on property that is not in the quick-profit category. Therefore it imposes a tax on 100 per cent of the profit on property held six months or less; this is the "short-term capital-gains tax." If the property is held only one day more than six months, only 50 per cent of the profit is taxed; this is the "long-term capital-gains tax."

"Hold-it-more-than-six-months" tax savings are possible in many fields. Better check the list carefully to see if you qualify on your 1951 return.

For example, Harry D.—who like many of us has been dabbling in stocks—will not have to pay any income tax on \$1,000 profit he netted last year. He was careful to hold one stock which was increasing in value for more than six months before selling it, realizing a \$2,000 profit. On another stock, which he had held only three months, he took a loss of \$1,000. But only half of the \$2,000

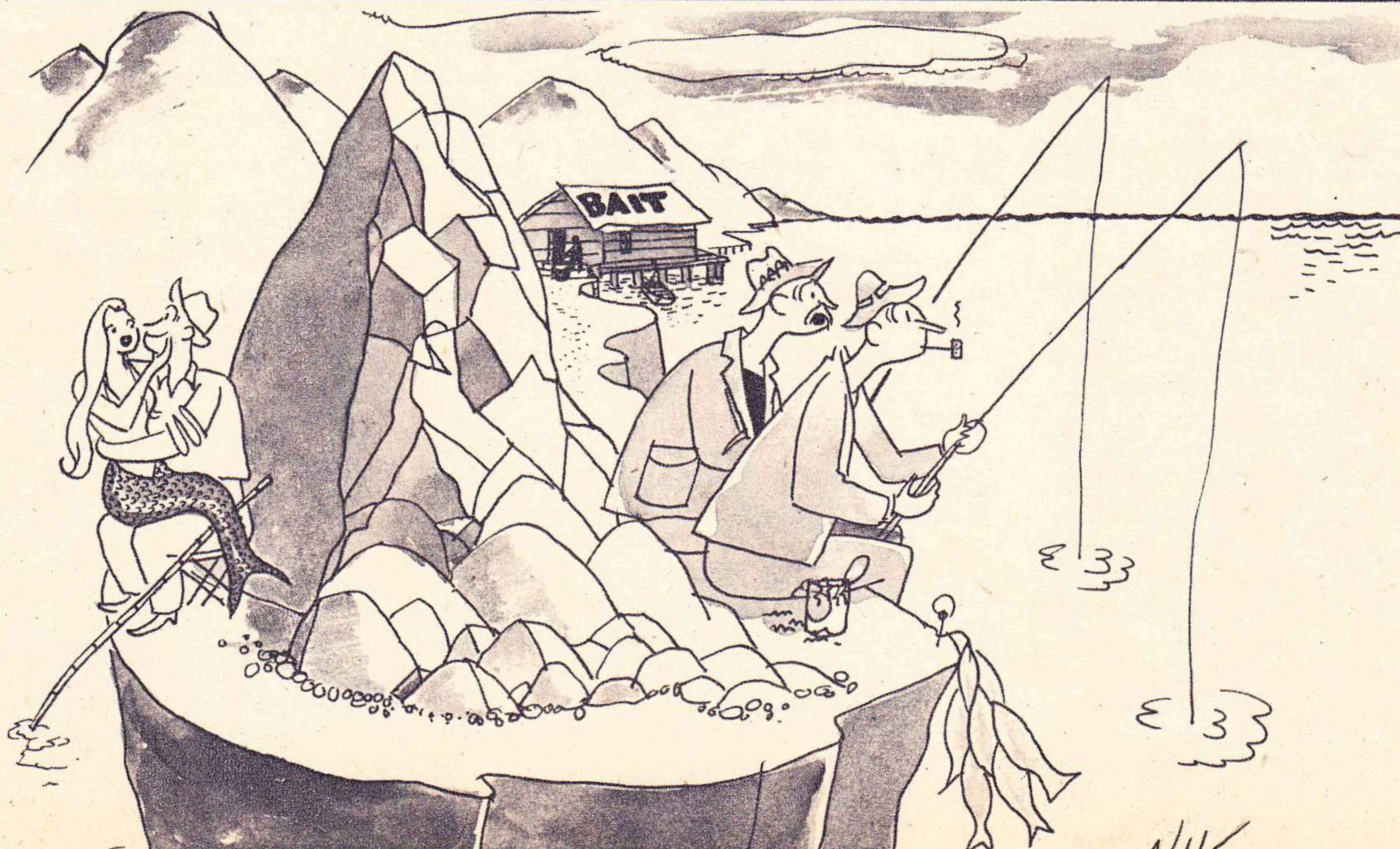
long-term profit will be subject to tax, while the entire \$1,000 loss will be deductible. So Harry D. will not pay a cent of tax on the combined deals, though he cleared \$1,000.

Remember, long-term *gains or losses* are taxable or deductible on only a 50 per cent basis, whereas the basis for both under the short-term provision is a full 100 per cent.

So the rule here is: if you're making a profit, try to hold on more than six months, but if you're taking a loss, get out in less than that time—insofar as the income-tax laws are concerned!

DID you receive, during 1951, payment for work done in years prior to 1951? Take the case of Jack K.—a machinist who putters around at inventions—who realized \$5,000 in 1951 from the outright sale of one of his patents. Since he is able to prove that he actually developed the invention during the years 1947-1950, he will be able to "spread back" the lump sum in his tax report just as though he had actually received the money over those years, and he will gain the benefit of the much lower tax rates then in effect.

While the "lump-sum-back-pay" legislation varies widely with different categories of work, many types of income-producing effort are recognized. If you received such pay during 1951, better investigate carefully the possibility of "spreading the windfall" for a maximum tax saving.



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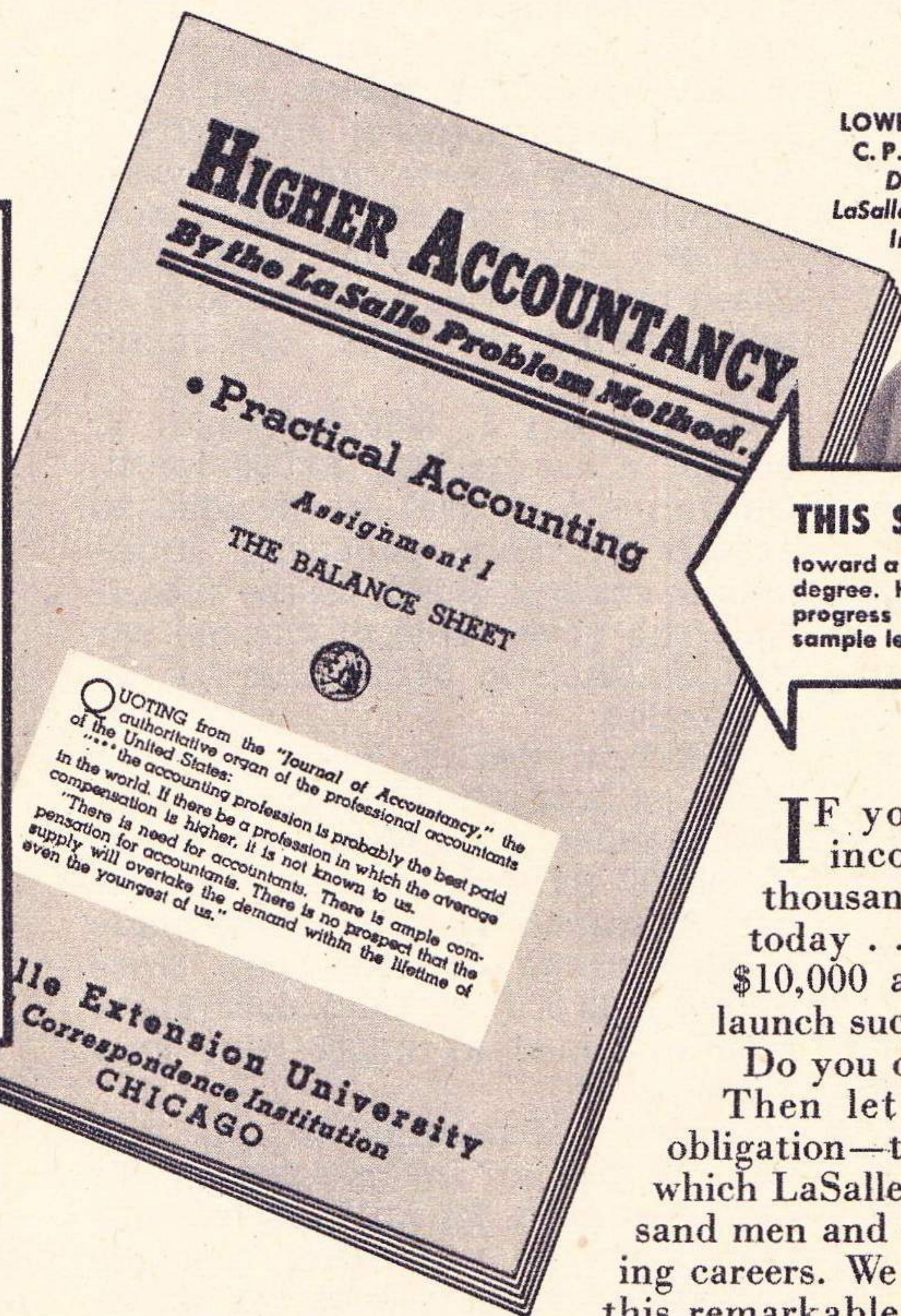
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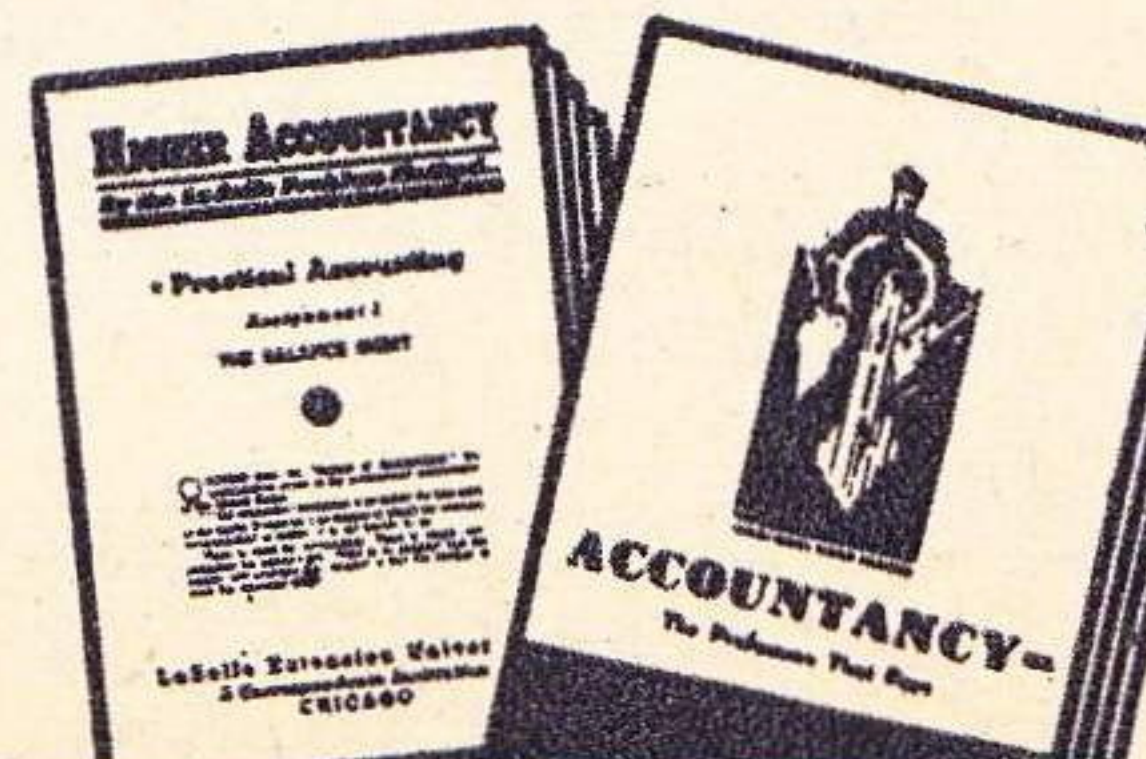
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Generally, spreading income toward the future is not desirable, due to the persistent rise in income-tax rates. For example, last Christmas George L., who is unmarried and has no dependents, received a bonus of \$500. His net taxable income, exclusive of the bonus, was \$4,500, which means that if he reports the bonus as 1951 taxable—instead of carrying it over to 1952 as he is privileged to do—he will pay a tax of \$720 instead of \$643, a jump of \$81.

But if he holds off until 1952 and then reports the bonus, he will pay a tax of \$906 as compared with \$806, a jump of \$100. So he'd better not spread to the future unless he anticipates a substantial decline in income.

Often men who anticipate going into the armed services wonder about spreading income to the future, since the income they will receive in uniform will be far less than they earned in civilian life. No benefit, however, will be gained, since they will not have to pay civilian income-taxes while they are in uniform, and after discharge will be able to "settle up" at the rate in effect at the time of induction.

However, GI's who were in combat zones during 1951 will not have to pay an income tax on service pay earned while they were in such areas, though they will be taxed for the time spent in uniform in non-combat areas.

DID you have a really large medical expense last year? if so, you may be able to save considerable money *if a substantial part of the bill remains unpaid at the close of 1951*—either through foresight or lack of funds.

Take the case of Henry C., whose wife was hospitalized during much of 1951. The total medical bill was \$4,000. Henry knew that the total deductions possible in any one year for any one person are \$1,250. Multiplying \$1,250 by two (the maximum for himself and his wife; there are no children), Henry realized that he would be able to deduct only \$2,500 in his 1951 report for the very heavy and very unusual medical expense. He also knew that five per cent of his income—which amounted to \$250 since he was earning \$5,000 a year—would not be deductible since that is considered ordinary medical expense under normal circumstances.

So Henry arranged with the doctors and hospital to pay only \$2,750 on the bill in 1951, holding off payment of the balance of

\$1,250 until 1952. Through this foresight, he will ultimately save well over \$200.

So if you have not paid in 1951 on an item which is reportable and deductible on a "when-paid" basis, better investigate the money-saving possibilities.

Let's suppose now that you are a salesman (many young men are), and that you use your own automobile in your business. Let's assume—for purposes of simplicity—that you get a new car each year. Following are two examples of how—if you handled your 1951 purchase properly—you will be able to save money on your up-coming tax.

On January 1, 1950 Salesman Y. bought a car, paying \$2,000 for it. On January 1, 1951 he decided to acquire a more expensive automobile costing \$3,000. In the meantime the book value of the old car had declined to \$1,500, due to depreciation.

Different dealers have different ideas on trade-in allowances. Suppose Dealer A. allowed Salesman Y. \$1,800 on the trade-in. On paper, Salesman Y. would have made a \$300 profit on the deal, since he got a \$3,000 car for a used automobile valued at \$1,500 plus only \$1,200 cash.

However, Salesman Y. will not have to pay an income-tax on his apparent gain. In his 1951 income-tax return he will merely list the valuation of the new car at \$2,700, instead of \$3,000, which is perfectly legal.

Now suppose the dealer offered Salesman Y. only \$1,200 on his old car. On this basis, Salesman Y. would have lost \$300 on the deal—a loss which he cannot deduct on his 1951 tax return since losses incurred in trades are not deductible. But being foresighted, Salesman Y. sold his old car for \$1,200 to a third party, taking a reportable loss of \$300. To the \$1,200 he received for the car, Salesman Y. added \$1,800 cash and bought the \$3,000 job.

By transferring a non-reportable loss to a reportable one, he will reduce his taxable income for 1951 by \$300.

This, incidentally, is a principle to bear in mind in making many sorts of transactions.

MANY persons lose considerable money by failing to list a deductible item *above the adjusted gross income line* in the tax report, when that is permissible. Take the comparative cases of Salesman Smart versus Salesman Dumb.

Each worked on commission during 1951; and each received total commissions of \$10,000. Each used his car for business and paid his own car expenses, amounting to \$1,000. Each had \$200 in other deductions.

But Salesman Smart knew the best place to enter certain expenses; Salesman Dumb didn't:

	Salesman Smart	Salesman Dumb
Gross Earnings	\$10,000	\$10,000
Travel Expense	1,000	
Adjusted Gross Income	9,000	10,000
Standard Deduction	900	
Itemized Expenses		
Automobile		1,000
Other		200
Net Income	8,100	8,800
Exemptions	1,200	1,200
Taxable Income	6,900	7,600

This is merely one example of the importance of selecting the proper place for reporting a great variety of items. Salesman Smart, notice, will pay a tax on \$700 less taxable income than Salesman Dumb, though their expenses and exemptions were identical.

Marriage and divorce, they say, are always with us. Many a recently divorced husband—or a husband who has just been legally separated from his wife—is gnashing his teeth right now. One is Ted M., who made the mistake of giving the ex-missus a lump-sum cash settlement of \$2,500, instead of alimony. He's now found out that such a settlement is not deductible, although alimony is.

To be deductible, these "matrimonial-trouble" payments must be periodic and continuing, and they must be "spelled out" in the court's decree.

Thus Albert R., who made a "gentlemen's agreement" with his wife to pay her \$25 a week after she obtained a legal separation, has just found to his sorrow that he must pay an income-tax on the entire \$1,200 each and every year. The agreement was not incorporated in the decree of separation.

Many divorced husbands will lose money because the terms of the divorce were not set up with income-tax regulations in mind. George J., for example, is paying his ex-wife \$2,400 a year, of which \$1,200 is recorded in the court decree as alimony and the remaining \$1,200 for the support of the minor child.

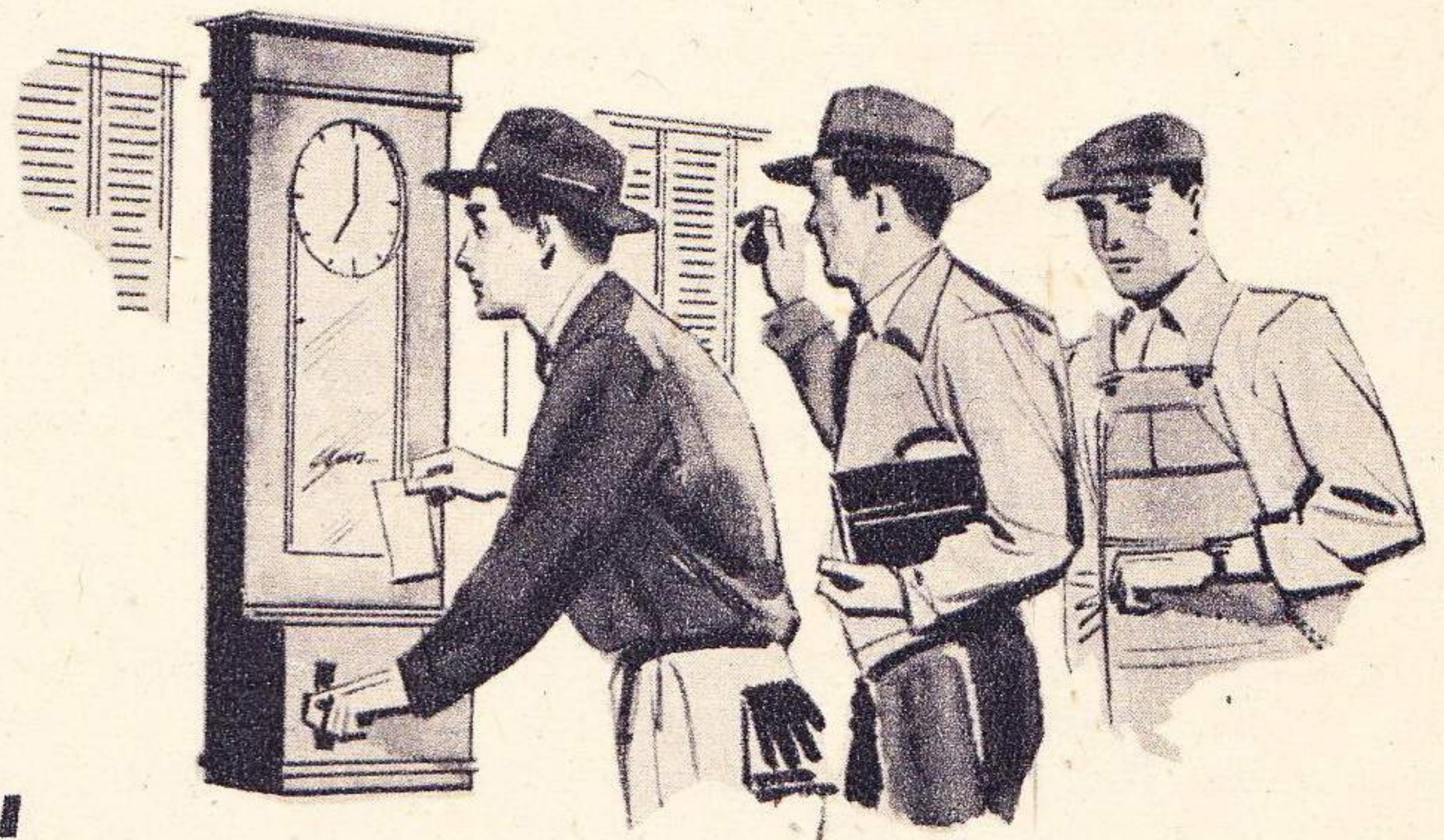
George has now found that, under this setup, he will be able to deduct only \$1,800 on his in-

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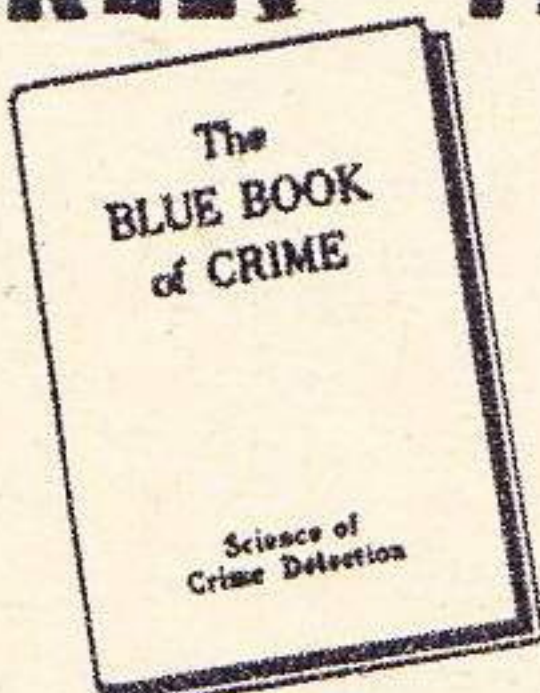
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come-tax return—the \$1,200 alimony plus \$600 for the support of a dependent.

Had the decree specified the entire \$2,400 to the wife—she to assume support of the child—George would have lost the dependency deduction of \$600 but he would be able to deduct the entire \$2,400 on his return. Thus he would be saving the tax on an additional \$600.

We hope that you're not contemplating a divorce, but if you are, bear in mind that if you intend to provide more than \$600 a year for the support of a child, the decree should be framed so that your ex-wife takes the child as a dependent. If you intend to pay less than that amount but more than half of the child's support, take the child as your own dependent.

IN these days of labor scarcity, many fairly young couples have children who are gainfully employed, particularly during the summer months. If you have a child who earned less than \$600 last year, be sure that he files an income-tax return, even though he is not required to do so and you will claim him as a dependent.

Consider the case of Tommy Y., a lad who picked up \$550 last summer for 11 weeks' work. Withholding taxes of \$75 have already been deducted from his pay. By filing his own return, he will get

back that \$75. In addition, his father will claim him as a dependent and save \$100 on that exemption—making a total of \$175 in all saved by the family.

Of course, if your child earned more than \$600 last year, he must file his own return and cannot be taken as a dependent.

These are a few examples of how substantial income-tax savings may be made, providing the circumstances apply. Following are a few more unusual ones:

By contributing old furniture, valued at \$75, to a 1951 church bazaar, James C. will be able to put down that amount under his 1951 "Contributions." Fred W., who spent \$1,000 for travel, including a session at summer school, will be able to deduct it all, since it was for an educational purpose. Jerry M., whose job requires him to live on the premises, will not pay a tax on the amount which the landlord tells him he is receiving in the form of rent.

Henry K., who works for an overseas oil company and who spent a three-months vacation in this country last year, will not have to pay an income-tax on salary accredited or paid to him during those three months.

Bill G., who kept a careful record of alterations and improvements he made on a house he sold last fall, will be able to deduct their

entire cost from his profit. Tom Y., who uses part of his home for his business, will be able to deduct a part of repair and maintenance costs, depreciation, lighting and heating, exactly as he would do if he were renting the space to somebody else.

The above examples should be sufficient to demonstrate that the income-tax laws are extremely fair and considerate of taxpayers, and that if taxpayers fail to take full advantage of provisions made for their benefit, it's their own fault. If this article prompts the reader to investigate his own tax situation thoroughly, it will have served its purpose.

One final word of advice: if your financial affairs during 1951 were somewhat involved, it might be prudent to employ a competent tax consultant to help you in preparing your return. His fee will probably be less than the amount you might lose by failing to report to your best advantage on even a "minor" item.

Here's hoping, in conclusion, that you've hung onto your 1951 receipts and check stubs, and that you've kept accurate records of both your private and business expenditures. If you've done this, you've already observed the first and most important rule in saving the maximum on your income-tax return.

THE END

"LOST" TREASURES OF THE U. S. A.

(Continued from page 11)
Island(5), at the eastern end of Long Island, and sent a letter to the Governor of New York, the Earl of Bellomont, stating his case. The Earl promptly threw him in jail, later sent him to England for trial and execution.

What happened to the 216 chests of gold, silver and gems?

Lord Bellomont was convinced that they were buried on Conanicut. So were many other people. Thirty years after the Revolution—and 100 years after the gentle pirate's unhappy end—the island was "covered with people digging in the sand along the beach in all directions," seeking Captain Kidd's lost treasure trove.

Others assert the hiding place is on Gardiner's Island, and over the centuries that small bit of land has been thoroughly ransacked by treasure hunters. All that was ever found was a box containing gold and silver coins valued at about 6,000 pounds, and

it was promptly confiscated by the British Government.

The rest of Captain Kidd's treasure presumably is still buried here—or at Conanicut Island—waiting for you. If you're lucky.

THERE were authentic pirates aplenty along the Atlantic coast, and many of them thriftily cached great hoards of money and jewels before they passed on to their well-deserved reward.

One of these was a Captain Quelch, concerning whom little is known except that he is reputed to have buried \$100,000 in pirate loot on the Isle of Shoals(6), just before his capture in 1705. His captor is said to have made off with \$50,000; the rest is still missing.

There is considerable more documentation on Captain Sam Bellamy, better known as "Black" Bellamy. In 1716 this well-known rascal captured a great treasure ship, the *Whydah*, laden with gold

and precious stones valued at a million dollars. Sailing up to Maine, he attempted to establish a pirate's fort and colony at the mouth of the Machias River(7). Remains of the earthworks he built there are still visible.

Subsequently his ship was wrecked in a storm off Cape Cod, and that was the end of Pirate Captain Bellamy. But to this day gold coins bearing the head of King William and pieces of silver (called by the natives "cob money") are washed up along the shores between Wellfleet(8) and Eastham.

The most infamous pirate of all times was Edward Teach, better known as Blackbeard. During a long and successful career this blood-thirsty rascal established headquarters on Amelia Island(9), just off the coast of Georgia. He stocked it with plenty of hard liquor and soft women of all nationalities and shades, to keep his cutthroats amused between raids.

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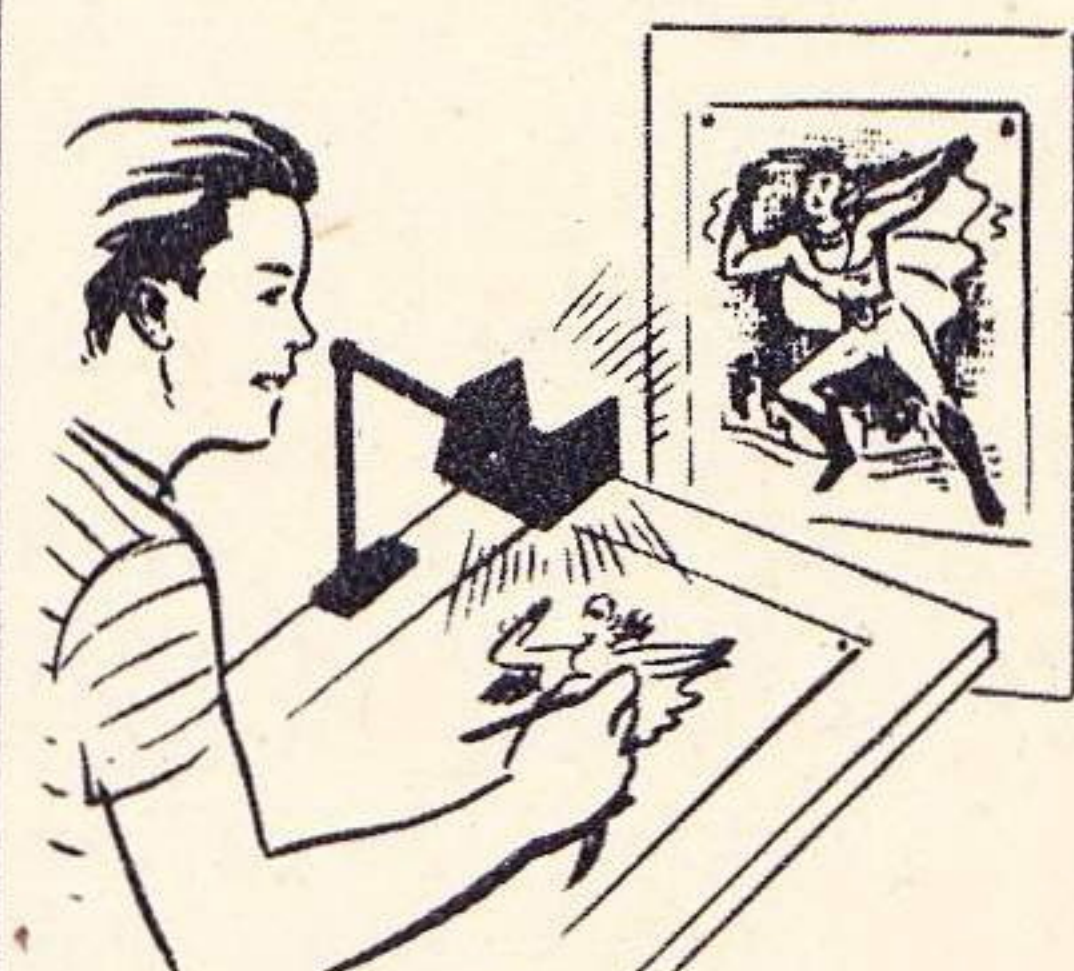
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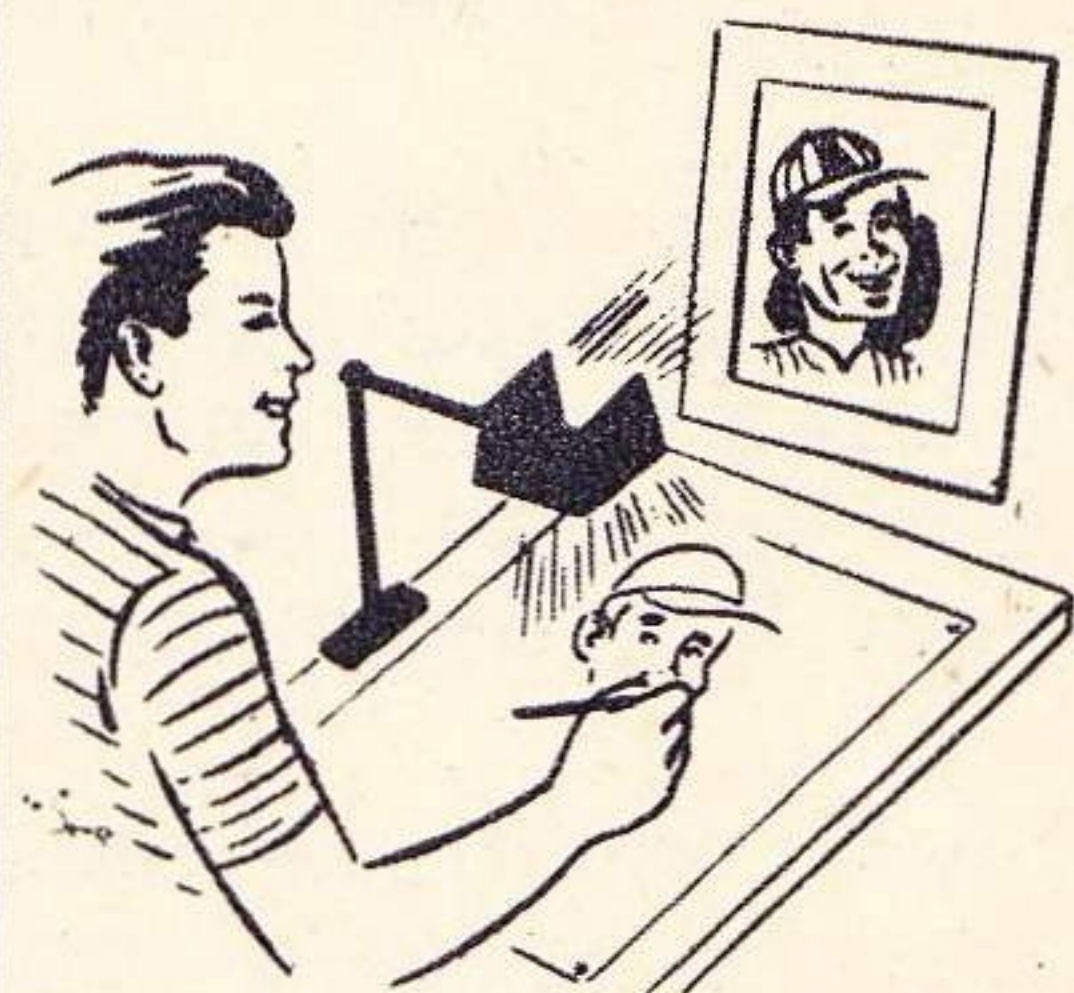
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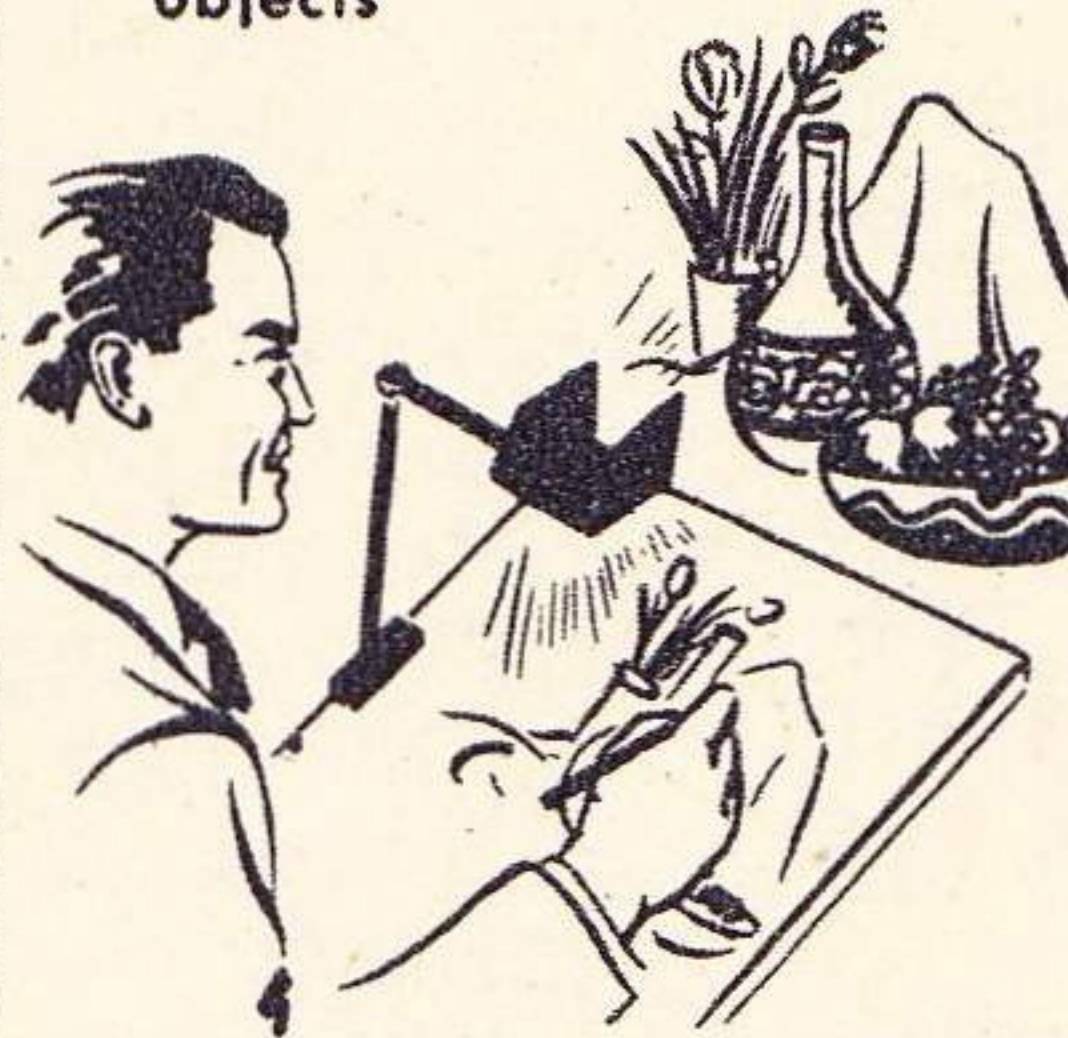
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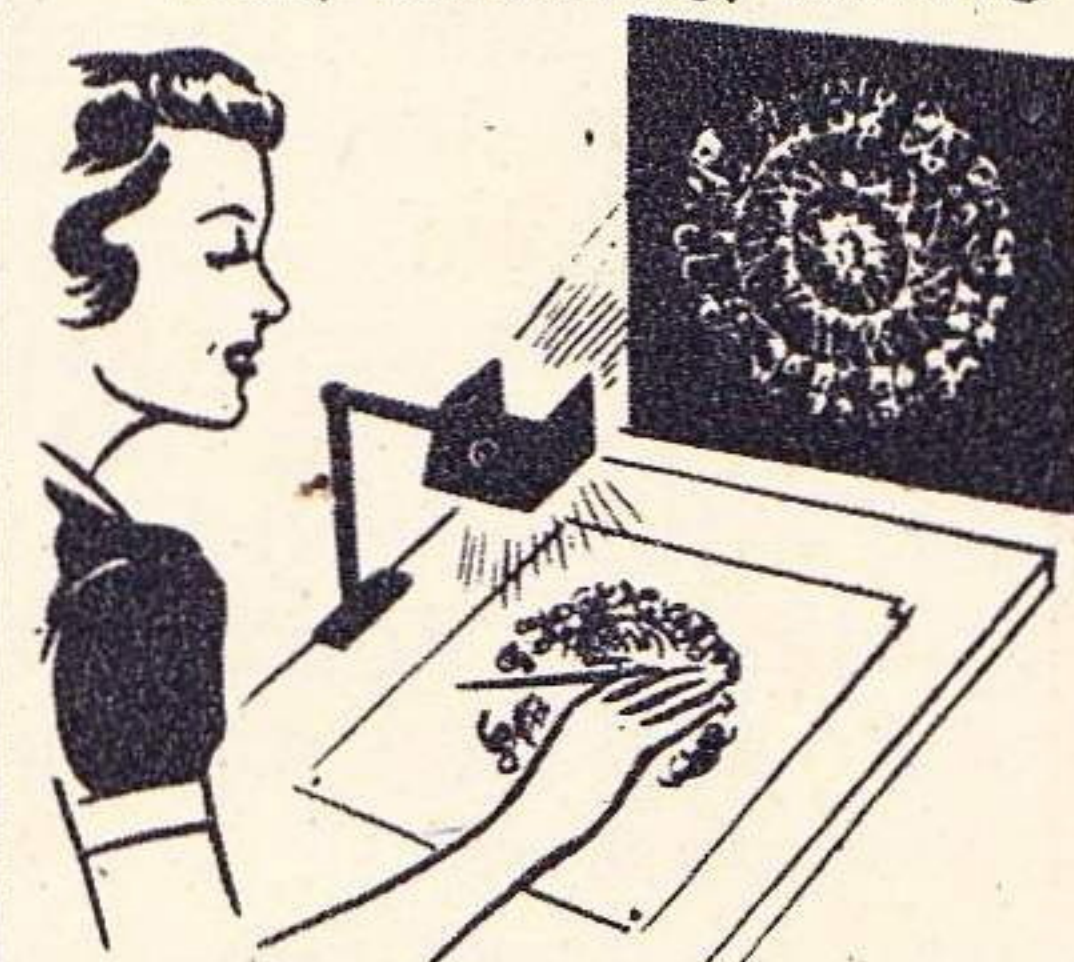
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tained in North Carolina at Plumb Point(10), a narrow neck of land where Bath Creek flows into the Pimlico River.

Up to his death in a fight with a British man-of-war in 1718, Blackbeard is known to have concealed vast sums of stolen treasure in both places. At least \$170,000 already has been found on Amelia Island, and as late as 1928 one of his treasure chests was located at Plumb Point.

The rest is still waiting for some lucky man.

FLORIDA is a treasure hunter's paradise. During the past few years more than three and one-half million dollars in sunken and buried treasure has been recovered in this one state alone.

Off-shore waters hold the secret of 35 sunken vessels known to hold over \$170,000,000. In addition to the sunken galleons already mentioned, a Civil War blockade runner lies at the mouth of the Steinhatchee River(11), with \$500,000 in bar silver in her hold. Off Apalachicola(12) lies a pirate ship filled with an unknown quantity of loot.

Pirates were very active here. At Fowler's Bluff(13), according to popular legend, they buried some \$15,000,000 in gold. Some say a lumberman recovered part of it in 1870.

On Key West(14), or one of the neighboring Keys, is a fortune in gold and jewels supposedly secreted by a bumptious buccaneer known as "Black Caesar."

Long before them the Spanish explorer De Soto left a record of a large treasure he buried near what is now Silver Springs(15), in the interior, when he set off to get himself rejuvenated in the fabulous Fountain of Youth. He never came back, and the treasure has never been located.

Old British coins keep popping up in the sand and Spanish bayonet of Bumblebee Island(16), near the Suwanee River. Here, during the War of 1812, British payship officers threatened with capture by an American privateer concealed a chest full of money. It's still there.

Just a few miles north, somewhere near Cross City(17), eight barrels of money lie securely hidden. They were buried there by two British traders in 1817, just before Andrew Jackson caught up with them and had them executed for inciting the Seminole Indians to rebellion.

LOUISIANA is also rich in buried treasure. Pirate loot was hidden in many a small island, bayou or swamp. Many a plantation garden still holds priceless jewels hidden by faithful retainers at the first cry of "Yankees acomin'!"

For more than a century treasure hunters have flocked here, and the search has been attended by some success. German coins have been found at Bayou Chicot near Opelousas(18), English silver at Ruston(19), Spanish doubloons at Baton Rouge(20), and New Orleans(21).

But the biggest treasure of all—the hoard of Jean Lafitte—thus far has eluded all searchers. It is said to total \$6,000,000 in gold and jewels.

South of New Orleans for 60 miles stretches a desolate waste of salt marsh, swamp and jungle of cypress and oak, threaded by countless waterways and bayous. Here in 1806 came the fabulous Jean Lafitte, to put piracy on an organized basis.

His headquarters on Grand Terre was a jumble of thatched huts, warehouses to hold vast quantities of loot, gambling houses and lavish bordellos, where 200 women diverted his men between voyages.

Nearly a decade of despotic rule here was finally terminated by the U. S. Navy. After a short interval, however, Lafitte resumed operations from a new lair, an island off the coast of Texas which he named Galvez-town. Once more his ships became the scourge of the seas, filling his coffers with gold and precious stones. But his days were numbered.

In 1820 an American brig of war anchored off Galveston. Once more the torch was applied, and the colony razed to the ground. In the red glare of the conflagration Lafitte slipped out of the harbor in his fast vessel, the *Pride*, and disappeared from the pages of history.

What happened to the \$6,000,000 in gold and jewels he is supposed to have amassed during a lifetime of crime?

Recently remains of his ship, the *Pride*, were discovered in the Lavaca River(22). According to one story, it was wrecked on a sandbar while fleeing an American revenue cutter. The grass flats nearby are said to hide a cache of a million dollars.

There are documents to indicate that some of the loot was buried on Pecan Island(23), in a bog west of Baratria Bay. Other authoritative accounts say the bulk of the loot is at Baratria Bay(24), and

in other anonymous hiding places around the Gulf.

So far as is known, none of it ever has been recovered.

CURVING like a finger off shifting sand for 117 miles along the coast of Texas, between Corpus Christi and Brownsville, lies one of the most unique treasure preserves in the world. It is called Padre Island(25).

Because of the crescent arc formed by the coast here, and the drift of the Gulf current, practically anything set adrift in the Caribbean is likely to wind up here.

Small quantities of old coins—English, Spanish, French and Dutch—have been picked up here and there on the beach of Padre Island. In 1847, after poking around the sands for years, John Singer (brother of the sewing-machine magnate) found a chest holding \$80,000 in gold. Another local resident is said to have picked up a fistful of gold, stowed away in a tin can, and a third uncovered a box of jewels.

THE folklore of the southwest is studded with lost gold and silver mines, and with caches of bullion. In many cases these stories are backed up by authentic documentation. Every year hundreds of treasure hunters armed with all kinds of old maps comb the difficult terrain.

But the mines stay lost.

The most famous of these is the "Lost Dutchman." It is known to be somewhere in the Superstition Mountains(3), about 25 miles east of Phoenix, Arizona.

It was worked sporadically during the early nineteenth century—the Indians caused trouble—and finally fell into the hands of a man named Jacob Walz.

For seven years Walz worked the mine alone, occasionally bringing a small bag of gold to Phoenix to buy food and equipment. Finally, in 1877, he decided he had enough to retire. Before he left, he did a thorough job of concealing the mine.

Then he came to Phoenix and settled down to a comfortable life in a small adobe shack—with a pretty, young quadroon to keep house for him. On his deathbed he is said to have confided to her the location of the mine, drawing a rough map showing landmarks and trails. But when her friends tried to follow the map, they found the landmarks had vanished.

There was a good reason. Four years before an earthquake had shaken the Superstition Mountains.

sending huge cliffs tumbling into the valley below. Thus many old landmarks were obliterated. And all trace of the gold was lost.

Even more mysterious is the story of the lost silver mines of the San Saba. They were discovered by a Spanish governor of Texas in 1756, were worked for a few years, and then forgotten for over a hundred years.

Then, at the beginning of this century, an ancient Mexican driving two burros hitched to a wood-wheeled cart arrived in the San Saba country. He became ill, and sought refuge with a rancher named White. Before he died he showed the rancher an old parchment map dated 1765 and told him a strange story.

About 1760, he related, a terrible drought hit the San Saba country. There was no water left in the rivers or springs. One by one the captive Indians and *jeons* working the rich silver mines died or deserted. Finally the little colony of Spaniards decided to evacuate the fort.

Somewhere to the east, they heard, was a great river. So they loaded their burros with silver bullion and provisions and set out. When they reached the Colorado, they found it dry as the top of a rock. They struggled on through Lampasas(28), where their water-starved burros gave out. To carry the bullion any farther was impossible.

So they buried the fortune in silver in small dugouts on the side of a hill. Only one survivor ever reached Mexico, to tell the tale. He drew from memory a map of the terrible thirst march, indicating as best he could the hiding place of the bullion. But nobody could persuade him to return to the region of drought and death.

That was the story the old Mexican told before he died. The bullion was never found, nor the lost mines. Scores of treasure hunters are still looking for both.

IF YOU'RE going treasure hunting, and the "Lost Dutchman" and San Saba mines don't suit you, you have your choice of a number of other wandering mines.

There's the "Lost Negro," somewhere in Brewster County, Texas(29), or on the other side of the Rio Grande, in Mexico.

In 1884 a Florida Negro named Bill Kelley tried to sell several people the location of a rich gold mine in this area. All he wanted for it was \$50. When they asked him why he didn't work it himself, he replied that his life would

not be worth a nickel when word of his wealth got around. Which, in the Big Bend country, was true.

They were still laughing when he handed them some samples and suggested an assay. They stopped laughing when the report came back. This ore had a fabulously rich gold content—about \$20,000 per ton.

When they went looking for Kelley, he'd disappeared. No one ever saw him again, or found the mine.

There's "Red Hill," in the High Sierras north of Pinos Altos, New Mexico(30). One day in 1836 an old prospector staggered into the town, mortally wounded. On his shoulders was a knapsack full of gold nuggets. Before he succumbed, he told them of a mountain nearby of a strange reddish color, where he'd found gold.

When it was learned that the nuggets he brought in were worth \$7,000, practically the entire population turned out in a feverish search for the Red Hill. They could not find it; nor could succeeding generations of treasure hunters.

It's still lost.

Then there's the "Lost Mormon," somewhere in the McCullough Mountains, about 14 miles northwest of Searchlight, Nevada(31).

In 1863 a prospector named Breyfogle passed the Vegas ranch (now the city of Las Vegas) on a prospecting trip, with a partner. A few weeks later Breyfogle staggered in, alone. His skull was fractured, and he was perishing from thirst and hunger. But he brought several samples of very rich ore.

He said that they had found a rich outcropping of ore in the mountains to the South. A landslide had killed his partner, and injured him.

But when he recovered, nothing could induce him to go back to the spot. Nor would he reveal its location to anyone.

THESE are only a few of the more authentic lost treasures in the United States. If we were to list them all, and tell their story, they would fill a good-sized encyclopedia.

If a-hunting you will go, one final word of warning. Don't buy old treasure maps. If they were any good, the sellers wouldn't sell them.

As a matter of fact, if the author of this article knew *exactly* where any of the treasures he's described are located, it's unlikely he would be spending his time at a typewriter.

THE END



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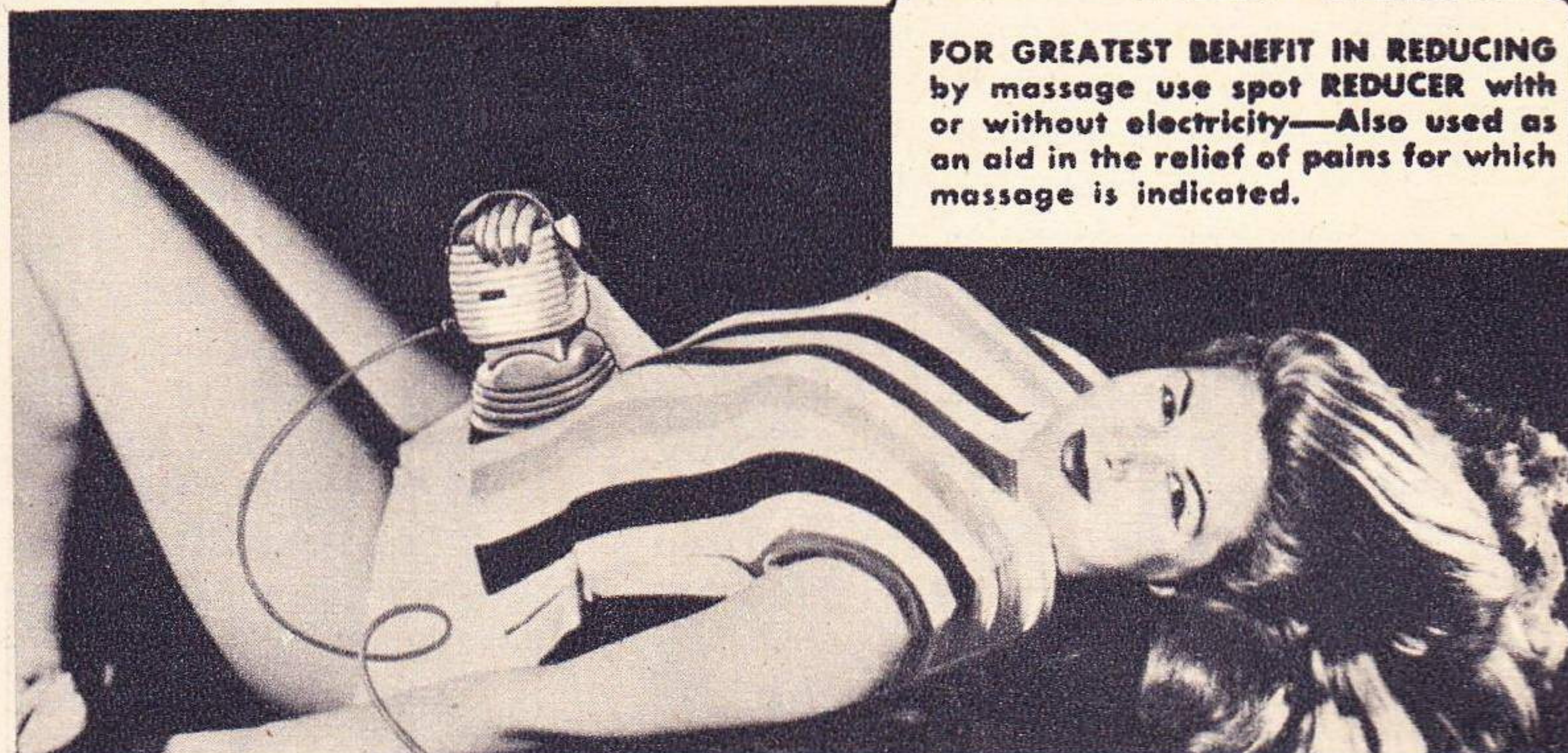
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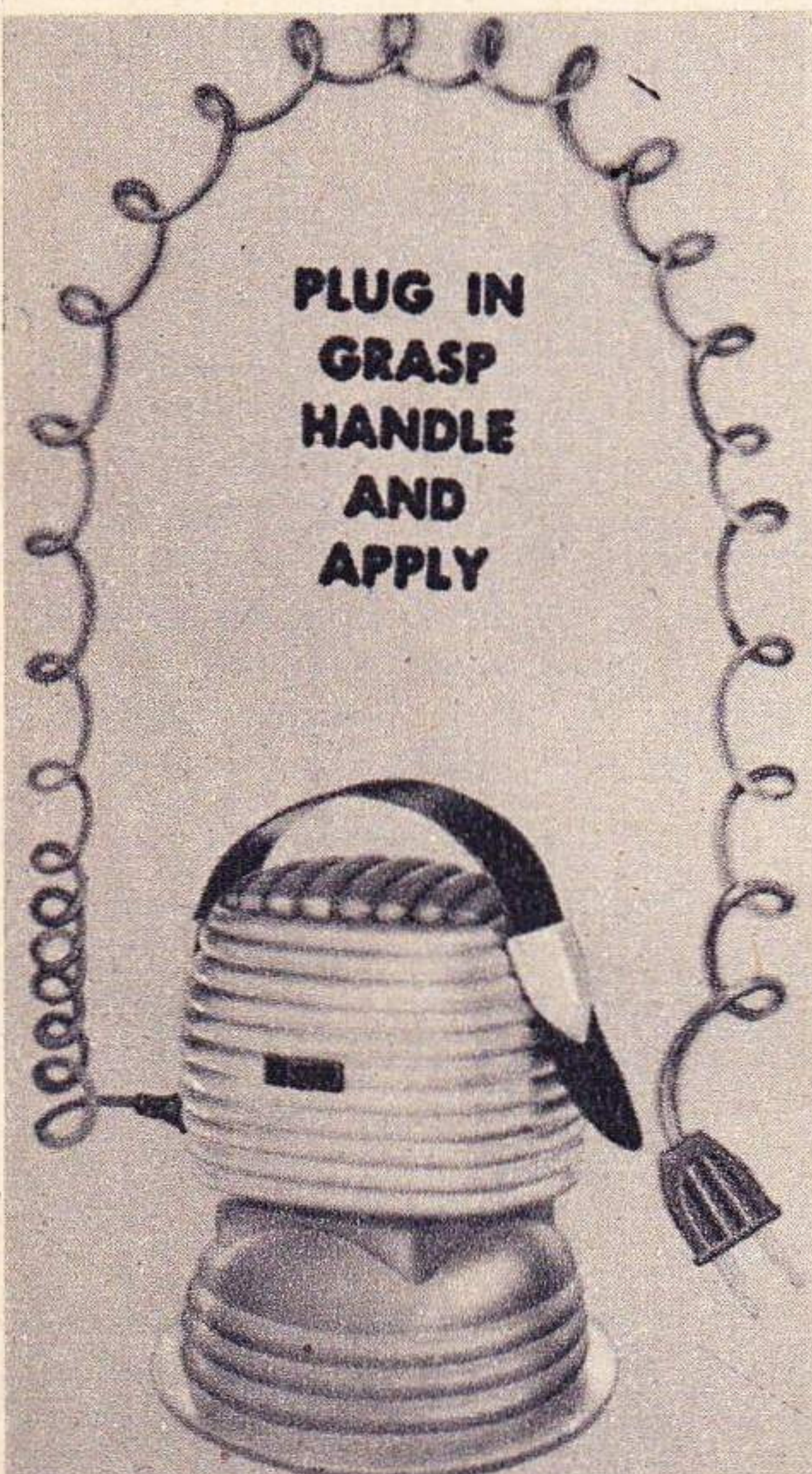
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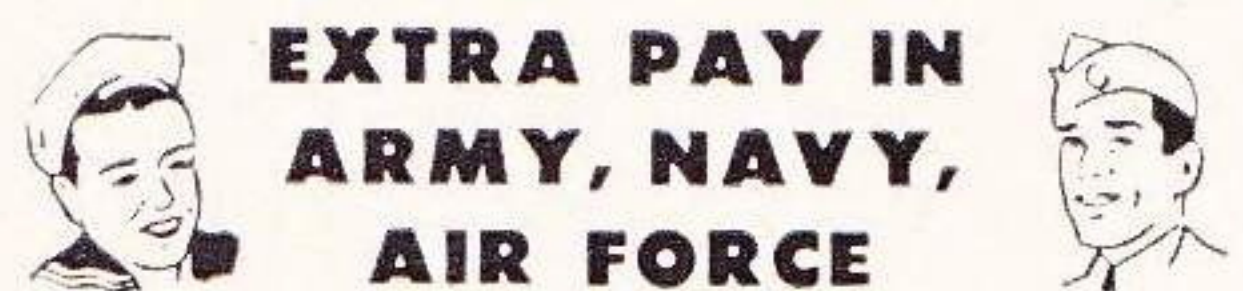


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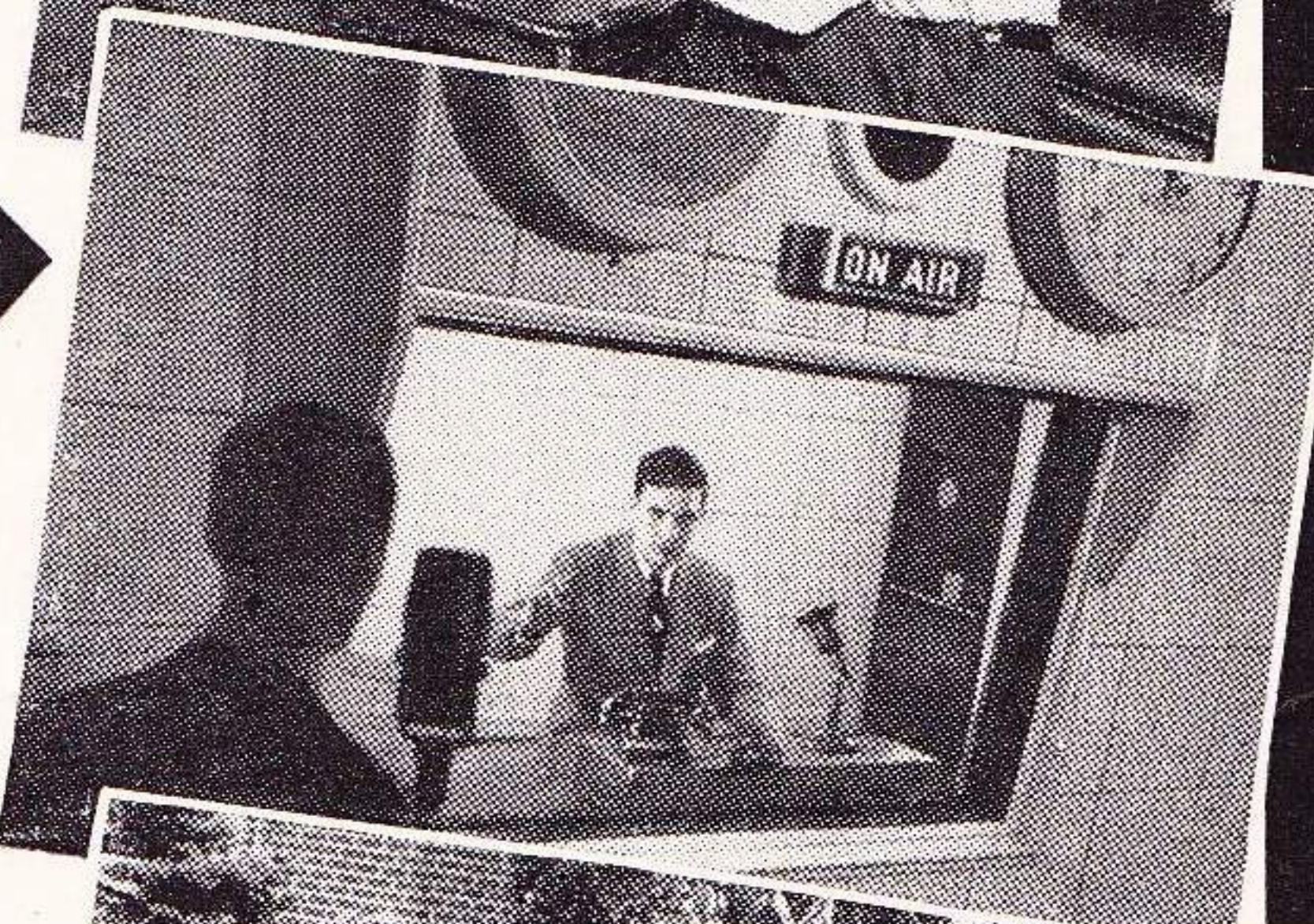
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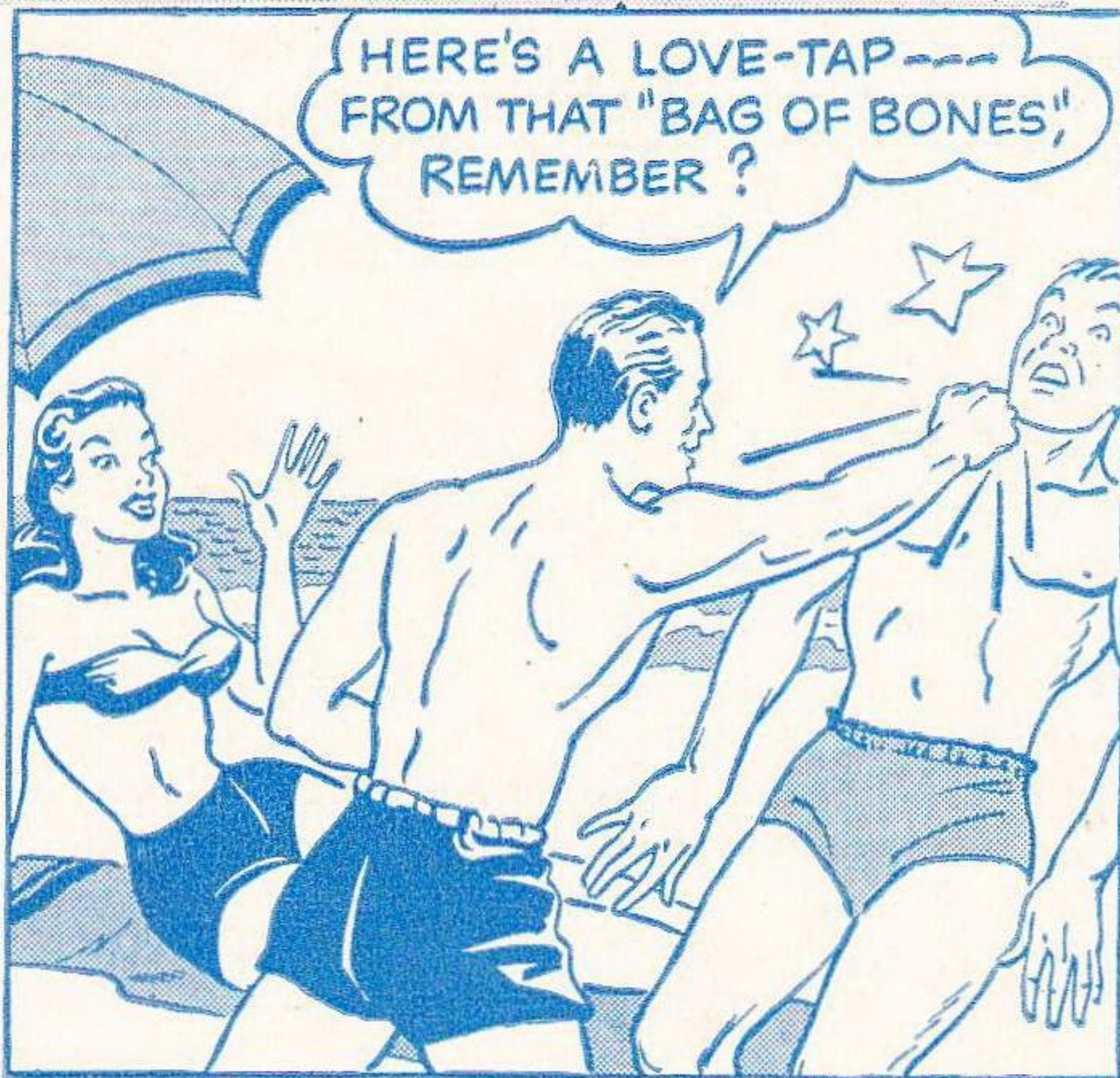
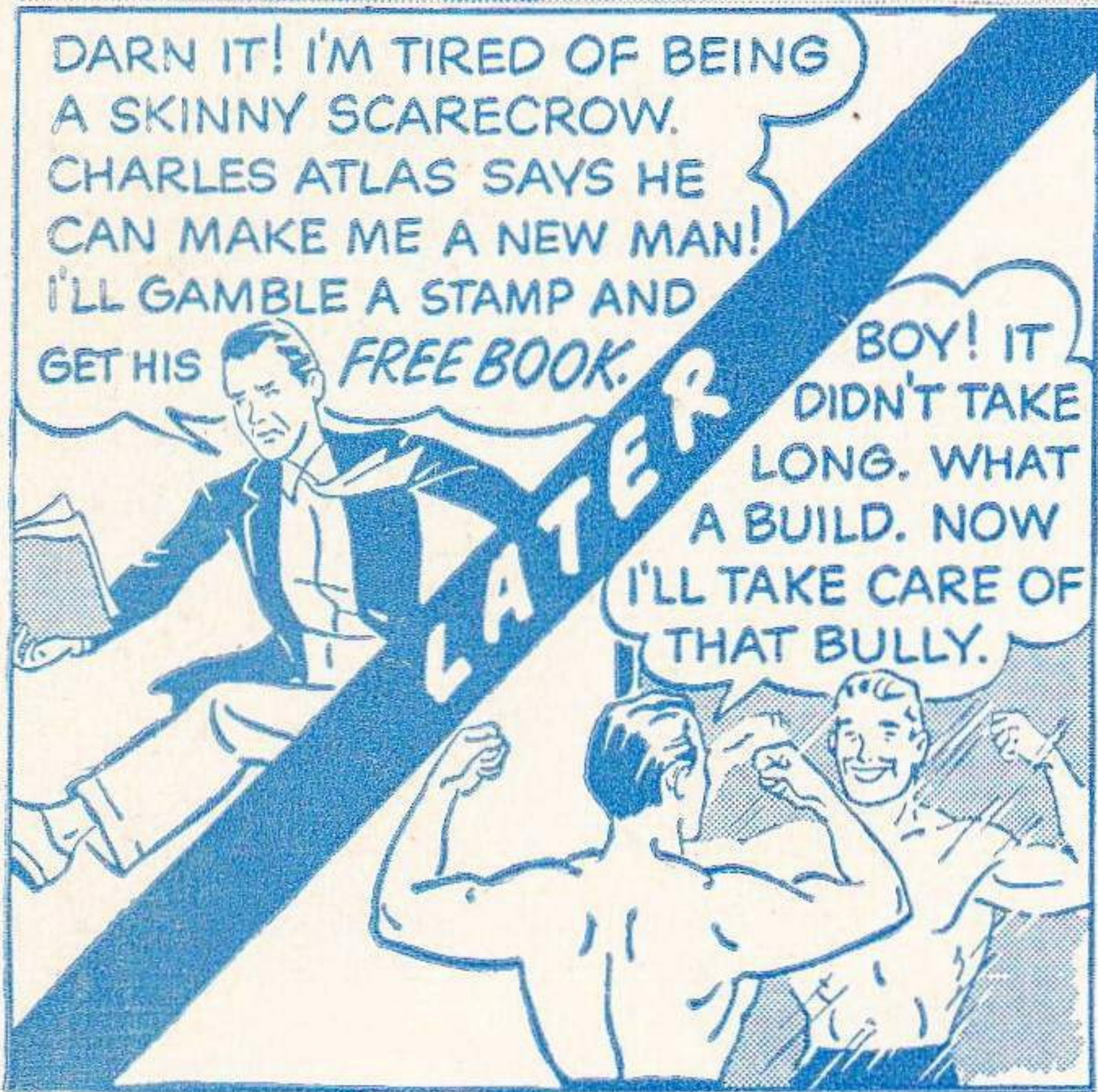
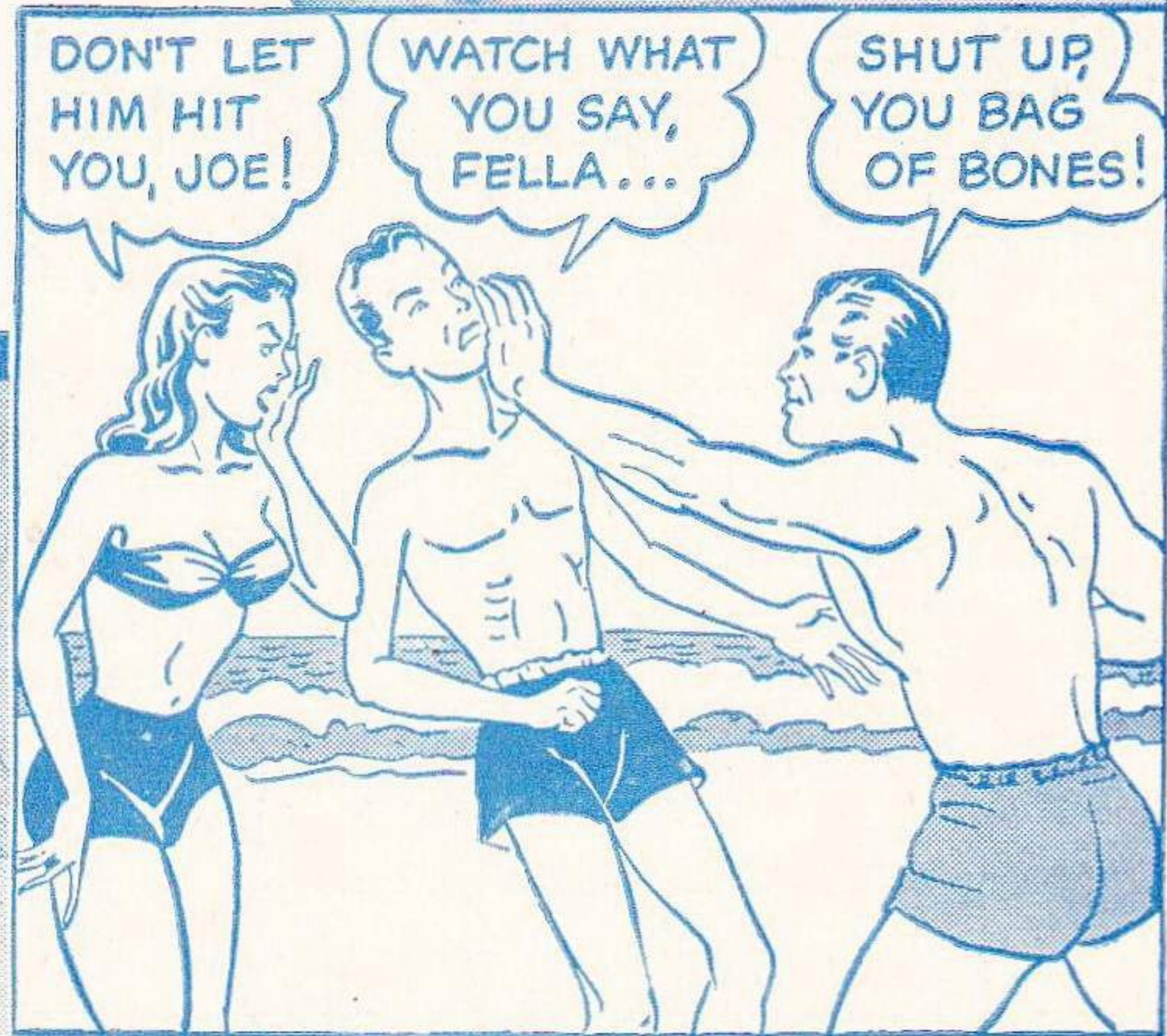
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